

THE CID BALLADS

BY THE SAME TRANSLATOR

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Yours affectionately

59
James J. Gibson

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THE CID BALLADS

AND OTHER POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS
FROM SPANISH AND GERMAN

BY THE LATE

JAMES YOUNG GIBSON

EDITED BY

MARGARET DUNLOP GIBSON

WITH

MEMOIR BY AGNES SMITH LEWIS

SECOND EDITION

LONDON

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE task of transcribing and arranging these ballads, though a sad one, was not difficult, as my dear husband left them in perfect order, and had done his best some years ago to make me acquainted with their original sources. Lockhart's renderings of some of them are already familiar to the public, and can hardly be surpassed or even equalled for spirit. It was Mr. Gibson's endeavour to be more faithful to the original than his gifted and popular predecessor. These translations were his recreation and solace during several years of loneliness and indifferent health, and he never seemed weary of revising and improving them. Each verse was weighed by him with as much care as if it had been a sovereign at the royal mint. The ore might not invariably be as fine or as pure as he could have wished, but he tried at least to give each coin its correct value. Of some of the ballads I have three or four different versions in his handwriting to choose from, and these are embellished with pencil-marks showing the conscientiousness with which he worked. What further he intended to do, with regard

to the Cid Ballads at least, is best told in his own words extracted from his letters :—

“ *April 22, 1881.*

“ If there be one thing more than another that distinguishes these romances from those of the same age in other countries, it is their noble simplicity and comparative purity. You are hardly, however, doing justice to Blind Harry's ‘Wallace’ in comparing it with the songs in your little book.¹ These were furbished up and remodelled by a clique of literary men towards the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, while his was cobbled out of his own brain at a much earlier date.

“ There happens, however, to be a very old Spanish poem of the Cid with which you may justly compare it; and the comparison, if fully carried out, would be very interesting. The poem of which I speak is called ‘Poëma del Cid,’ and is supposed to be the very oldest piece of versification in the Spanish language. The manuscript was discovered in the archives of Bivar about a hundred years ago, and after many adventures fell into the hands of the omnivorous Gayangos, who presented it to the Royal Library of Madrid. It is supposed to have been composed in the twelfth century, and the MS. certainly dates from the thirteenth. Though it contains about 4000 lines it is unfortunately incomplete, as it begins only with the expulsion of the Cid from the Court of Alfonso el Bravo, and ends with the capture of Valencia. All the beautiful legends

¹ “Escobar.”

of the Cid's early life and marriage with Ximena are therefore wanting. Imperfect as it is, it is the only real Epic the Spaniards possess, and they are fond of calling it their Iliad, and the unknown author their Homer, and of course the Cid their Achilles. . . . You will find it as difficult to read as Chaucer, and almost as uncouth as Blind Harry. But there are touches of Homeric fire and spirit in it nevertheless. When you next go to the London Library ask for Southey's translation of the 'Chronicle of the Cid' (1st edition 4to), and you will find at the end of it a number of extracts from the 'Poëma' capitally translated by Hookham Frere. You might also ask for a French translation called 'Poëme du Cid, par Dumas-Hinard,' a large 4to volume, where you will find both the Spanish text and a French prose version, given with great accuracy, together with a very learned literary introduction. When you have thoroughly mastered Southey and Dumas-Hinard, you will know more about the legends of the Cid than I could tell you in a hundred letters. And who knows? Perhaps the little spark of enthusiasm kindled by reading 'Escobar' may blaze up into a great big fire.

"And I may as well let you into the secret of my intentions with regard to my own translations. The reason why I have not yet published them (and why for that matter no one else has thought it worth his while to translate them fully), is that the collection as a whole is hardly up to the mark in point of interest. The first portion of the ballads in Escobar's collection, ending

with the marriage of Ximena and the siege of Zamora, is very spirited and interesting ; but the latter portion is very long-winded and prosaic. I have done what little I could with it ; but that little is not much.

“So it entered into my head, that as the old ‘Poëma’ just covers what is lacking in the other, I would extract the pith and marrow from it, and convert it into a series of ballads which would have just the antique flavour and spirit which the others so lamentably lack. I have already finished two in this style as a sample ; and I am quite satisfied that if well carried out the whole collection would have a value it does not now possess. I found it, however, very hard work ; and not being over strong at the time, I laid it aside for a while. But now that the glamour of your sympathy has been thrown over me, I feel as if I could take to it again with greater relish, were it only to give you a little pleasure and amusement.”

“June 1881.

“I have hardly left myself space to tell you all I meant to tell you about the getting-up of *our* book ; for I look upon you as fairly committed to take your share in the work, and I know it will be a very hearty as well as a very valuable one. We must first of all make it a *readable* book, and for that purpose we must be more careful about the quality than the quantity of the romances afterwards to be selected, taking care, however, that they form a connected and complete history of the Cid’s life and doings. So, as I hinted to you before, I think we ought to have a selection from the richest and

raciest portions of the 'Poëma del Cid' to supplement the rather wishy-washy second half of Escobar's collection. I sent you the 'Little Maid of Burgos' as a sample; you will find in the 4th vol. of the MSS., towards the end, the first rough jottings of a very spirited ballad on the mortal combat between the champion of the Cid and the Counts of Carrion. This is much finer than anything you will find in Escobar. It embraces the last 150 lines of the 'Poëma,' so that we have now the beginning and ending of that ancient poem. I intend making two others out of the events immediately following that of 'The little maid,' to be entitled 'The two Jews, Rahel and Vidas, and the chest of sand,' and the 'Meeting and Parting of Ximena and the Cid at the Monastery of Cardeña.' This last ends with a wonderfully fine line:

'They tore themselves asunder, like the nail from out the flesh!'

"That of the Jews ought to form a very humorous ballad. If you can decipher it in the original you will be highly amused with it. It is a rare piece of mediæval painting. You seem to see the outwitted Hebrews counting out their money on the carpet, and then lugging off the Cid's coffer of sand on their shoulders, while the wily Alvar Fañez pockets thirty ducats as his 'buonamano.' That chest is quite historical, and is to be seen in Burgos at the present day.

"There are at least half-a-dozen others that ought to be translated, but these must be settled when the time comes. The next thing to be done is to get appropriate

headings for each of the romances, telling what collection they are taken from, and how old they may be, &c.; with suitable extracts from the old chronicles in illustration of the text. This you see will give a continuous history both in prose and in verse, and will make it read like a romance. . . . After this of course there will have to be a general introduction to the whole, giving a critical estimate of *all* the sources of the Cid's history, separating the historical from the legendary. In this it will be my most unpleasant duty to show that all that beautiful and thrilling part of the Cid's early life, his fight with Count Lozano, and his marriage with Ximena, his daughter, is purely mythical. For, unfortunately for the poets and dramatists, the Cid's marriage-contract with Ximena still exists, but not that Ximena at all, but another, the niece of King Alphonso, in whose reign he was married, in a very peaceable way, and with all necessary legal documents and paraphernalia. The critics are as merciless with Ximena as they have been with William Tell, whom, as you may know, they have expelled for ever into the region of mythdom."

As will be seen in the following pages, Mr. Gibson was able only to carry out a small portion of the "critical estimate," viz., a comparison between the Cid and Don Quixote, and it is a task which I am sure the reader will not expect me to undertake. I have the less inclination to do so, as I am persuaded that a too curious analysis of a subject where the imagination has to be called into play is a process not so grateful to

the British mind as to that of our Teutonic cousins. We may be persuaded that the real Rodrigo de Bivar was only a valiant and successful freebooter ; that he was indifferent as to which side he lent the strength of his right arm ; that he was almost as ready to fight with the Moor against the Christian as with the Christian against the Moor ; and, indeed, so well balanced was his mind, that from the Arab literature of the times we might even pronounce him to have been a Moorish champion. That was an illiterate age, and what was a poor gentleman to do with himself if fighting of some kind was not going on ? What we have to recognise as a fact is the influence of his prowess on the mind of his native land, an influence whose value the countrymen of Bruce and Wallace will be the last to underrate. It was the beginning of a movement which led Spain to nothing less than to world-empire, to the dominion over two continents ; and who knows if she might not have retained that empire had she known how to rule it, or had the fervour of her faith been equalled by its purity ?

With regard to the respective age of the various ballads, those from the "Cancionero General," which was published at Valencia in 1511, and from the "Cancionero de Romances," Antwerp 1555, have an equal claim to the greatest antiquity. From the "Poëma del Cid," of which Mr. Gibson gives such a graphic account, he has not accomplished more than two poems and a short fragment. Where I have been enabled to make use of his letters in compiling the necessary

notes, I have taken care to indicate the fact by inverted commas.

“The Songs of Mirza-Schaffy,” by Friedrich von Bodenstedt, is one of the most popular of modern German books, having gone into a hundred and eleven editions. Mr. Gibson translated the whole of it, but we are unfortunately able only to give an imperfect version of his work, owing to the fact that the MS. has been lost. About the year 1878 Mr. Gibson left two or three boxes of valuable books and papers at Ben Rhydding, the well-known hydropathic establishment in Yorkshire, a place which he had made his home more or less for nearly twenty years previously. The managers of that institution not having heard from him for four or five years, one of their officials, some time it is supposed in 1883, broke open the boxes and distributed their contents. In 1884 Mr. Gibson claimed them, but could only obtain about a third of what had been left in them, and to our great chagrin the MS. of Mirza-Schaffy was nowhere to be found. Happily, he had some old note-books with the original scrawls, and from these we made good the greater part of the loss; but he was especially disappointed that the Prologue, which had given him the most trouble to translate, was not contained in these. At my sister's request he one day wrote the small portion subjoined :

“Where every rocky nest and den
Resounds with arms and armèd men ;
Where every woman wields a sword ;
And where, o'erleaping every barrier,
In flight before the cruel horde,

The mother with her tender brood,
Springs from the cliff to meet the flood,
To save her honour in its wave,
And rather die than live a slave !”

Had my dear husband lived to see these ballads and songs in print, he would no doubt have subjected them to yet another revision. That, alas! cannot be; and whatever imperfections they may still have, they are now given to the world as the memorial of one whose modesty led him to choose the part of poetical interpreter rather than of poet, and whose standard of taste and truthfulness was so high that the span of his life seemed all too short for its attainment.

In conclusion, I have to express my warmest thanks to those friends who have kindly supplied my sister with the information she required in writing the following memoir, especially to my brother-in-law, Robert Gibson, and the Rev. Dr. Kennedy of Edinburgh; as well as to H. E. Watts, Esq., for his valuable advice about the historical allusions contained in the Spanish ballads, when I published the first edition.

MARGARET D. GIBSON.

CASTLE-BRAE,

CAMBRIDGE.

December 1897.

P R E F A C E

A COMPARISON.

OF all the famous *Caballeros* whom Spain has produced, there are two that take rank above them all in the estimation of the civilised world. The one is Don Rodrigo de Bivar, commonly called El Cid Campeador ; the other is Don Quixote de la Mancha, familiarly known as El Ingenioso Hidalgo.

The former sprang by natural descent from the great Layn Calvo, joint magistrate in Burgos before there were kings in Old Castile ; and had for his father Don Diego Lainez, a knight of renown at the court of Ferdinand the Great. The latter sprang full-armoured from the brain of a certain Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, soldier at Lepanto, captive in Algiers, and finally poet and romancist in Madrid.

Bivar, a small village in the neighbourhood of Burgos, claims to be the birthplace as it was the ancestral seat of Don Rodrigo ; though Burgos herself asserts what she thinks to be a superior claim, which claim is now generally recognised. Seven cities, we are told, strove for

the honour of having given birth to Homer. It was prophesied that as many might strive for the honour of having ushered Don Quixote into the light of day, but in these later times the palm has been awarded to Argamasilla, a small hamlet in the bleak province of La Mancha.

According to the old romances, Don Rodrigo received the honour of knighthood in the Mosque of Coimbra, converted into a Christian church after the capture of the city from the Moors. He received it at the hands of King Ferdinand I., who gave him his armour, attended by the queen, who presented him with his war-horse, and by Doña Urraca, her daughter, who buckled on his golden spur, amid all the pomp and splendour that befitted the occasion. Certain notable authorities, however, dispute the truth of these statements.

The "verdadera historia" of Don Quixote, on the other hand, gives us to know that he was dubbed knight in the court-yard of a *venta* situated in the plains of Montiel, transformed for the time being into a castle. He received the shoulder-blow at the hands of the Castellano, a well-known public character in the district, attended by Doña Tolosa of Toledo, and Doña Molinera of Antequera, two noted damsels then abiding in the house, one of whom girded on his sword, and the other buckled on his spur. The ceremony was of the utmost simplicity. The whole scene was lighted up (for it was midnight) by a single candle held by a little boy, and a few gaping rustics formed the assembly. No authorities are bold enough to dispute these statements.

Which of these two gallant knights, by their after-deeds, achieved most, or contributed most to the glory of Spain, who shall decide?

Don Rodrigo was a warrior from his youth, comely in person, and a giant in strength. He was the most loving and faithful of husbands, and the tenderest of fathers. But as a knight he feared not the face of man, and spoke out his mind to kings. Banished on this account by his sovereign, he took to the field with a handful of men, and in a few years he became himself a king in power, though a vassal in name. From Saragossa to Barcelona, from Toledo to the walls of Valencia, he was for half a century the terror of his foes and God's scourge upon the Moors. At length girding up his strength for one decisive blow, he drove their Miramolinis and Bucars into the sea, and planted the standard of the Cross on the tower of Valencia, and on the classic battlements of Murviedro (Saguntum), amid the acclamations, and much to the wonder, of Christendom. Such a feat had never been done before in Spain by a single man, and has seldom been done since.

Don Quixote, on the contrary, was a country gentleman first, then a student of chivalry with his brain on fire, and a knight only in his later years. His countenance was not comely, but weird and unearthly; his strength lay not so much in his sinewy arm as in his burning soul. Though denied the delights of wife and children, the love of woman inspired his deeds. He took to the field not by constraint, but because he had a work to do in the world, and felt impelled to do it

by the noble spirit which mastered whilst it guided him. His career was a short one, extending to about two years, but into that short space he succeeded in concentrating such a number and variety of wonderful achievements as the world had never seen before, and the memory of which it will not willingly let die. And all this he did alone, with but a simple self-satisfied squire by his side, and a puny lance in his hand. But that lance was as the spear of Ithuriel; it was tipped with steel of celestial temper. Before its adamant point the whole army of false knights that had long been the pest of Europe; the grim array of horrid giants and ugly dwarfs that frightened honest men and women out of their wits; the fiendish rout of hobgoblins and enchanters that like vampires were sucking the manhood out of the nation, were dissolved into chaos as if by magic; and the race of Amadis, Galaors, and Belianises were driven pell-mell into everlasting limbo amid the shoutings and the laughter of all civilised peoples.

Such an achievement is unique in history.

Spain may well be proud of having produced two such heroes. And she is so. She challenges the whole world to produce such another gallant, noble warrior, so redoubtable in arms, so Christian in spirit, so generous in heart, as the Cid; whom she loves to call "El mio Cid," "El Cid Campeador"; he who was born in a happy hour; who girded on his sword on a lucky day; who conquered six and thirty kings and was never conquered; *vencedor jamas vencido!*

Without challenge the world confesses that there is no second Don Quixote. It is true he conquered no Moorish kings, for in his day there were none in Spain left to conquer. But he did what was more difficult: he conquered all hearts in all lands. By that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, wherever he went he brought light and laughter into palace and cottage, and became, as he deserved to be and as he is now, the idol of Spain, and a wonder in the world.

But the indignant reader is growing impatient at such an insult to his understanding as a comparison between a hero of history and a hero of romance.

And yet the comparison is not without reason. For the Cid, I mean the Cid of the Spanish people, not that of historians and critics, is as much a hero of romance as the other. It is true that he was indubitably a real warrior of flesh and blood, and as such did many wonderful things; but the Spanish people grew so enamoured of their hero that they re-created him, endowed him with so many high attributes and surrounded his history with so many marvels, that he seems to be no longer a being of mortal mould.

Cervantes, on the contrary, took the child of his fancy and breathed into him and all surrounding him such a spirit of reality and truthfulness, that in the eyes of all true Spaniards they are children of the soil, part and parcel of the Spanish nation, as really as if they had been enrolled in the general census. To them the Knight of La Mancha is as much a familiar friend and brother as the Knight of Bivar; Dulcinea of Toboso sits

gracefully on the same *escaño* with Ximena of Gormaz : Sancho Panza, the modest *escudero*, is as solid and substantial a being as Alvar Fañez, the "*diestro brazo*" of the Cid, or Pedro Bermudez, or Martin Pelaez : and as for Rozinante and Bavioca, are they not twin steeds of the true Spanish breed, who run together side by side in the race for fame ?

So what with patriotic fervour on the one hand, and true genius on the other, it has come to pass, that the history of the Cid, as enshrined in the hearts of the people, has changed into true romance, and the romance of Don Quixote, as related by Cervantes, has achieved almost the verisimilitude of true history. In both of them the real and the romantic meet together in a wonderful way.

JAMES Y. GIBSON.

M E M O I R.

JAMES YOUNG GIBSON, whose loss is mourned by all lovers of Spanish poetry, was born in the romantic city of Edinburgh on the 19th of February 1826. He was the fourth of a family of six sons, his father being Mr. William Gibson, an Edinburgh merchant who had migrated from the neighbourhood of Biggar, a picturesque town in Lanarkshire. There Mr. Gibson's ancestors had resided for many generations. One of them got into trouble in Covenanting times in company with an ancestor of our late Premier, William Ewart Gladstone, for we read that in A.D. 1662 Middleton's Parliament excluded from the indemnity granted to the supporters of the national Presbyterian form of church government several persons of position in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, and inflicted what were for these days heavy fines upon some of them, the following gentlemen being expressly named: Hugh Roxburgh, in Muirhouse, of Liberton, £240; Thomas Gibson, in Quothquan, £360; John Kello, in Quothquan, £240; Gladstones, of Overshiels, £360.

Mr. William Gibson was a descendant of Thomas Gibson, of Quothquan, about whose family there are several local traditions. He married Catherine Walker,

who was a native of Carnwath, and who kept up a close intimacy with her relatives in Lanarkshire. She was in the habit of occasionally sending one of her boys to get the benefit of country air under the hospitable roof of her uncle, Mr. Young, who resided in Carnwath. Thus it was that James Young Gibson, on reaching the age of fourteen months, was transferred for a time to the care of Mr. Young and of his daughter Agnes, now widow of the late Mr. Marshall, of Edinburgh.

His mother's readiness to part with him in early infancy was doubtless greatly influenced by consideration for his health, which was then far from robust. He was a most engaging boy, a handsome, curly-headed, blue-eyed little fellow, affectionate and winning in his ways. His first sparks of intelligence were kindled amidst scenes of great rural beauty; the glens, the moors, and the burns around Carnwath having doubtless no little influence in determining the poetical bent of his nature.

His childish beauty, his loving disposition, and his readiness in acquiring knowledge, won for him a way into all hearts, especially into that of Miss Young. From her he learned his letters, and set an example to the other members of her Sunday-school class by committing to memory many hymns and portions of Scripture. It was a great heartbreak to her when, on his reaching the age of six, his mother took him home.

About his schools we have no precise information, but we believe the foundations of his knowledge were laid at that of Mr. Lennie, the author of an English grammar which was long considered *the* standard work by Scottish schoolmasters. We think it was this school whose annual examination was attended with great pomp

by the Lord Provost and magistrates of the city, in whose presence it was considered no small distinction for the cleverer boys to recite poetry. Once upon a time it happened that James Gibson had broken his arm by falling through the upper floor of an unfinished house on which he had incautiously ventured. The assembly, so august in youthful eyes, met, and in due course the glances of all were directed in critical anticipation to the platform from which Master James Gibson was to declaim. The solemnity of the spectators was largely mingled with commiseration when a handsome boy appeared with his arm in a sling; but it was lost in peals of laughter when the boy began—

“My voice is still for war.”

In 1836 Mr. Gibson's mother died, and he was then sent to the academy at Bathgate, an excellent institution founded and endowed by a native of the town, Mr. Newlands, of Jamaica. Its headmaster was Mr. James Fairbairn, afterwards of Heriot's Hospital; and the only complaint we ever heard from James about his stay here was that, boarding in a family about a mile from the school, he was unable to get his breakfast till within a short time before it opened, and had thus to run a mile, as he expressed it, “full of hot porridge,” a feat which did not improve his digestion. We cannot tell at what age he left Bathgate, but it is certain that his father early contemplated the ministry as his profession, and that he showed the utmost good sense in his manner of preparing his son for it. James's infancy had, as we have seen, been passed in a truly Christian home, and he had enjoyed the best advantages for the cultivation of his intellect which Scotland could furnish;

yet Mr. Gibson rightly considered that for one who is to undertake the great responsibilities of a Christian pastor, intellect is by no means the only requisite. He therefore resolved to place James, before his entrance to the university, in a home where all the influences around him would tend to kindle and foster a zeal for evangelistic work. It happened that a clerk in his employment had just returned from the school of the Rev. Richard Cecil at Chipping Ongar, in the county of Essex, a school which had the honour of training David Livingstone. The young man's account of the school determined Mr. Gibson to send James there for a year. He thus had what we think an invaluable benefit to boys who are expected to exert an influence on the thoughts of their fellow-men, a complete change of mental atmosphere before the habits and ideas acquired in early youth had time to crystallise into permanent forms. This change must have been a great factor in giving breadth to his mind; and it had, moreover, the higher effect designed by his father. We see from the multitude of juvenile hymns which he then wrote, not only the preening of his wings for poetic flight, but the deep hold which Scripture teaching had taken of his heart. These hymns are, however, too immature to be included in this volume.

He entered Edinburgh University in 1842. He passed through the full curriculum there, but did not take a degree, for the simple reason that it was not customary to do so at that time, as the degree did not then confer any additional privilege in the way of continued connection with the University. The professor most beloved by him was Aytoun, in whose class he

took a medal. In Greek he distinguished himself by taking a prize for a translation from the "Philoctetes" of Sophocles.

Mr. Gibson entered the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church in 1847. The Hall course at that time extended over five years, the session lasting for only two months, viz., August and December. During the other ten months of the year the young men's studies were carried on under supervision of the presbyteries. We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Gibson's friend, the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of North Richmond Street Church, Edinburgh, for what we know of him at this period.

Mr. Gibson's fellow-students speak of him as endowed with a great power of winning affection: and those with whom he became intimate looked upon his friendship as a privilege. "He was gifted with a fine mind," says Dr. Kennedy, "and a true heart, was the very soul of honour, and of all men I have ever known, one of the most gentle and kindly in his feelings and judgments. Intellect and feeling were beautifully and harmoniously united in him, and he was a man of wide and varied reading and culture, with most refined taste. But though I were to fill some pages in saying all that could and should be said of him, I would in the end sum up everything in his lovingness and loveableness. In that he had no superior; that was the great charm that drew so many to him in a friendship which even interrupted intercourse did not weaken. Two features conspicuous in him were these: he was anything but self-seeking, and his kind and helpful deeds to fellow-students and friends were pure from selfish taint: then, though somewhat unwilling to put himself forward, he was never

hindered by fear from doing the right. Mr. Gibson was far from being a person of one-man acquaintance. His whole nature was kindly, and though he was not ostentatious, and had a certain reserved chariness in making acquaintance, as wishing to be sure of his man before opening out entirely, yet his heart was large, and he had a niche in it for every fellow-student who was in any way congenial. The students to whom he took found him most hospitable, for his father's house was open to them, and his father evidently derived great pleasure in having them round his table. Mr. William Gibson was the embodiment of goodness itself, and his son James, it always seemed to me, had in him much of the old man's gentleness.

“Mr. James Gibson was also at that time already a great lover of books, the literary instincts and tastes being strong in him. He had a large library, to which he was continually adding. It was the envy of the other students, being far beyond anything that most of them could pretend to. He knew his books, without ever making a parade of his knowledge. It would come out incidentally, as occasion elicited, and with no sort of self-consciousness, far less with anything resembling vanity, a quality which was altogether alien to his gentle and unpretending nature. His fellow-students have special reason to remember his good library, for he was most obliging in the way of lending books.

“His Hall exercises were uniformly characterised by high excellence, his chief difficulty being to have them ready for the time when they were required. His desire to be always reading something more on the subject, and so have his mind fully informed, and his

fastidiousness, were two main factors in his seeming dilatoriness.

“Mr. Gibson attended the Hall continuously for four sessions. He then missed a year, and took his last session in August or September of 1852.”

In 1850-51 Mr. Gibson studied at the University of Halle, in Germany, during the long recess between two of the Hall sessions. He attended chiefly the Hebrew lectures of Professors Rödiger and Hupfeld, and the theological ones of Professor Tholuck. He also made himself master of the German language.

He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Edinburgh Presbytery on February 1, 1853. He then went on the Probationers' Roll, and during the time which elapsed between this event and his ordination, he was sent to preach in various parts of the country, thus becoming well acquainted with many nooks and corners of his native land, and accumulating a varied store of experience and anecdote. Either at this time, or in the year 1851, he accepted a tutorship for a year in the family of Henry Birkbeck, Esq., of Keswick Hall, Norfolk.

Mr. Gibson's preaching was from the first highly appreciated by a section in every congregation where he had the opportunity of ministering. His sermons were fresh, rich in matter, with direct bearing on present-day life, and with a marked absence of cant theological phrase. He was several times on the point of being called, and was disappointed. At length, in 1856, he received three calls, all within a few days of each other. One of these was to the North of England, another to the pretty village of Dunning, in Perthshire, and the third to Melrose. The last he accepted, and was

accordingly ordained to the office of the ministry on July 30, 1856.

Mr. Gibson brought to the fulfilment of that office high qualifications: a deeply cultured mind, a fine poetic instinct, sincere piety, and a gentle, sympathetic nature. Nor must we undervalue the fact that he was remarkably handsome. Few who looked upon his apparently stalwart and well-built frame could readily believe that it harboured a hidden weakness. He was nearly six feet tall, broad-shouldered and erect; and though his face did not at that time display the chastened beauty which it acquired after years of suffering, and was not then adorned with a beard, still the well-shaped intellectual brow, the regular features, the keen deep-set blue eyes, and the wealth of curling light-brown hair, must have added not a little to his attractive appearance in the pulpit. But the work required of him was more than his nervous organisation could accomplish. The strain laid upon Presbyterian ministers in Scotland upon the first day of the week is, we think, unnecessarily severe, and was more so in these days than it is now. We do not refer to the fact that only a short interval elapses between the morning and the afternoon services, nor even to the absence of a liturgy, because when a man is in the habit of engaging in extempore prayer the exercise should be a pleasure and a privilege, not a labour. But we submit that the services of the Presbyterian Church, and of the Anglican also, were framed in an age when the pulpit was for most people their only means of instruction, and that the diffusion of education has in our day raised so greatly the standard of preaching, that the services of both Churches need to be modified, and that in Scotland this modification should

be in the direction of not requiring *two* thoroughly prepared, new, vigorous extempore sermons every Sunday from the same man.

We are glad to observe a similar opinion expressed in an obituary notice of Mr. Gibson which appeared in the *United Presbyterian Record* of December 1, 1886. "The strain of ministerial duties," says the writer, "was too severe on him. The weekly demand made on those who seek to lead a congregation along a line of devout thought twice a Sabbath, and who believe that chaste style is only the correct and adequate expression of such thought, is known to be very great; and Mr. Gibson was soon worn out and almost wasted by it. Probably it was well that he resigned his ministry. Either the stream which had run so pure from his lips must have begun to flow less clear, or the fine apparatus with which he so assiduously gathered and distilled its waters, would have broken."

Mr. Gibson's health was also affected by the dampness of the old church, now replaced by a handsome modern edifice, within which the congregation are about to erect a tablet to his memory. The sense of pain and weakness increased, so that sometimes he would stop in the street with a sensation as if his heart would cease beating, and he were about to fall. This may have been the beginning of an organic weakness which caused him to "go softly all his days as if death had a presumptive right over him," or it may have been merely a nervous affection, but it did not make him the less assiduous in his preparations for the pulpit. Dr. Kennedy, who assisted at the summer sacrament in June 1857, says:

"We had a pleasant time together at his manse, there

being only one thing that qualified my enjoyment. His pulpit work was very hard on him. He was fighting to reach his ideal of excellence in every sermon, with the result that his productive power went more slowly to work than the rough and ready requirements of the weekly pulpit allow. I scarcely saw him on the Saturday unless at meals. He was in his study all day. *He was not in bed all night.* On the Sabbath morning I breakfasted alone, and did not see him till we went out together to church. One can conceive the state of physical and nervous exhaustion in which he went to the pulpit; but when he was there, there was no appearance of anything but the most complete preparation and perfect vigour. No bodily frame, however strong, could long stand such strain and tension. The finely strung nature of Mr. Gibson made the end very certain, and to the deep regret of every one, the sorrow of his friends, and the loss of the United Presbyterian Church, for no Church can afford to lose a man of such rare worth, and of such accomplishments and culture, he gave up his ministry in 1859, having exercised it for a period of nearly three years."

Mr. Gibson's resignation was doubtless determined also by the death of his father, to whom he was fondly attached, and who left him a portion of his ample fortune. His father's wishes and feelings were to him sacred, and the encouragement he received from this beloved parent induced him to hold his post for a much longer time than he would otherwise have done. But we think that he acted wisely in resigning it, for he did so with the unqualified approval of his medical advisers, and a nature like his, loving the shade, is more at home in literature than in the fierce sunshine of public work.

Yet his ministry was by no means fruitless. Only about thirty of the present congregation were in the membership of his time, yet though these heard but little of him after his resignation, when mention of his death was made in the newspapers, and from the pulpit by the Rev. H. Stevenson, his successor, the far-off memories of his sacred relationship to them came back upon them and were expressed in grateful and regretful utterance. Vivid impressions remained of his great personal attractiveness, and from his richly evangelical and exquisitely finished discourses, more than one confessed that they had learned to look upon religion as something more than a mere vision. One sermon, which left an abiding impression on a lady's heart, was from the text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

After his resignation he was for some time subject to extreme depression. He was haunted by the thought that his life had been in some sense a failure, it had at least not been what he had wished it to be. He saw an emblem of himself in the broken column over one of the graves in the Dean Cemetery, that quiet spot where all that is mortal of himself now lies. He could not then foresee that the column of his life, though then apparently shattered, was only receiving the blows of an unseen chisel, blows that were not only rounding it into a form of beauty, but were preparing for it a crown of leaves whose artistic completeness would be confessed by all who saw it.

Mr. Gibson's education now went on. Henceforward he devoted himself to study, to foreign travel, and to the regaining of his lost health.

In the spring of 1865 he made his first journey to

the East. Leaving home with two friends, he joined a party of six at Cairo, and set off on an adventurous expedition through the Long Desert, to Jerusalem, Damascus, and the Cedars. We have the good fortune to possess the journal which he then wrote; and can trace the effect which the wonderful scenery of the Arabian wilderness produced on his mind; and the admiration with which he gazed on the magnificent Mount Serbal, towering in majesty above other peaks; how he toiled on foot over the enormous boulders in the long gloomy defile of Nukb Hâwy; and how on reaching the top the renowned peak of Sufsâfeh burst on his view, at the end of a vast plain, encased as it were in a framework of rock, a fit platform for the wondrous scenes of the giving of the Law. He spent three days at the convent of Mount Sinai, and the letters which he then wrote produced an ardent wish in the mind of his future wife and of her sister to visit the same scenes, a wish which was not to be gratified till 1892, and which has resulted in the discovery of the now well-known Palimpsest of the Syriac Gospels. On a Saturday the party climbed Mount St. Catherine, and on its summit Mr. Gibson filled his flask with snow.

“The view from the top,” he says, “was quite panoramic. The Red Sea in all its extent stretched on the right. From Tor to Suez the whole coast is plainly visible, and then the noble peaks of Serbal, and further on the stretch of the desert of Tih. The view extends to Akabah. A beautiful light was on the hills, and everything, sand, rock, and sea, stood out with a peculiar savage beauty. It is awful to look down on mountain peaks lying at our feet.”

On Sunday the party climbed Jebel Musa. They

were shown a cleft in the rock supposed to be the one from which Moses saw God, and there a religious service was held, two English clergymen officiating, Mr. Gibson reading the lessons from Exod. xix. and xx. and Heb. xiii., and the Rev. Mr. Smith concluding with a prayer.

In the Wady Shaggar, Mr. Gibson noticed amongst its bold fantastic rocks some curious sandstone of ringing sound, as if fused and spurted up by a volcano. "We encamped," he says, "in the centre of an immense plain, a perfect amphitheatre of rocks surrounding us on one side. In the centre was a great rock, as if carved in the form of a sphinx. There was a beautiful effect from the sun shining upon it, its deep shadow being cast in the sand. The colour of the horizon was a spotless yellow, fading upwards into a pale red. The night scene was especially noteworthy. The moon, past her first quarter, lighted up the whole district, and made the sand seem like a sheet of pale virgin snow. The camp fires of the Arabs glimmered cheerily. How beautiful is desert nature! God is present everywhere, and where He plants His footsteps there is glory."

Mr. Gibson enjoyed especially his walks in this region; he loved to gather the wild flowers which grew occasionally in the water-courses; blue broom, daisies and gowans, caper plants, and myrrh. He was delighted with every glimpse he caught of the sea. "Our camels," he said, "felt the inspiration of the sea-breeze and began to trot, and we made a simultaneous burst down the valley and on to the shore, where we soon plunged and disported ourselves in the placid lukewarm water. But the breeze died away, and the ride along the shore proved the most trying that we had yet experienced. We could find no means of sheltering ourselves, and so at last

had to lie down on the shore, our only shade being near the humps of the camels. We tried the thermometer, and found that the heat exceeded its range of 120° . We found it cooler to get on our camels and trudge along. I felt the loss of my umbrella severely, for the sun was beating on my back and seeming to melt my spinal marrow. I little thought that my strength could prove sufficient for such a journey. May the years that remain to me be consecrated by heartfelt resolution to the service of Almighty God, who has blessed me far above my deserts !”

On the following Sunday the party climbed Mount Hor to the Neby Harûn, the supposed tomb of Aaron ; a spot then deemed all but inaccessible to travellers, Burkhardt and Robinson having been driven back from it by the Bedawîn. On entering the tomb, they saw a funeral bier, with the semblance of a sheikh resting on it. The roof was supported by massive pillars ; and on the tomb was an Arabic inscription covered up by shawls. Descending a stair, and lighting a candle, they saw the real tomb, covered by a dark shawl, and protected by a metal *grille*.

The first glimpse which they had of Petra was a solitary column, the only remains of a large temple ; they then came in sight of Pharaoh's Palace ; and at a sudden turn of the path burst into exclamations of wonder and surprise at the extreme beauty of the Khuzneh, the Great Temple of Petra.

“ Its situation is most remarkable,” wrote Mr. Gibson, “ and its tinting of pale rose is the perfection of harmonious colouring. It is a poem in stone ; and the solemn silence reigning around it speaks more of the height of civilisation which its builders had reached than any other

monument of antiquity. I made an attempt to sketch its principal features, but suddenly I heard a clattering all along the gorge as if an armed host was approaching. A head peeped round the corner and saw me, and with a cry of astonishment vanished. The Fellahin of the valley had discovered us, so, picking up my things, I called to Mr. Smith that the Philistines were upon us, and beat a hasty retreat. We were followed by three wild-looking beings, with whom I shook hands. One of them brandished a pistol with great glee, crying 'Bakhsheesh' at the full pitch of his voice, and gave me a slap on the shoulder, as if to convey the good news that we were welcome to Wady Mousa."

More adventurous still was their visit to the ruins of the city.

"Hassanin had warned us to leave all our valuables behind, and truly the advice was needed, for wherever we turned it was evident that our pockets were being felt, and Mr. Monteith called out that the man beside him had robbed him. It turned out to be only of a pair of gloves, which were restored on an appeal to the sheikh. A youth who walked by the side of Mr. Smith stumbled and fell with his gun in his hand, the gun hitting Mr. S. sharply on the head. The little brute sprang up and spat in his face. Mr. S. had great credit in bearing the insult calmly, as a general *fracas* would otherwise have ensued. As we neared the summit, and were scrambling through a deep declivity, a new party of Fellahin sprang out, making a feint of guarding the pass. They levelled their matchlocks at us, and fired two shots in the air. Our party, to keep up the play, drew their swords. The Bedawin raised a howl and let us pass on.

“On reaching the top we found ourselves on a large grassy plateau, green and level, and facing us, cut out in the rock, we had before us the far-famed church called by the natives Ed-Deir. It is an enormously massive structure with two tiers of pillars and a large cupola in the centre of the upper tier, supported on two columns crowned by an enormous urn. Take it simply with its gigantic proportions, and the fact that it is all chiselled out of the rock overwhelms the mind with the sense of beauty. The details of it are too much cut up into sections, and a want of harmony is the result.

“The Fellahin kept feeling my pockets round and round. In the chamber of the temple one of them took hold of Mr. Baldwin’s beard, and drew his hand suggestively across his throat, but this was simply an attempt to frighten. We prevailed with them, however, and went to the top. When we were half way down we called a general halt at a narrow spot; there seemed a desire to create a scuffle, and of course a universal seizure and plucking, and one fellow grasped me by the arms rather roughly. We kept our temper, however, and one of more authority than the others gave the signal to let us alone. Mr. Smith began singing a martial air, thinking that music would have charms to soothe the savage breast, whereupon they struck up a howl of their own as we traversed the plain to the camp. We made our complaint to Sheikh Salamat, who had the matter inquired into. His power prevailed, and after lunch we had a fine opportunity of exploring the Sik Pass. We passed right up to the Khuzneh. It was better lighted by the sun, which brought out to perfection its rich, rosy colour; then we went up the gorge, which narrowed considerably, at intervals even excluding the sun-

light. The colours of the rocks showed most brilliantly, having at times an utterly weird appearance. The dark red told most, and produced quite a vivid glow; the indigo colour came out in patches, while deep yellow saffron was abundant. The lightest blue we saw in the roofs of the caves, and on the under surface of the temple cornices. After walking for a mile we came on the famous archway, which forms an important feature of the scene, spanning the gorge most gracefully; to the left of it, on a rising ground, was a peculiarly massive tomb, a monolith standing quite alone (inside two deep cavities with a sarcophagus). Down from the height we passed through a long tunnel 102 feet long, 25 to 30 feet high, and 18 feet wide, reminding us of the Posilipo grotto at Naples.

“We went along the topmost seats of the Theatre, and by steps to the summit of the rock, whence we had a view of the whole city—the Acropolis with a mass of ruins; the Kasr Far’aôn below it; to the north a series of brown rocks looking like an enormous temple, and on the east a mass of tombs, one with three tiers of pillars, and another with two Doric colonnades.

“At length we bade adieu to Petra. Visit ardently longed for, heartily enjoyed, and as heartily cut short. We had a day and three-quarters of it, too little to see everything, long enough to see the finest parts. The morning sun shone upon the rocks, causing them to give forth their favourite colouring. The birds were singing and the flowers blooming in the crevices and on the grassy plateaux. Place worthy of a nobler race of men! I could visit it again even amid its uproar, but this life is too short for another such excursion.

“The journey from Petra to Hebron was very fatiguing.

Sometimes a Khamsin wind sprang up, and we had a burning, sultry, blazing march. I met with a slight accident in trying to turn my camel. It fixed its head in the ground, and I suddenly found myself thrown heavily forward. I got off, God be thanked, with a few bruises. How delightful it was to meet the first beginning of the verdure of Palestine, thinly covering the sand, it is true, but still giving a sensible greenness to the landscape. Four or five large flocks browsing; larks singing over our heads, as if to welcome us to the Land of Promise."

Regarding the impression which this journey left on Mr. Gibson's mind, he was wont to observe in his latter years, whenever we talked of miracles: "It is remarkable that the most astounding and apparently impossible of these is precisely the one which is a firmly established historical fact. I mean the journey of the Israelites from Egypt to Palestine." Mr. Gibson had at that time a taste for those studies which bear upon the elucidation of Scripture History. He examined carefully every question connected with the topography of Jerusalem, and had acquired a little Arabic. In such branches of knowledge he was well fitted to do good work, and we doubt whether or not it is a matter for regret that his mind was afterwards turned from them to plunge itself so deeply into the literature of Spain.

It is difficult for us to trace his wanderings, for these were mostly solitary, and he seldom communicated with his brothers in Scotland. We know that he spent the early half of 1863 in Italy, and that in 1870 he was at the opening of the Suez Canal, and had to relinquish a voyage to Baghdad through the grounding of a steamer. In 1871-72 he visited Spain.

“It was my versatile friend Duffield,” he writes, “who first induced me to set foot there. I met with him and his very clever wife for the first time at Ben Rhydding, when I was in somewhat low spirits, and he invited me to go with him on a tour of inspection among the Spanish iron mines which he was about to make on behalf of a friend in Glasgow. We took ship for Gibraltar, and thence in a small coasting steamer for Malaga, where we were most hospitably received by Consul Marks, the possessor of some of the mines. He took us down in a small tug to a little coast town called Marbella, where we spent about two weeks ‘prospecting’ among the mountains of Ronda. As we were somewhat jaded with our work, and as Christmas was drawing near, we concluded to take a holiday, and to do it in the most romantic way we resolved to spend it among the ruins of the Alhambra. So we hired a couple of beasts and a couple of muleteers to cut across country, and hit the nearest railway station for Granada. Duffield was perched upon a tall raw-boned steed as like Rozinante as two peas, and quite as useful. My ‘cabalgura’ was not exactly a ‘Dapple,’ but a big burly mule, as patient as a lamb, and as leisurely as a tortoise. Our track lay across a bleak mountain district as barren as the Sierra Morena. We met with no adventures, for we saw not a single soul. Considering the quality of our steeds, I need not say we were benighted, and had to ride for two hours in the blackest night I ever was in, before we arrived at Coin, our destination. And worse than all, before reaching it, we had to descend for half-an-hour a breakneck precipitous bridle-track down into the bed of a noisy brawling river, with an equally steep ascent afterwards. Literally we could not see an inch before

our noses. We tried to walk and grope our way with our sticks, but only to splutter among pools of mud. So we concluded to let the mules stumble on in their own sweet way. We got down into the river, and through it, and out of it, but how I hardly know. The name of that river I never learned nor cared to learn, for I never saw it. But I shall ever remember the night I crossed it, and the dismal eerie sound its torrent sent forth, something like that which struck on the ears of Don Quixote during that night of the famous adventure of the fulling mills. We reached at last our 'fonda,' bespattered all over with mud, but with appetites as fierce as hawks. After tubbing and tidying we were shown into a small dining saloon opening out into the kitchen, where we saw our victuals being cooked by a fat red-faced landlady and a blowsy Maritornes, jabbering all the while as Spanish females only can jabber. They gave us a composite of various comestibles called a 'puchero,' and an omelette, and a jug of wine that smelled of the skin. It must have agreed with us, for we slept very soundly far into the next morning.

"I won't weary you with telling you how we got to Granada. We met with nothing more exciting than the quiet breakdown of our diligence in a field of soft mud, an exhilarating walk of two miles to the railway station with our light baggage on our shoulders, and our consequent arrival at our destination only six hours behind our time. We lighted down at the 'Siete Suelos' hotel, close beside the Alhambra, at midnight, where we got the best rooms in the house, for there was not a single soul there to dispute them with us.

“I shall never forget our first glimpse at the surroundings of the Alhambra. We had been warned not to go there in the dead of winter, else we would infallibly be snowed in or frozen out. But to our surprise the air was as fresh and balmy as that of a spring morning, the sky unclouded and of sapphire blue, and the Sierra Nevada, the loftiest summit in Spain, towering up its 10,000 feet into the clouds, had there been any, and showing a clear sheet of snow from base to topmost peak. And then when we strolled through the old Moorish gardens; the fountains were sparkling in the sun, and the whole place carpeted with the richest flowers. This was not bad for a winter's Paradise, and was certainly worth all the fatigue we passed through to get to it. We had a week of it at its best, and only left it when the weather commenced to break.

“It was while moving about among these places, so celebrated in song, and having long confabs with Duffield about ‘Don Quixote,’ that I was smitten with the desire of knowing more about the language and literature of the two peoples who had made the country in past times so famous.

“And so, when Duffield received a telegram ordering him home, I determined to remain behind and find a new pleasure and perhaps useful employment in studying these matters for myself on the spot. So, after visiting Seville and Cordova, I made my way to Madrid, where I settled down for three months. There for the first time I made the acquaintance of Don Pascual de Gayangos, who was as kind as kind could be, but, as he was leaving almost immediately for London, I did not then see as much of him as I could have wished.

“ Perhaps it may interest you to know that the first bit of the ‘Don Quixote’ I attempted to translate in Madrid was that long piece called the ‘Despairing Lay of Chrysostom.’ It had such a weird look about it with its big, sonorous words and strange metre, that it quite fascinated me. I had to spell it out for myself with the aid of a small hand dictionary. It was capital practice, and took me about six weeks to do, and I don’t think there are twelve words in it that have been altered since. It is certainly the crabbedest bit to translate in the whole book, and it gave me such a headache at the time that I declined afterwards having anything more to do with it. And so there it stands with all its uncouth rhymes hanging about it in indelible print, where certainly I never expected to see it. Of course it is a mere madman’s rant, and I daresay its heathenish language so shocked your nerves that you never got to the end of it. I fancy, however, that it is a mere burlesque of the agony-piling of the tragic writers of the period, and was never meant to be taken seriously.

“ After I left Madrid I made a long tour by Saragossa, Barcelona, Tarragona, and Valencia, and so on to Cadiz, where I took ship for London. I was very much pleased with my stay in Barcelona. The Catalans are the Scotch of Spain, a hard-headed, shrewd, practical people, and yet passionately fond of music and poetry. The Catalan dialect is the Spanish equivalent of the old *langue d’oc*, and the people still hold, as they did in old times in Provence, their poetical tournaments, which they call ‘*justas de flores*.’ They have stores of little poems quite as pretty and quaint as that charming *chanson* which Agnes brought in so well in her book.¹ I mean

¹ “The Brides of Ardmore.”

to translate some of them for my collection, and in the Scotch idiom, *if I can*.

“I had quite a treat every evening in listening to one of the modern troubadours, who used to enchant an admiring crowd in the *rambla* (one of the finest promenades in the world) with his guitar and fine singing. He was a merry, pawky old soul, and I spent quite a little fortune in pesetas to keep him going.”

Mr Gibson's attention was first attracted to Spanish literature by the perusal of a small volume entitled “The Cid,” by Mr. George Dennis, the distinguished explorer of Etruria. So far did the study carry him that he at one time thought of compiling a history of the Spanish people, as illustrated by their songs, ballads, romances, &c., from the earliest literary times down to the age of Cervantes. The materials for such a study are immense, and he soon found that the research required would be too much for his strength.

About Christmas 1878 he was staying at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and had a serious illness, which appears to have been rheumatic fever, accompanied by extreme mental depression. It is difficult to ascertain anything about his movements at a time which was doubtless the darkest season of his life. He seems to have shrunk ever more and more into himself, and though occasionally meeting with a few literary friends and watching with great interest the contests at the chess club, his time was passed chiefly in brooding over his bodily weaknesses, in correcting Duffield's proofs, and in struggling to perfect some of his own poetical work. The cloud rose in the autumn of 1880 with the renewal of a former engagement to Margaret Dunlop, my twin sister, daughter of the late John Smith, Esq., solicitor,

Irvine, who was well known in the west of Scotland from his connection with the Ferguson Trust. The marriage was delayed until Mr. Gibson's health should be in some measure re-established; and he seldom allowed himself to look to the future with any degree of hope. His life was to be, in his own opinion, a short one, and at the best but a struggle against increasing pain and weakness.

At the beginning of 1881 appeared Mr. Duffield's long-promised translation of "Don Quixote." Its preface hardly stated with sufficient clearness how far Mr. Gibson was responsible for the poetical pieces which are scattered through it; the fact being that every rhymed line in the book was his, and his alone; including those which Duffield has introduced into his notes. This the critics were not slow to discover, and their unqualified commendation of Mr. Gibson's work was to him a great surprise. It encouraged him to prepare for the press a translation of the "Viaje del Parnaso," one of the least known of Cervantes' works, but which nevertheless contains some very beautiful passages, and which has, to use his own words, enough of native vitality in it to interest and even to fascinate all readers of the right sort. The volume included a very touching rhymed letter, written by Cervantes, whilst a captive in Algiers, to Matteo Vasquez, Philip II.'s private secretary, pleading that he would use some of his great power to bring about the liberation of the Christian captives, who were enduring unspeakable suffering, and of whom there were about 20,000. Need we say that the petition fell upon deaf ears? Philip was too much engaged in preparing his Invincible Armada to take thought for Cervantes.

The volume included also some original poems,

modestly inserted amongst the notes. The number of these is not great, but they are exquisite in conception and perfect in finish. Some idea of Mr. Gibson's fastidiousness may be gathered from the fact that the "Viaje" was nearly two years in passing through the press, and this because the proofs were sent so often to him for correction and revision. He must have had some sheets at least a dozen times. He was staying in the same house with us at Malvern about the end of 1882, and I recollect that a few days before Christmas he received the title-page by the morning post. He gazed at it in mingled astonishment and perplexity. I asked him if he was not satisfied. "Quite so," he replied, "only I cannot see that the publishers have any right to put 1883 upon it." "Well, James," I replied, "if that book is not published in 1883 we shall hold a coroner's inquest to find out what has become of it."

I was at that time preparing for my long-projected visit to Greece in company with my friend, Miss Grace Blyth, a cousin of Mr. Gibson's; but I doubted much whether he would allow my sister to go with us. With his usual unselfishness he waived his claim to her society; and we speculated as to whether our "Journey to Parnassus" or his would be soonest accomplished. He followed our movements with the keenest interest. Of this a few extracts from his letters will give the reader some idea.

"Saturday, February 10, 1883.

"I hope my note of yesterday arrived just in the nick of time, to bid you welcome to these classic lands! After all your readings and studies, with what a different

eye will you look upon them now! You must tell me all your impressions just as they spring up. There was an old street of tombs being excavated when I was there. When you go to the Dionysian Theatre, remember to have a seat in the marble chair of the *Ἀρχων* if it is still there, with his name inscribed on it, and be sure to have a drink at the Callirhoë fountain, which is not far off. My favourite solitary walk was up the Lycabettus hill, where you can see Edinburgh (in your mind's eye). Half-way up the hill you are on the same level as Edinburgh Castle, so fancy yourself there! Right in front of you, you have the Acropolis, with its ruined columns, which represents the Calton Hill, with ditto. Letting the eye stretch around for a mile or two, you light upon the Piræus, which represents the port of Leith. Further still, over the sea, you descry Ægina, which is Inchkeith. And if you want to see the Fife-shire hills, there they are in the Corinthian ranges, which stretch, however, a little too much to the right! In my humble opinion the Edinburgh landscape is out-and-out more magnificent; but the similar configuration of the country is certainly very curious and striking."

Whatever he felt about my sister's absence, so far from repining, he tried to check her natural impatience to finish the journey and induce her fellow-travellers to return.

"I have great faith in Agnes," he writes, "and you must just allow her to have her full swing in the matter. A few days more or less, now that you are on the spot, will not matter much. I should not like to bear the brunt of Agnes's black looks if any of her pet schemes are baulked, owing to Maggie's obstinacy, or James's

positivity, or both combined. Let her in return cultivate the spirit of *φιλαδελφία* on a large scale. I know she has a little of that feeling already, but it is a plant that requires a good deal of sun to quicken it. And then when you *do* return, having done well all you wished, we shall be pleased and satisfied, and have a merry time of it; and when Maggie receives her cross of welcome, I hope she will be specially mindful of the giver."

"You speak in raptures of Hymettus' snow-clad summit. I have only a kind of shivering sympathy with you. Undulating slopes carpeted with purple thyme, the buzzing of innumerable bees, and a sparkling sun to light up the glorious landscape, that is my ideal of Hymettus."

The following lines refer to an incident which occurred to us on this mountain. All who know anything of the interior of Greece will realise the truth of the picture:—

"The dogs they barked, and looked fu' fierce,
The lasses thocht it frightfu';
But the shepherds came and waved their crooks,
An' wasna that delightfu'!"

We need hardly say that our attempt to reach the top of the real Parnassus was a hopeless one. Crowned with slippery snow and ice, girt, when we saw it, with thunder-clouds, it is a spot inaccessible to all but the trained mountaineer. Our copies of the "Viaje del Parnaso" reached us before we left Athens for the interior. Mr. Gibson wrote:—

"The bulky book, with its stout binding, must weigh two or three lbs., if not more. If you get tired of

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carrying it, you can drop it on the top of Mount Parnassus (when you get there), as a sort of propitiatory gift to Apollo and the Muses, if perchance they still revisit their old haunts."

Again :

" I want a hairp, ye Muses a',
 I want a hairp like Tasso's,
 That I may sing, wi' merry ring,
 The Journey to Parnassus !

But if ye ha'e nae hairp to spare,
 Nae matter, a' I want is
 A weel-cut pen, some paper, and
 The humour o' Cervantes."

Again :

"Never mind about presents. All the jewels of Venice or Paris could not compensate for the want of that 'chuckie-stane' from the top of Parnassus !!!

"J. Y. G."

We returned home in June, and three weeks afterwards he was persuaded to accompany his cousin and ourselves to Schlangenbad, in the hope that its waters might prove beneficial to him. At that time he had not left England for years, being under the impression that he could not stand a long journey. Before starting he had secretly resolved on a still bolder step, and when we left Schlangenbad for Wildbad we were not in the least surprised to hear that he had determined not to return a single man, and thought to escape the excitement consequent upon a first meeting with a number of his bride's friends by having the ceremony on the Continent.

The civil marriage was performed by the Mayor of Wildbad, in the Hotel de Bellevue, on September 8, and the religious one by the late Rev. W. G. Parminster, at Stuttgart. Three years of unclouded happiness then began. The first was spent partly at the Alexandra Hotel, London, and partly at the Spa, Tunbridge Wells. In the spring of 1884 Mr. and Mrs. Gibson took a lease of Swaynethorpe, a very pretty villa with four acres of ground situated on Ditton Hill, near Surbiton. There I resided with them, and learned ever more and more to appreciate the sterling worth, the high principle, the strong intellect, and the great gentleness of my brother-in-law, one of whose chief characteristics I found to be his faculty of looking at things from the humorous side; and this not in the frank, jovial fashion which compels attention, but unobtrusively so as sometimes to be expressed in whispers, as if the speaker delighted in fun for its own sake! I recollect on one occasion his cousin was, in his presence, informing a friend that she had taken in Mr. Proctor's magazine *Knowledge* because of some recipes in it for cooking cheese. I heard Mr. Gibson murmur, "A trap to catch a mouse," but no one heard it except myself.

He could speak out, though, when the occasion demanded it. A would-be clever young man once tried, in his presence, to make a fool of the Scottish nation, and repeated the trite saying of Sydney Smith, that a Scotchman cannot see a joke without a surgical operation. "True," remarked Mr. Gibson, "an *English* joke."

He received many curious compliments about his handsome appearance. Most curious of all was the circumstance of a German gentleman accosting him in

the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, with "Excuse me, sir, but I have been watching you for some time, and I cannot take my eyes off you, for your face and head are exactly like Shakespeare's." Some men would thenceforward have caused their beards to be trimmed so as to make the resemblance closer. The thought did not occur to Mr. Gibson.

At Swaynesthorpe he seemed to live up to his own ideal. He was there free from city noises, yet sufficiently near to London to be in touch with his literary friends. He wandered about his own garden, rested under his own oak-trees, watched his dogs playing, and translated "Numantia." He had a great admiration for Carlyle, and read with avidity all that was published about his private life. But he differed from the great Ecclefechan philosopher in one important particular: he never, whilst engaged in literary work, resented interruptions; for his wife found that any story of household troubles always fell upon willing ears.

"Numantia" was published in July 1885. It met with a kind reception from the press, for its translator had rendered the one great drama of Cervantes in verse both spirited and vigorous. A critic of the *Saturday Review*, after remarking that Mr. James Y. Gibson had come into the world with a special mission to translate the poetry of Cervantes, suggested that he should in future turn his attention to Lope de Vega. "Lope de Vega!" exclaimed Mr. Gibson on reading this. "The writer does not see that it is as a *man* that I admire Cervantes! Lope de Vega could not untie *his* shoelatchet!"

In July 1885 Mr. and Mrs. Gibson and I made a voyage of three weeks' duration in one of Messrs.

Thos. Wilson's steamers to the North Cape. He was delighted with the solemn grandeur of the Norwegian Fjords, and the extreme beauty of the sun-lit Arctic summer night. Not content with seeing the midnight sun from the deck of the vessel, he joined the other passengers in climbing the precipitous cliffs on the island of Mageroc. It is only 1000 feet high, but the latter part of the ascent has to be performed with the aid of a rope. Mr. Gibson felt very unwell for a few minutes after reaching the top, but recovering himself, walked for a mile and a half over the barren moor, all bathed in chastened sunlight, to the spot where we saw the orb of day sinking at 12 P.M. towards the great expanse of ocean. We gazed shivering but spell-bound, till we saw it spring up when just two and a half degrees above the horizon, and begin its daily journey towards the zenith.

This exploit, though an interesting one, was for Mr. Gibson hardly prudent. Yet it was followed by little variation in his general health. He even seemed at times to have become stronger; and at Christmas time actually talked of taking a trip either to India or to Athens. From the latter he was deterred by clouds on the political horizon. He was in good spirits during the summer, especially when his brother Robert, with his children, visited him in August. That month was unusually sultry, and when his guests had gone, he went, accompanied by his wife, to the Granville Hotel at Ramsgate. There he caught cold. The doctor said it was a touch of pleurisy, and not a serious one. He seemed to be just recovering from this, when, on the evening of Thursday, September 30th, he was suddenly attacked by syncope, accompanied by a profuse cold

perspiration, while Mrs. Gibson was in the room alone with him. She was much alarmed, and after getting him on to the bed, ran for assistance. Restoratives were applied, and he came round. I arrived on Friday morning, having been summoned by telegraph. He was still in good spirits, although suffering from pleuritic pains. His love of humour did not forsake him during his illness; the doctor, who was a stranger to him, being somewhat amused at being accused of gathering all the herbs of Pandemonium to make up his mixture, things that were never in the Pharmacopœia.

Mrs. Gibson and I feared that his illness might be the beginning of pulmonary consumption; but the idea of sudden death never occurred to us. On Saturday morning, after a restless night, he read the *Times* in bed, listened to some letters, responded to a few jests, responded, too, with unusual earnestness to the text, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

His wife had nursed him with unwearied devotion, and was now much fatigued, having passed several sleepless nights. She therefore retired after luncheon to rest in an adjoining room, leaving the care of him to me and to his man-servant. It was necessary that I should go out for half-an-hour to buy him some flannels. He gave me directions about these, quite in the tone of one who expects to wear them. Ere I returned he had breathed his last. Another fit of syncope, and possibly of angina pectoris, robbed us of his loving presence. "I'm dying, fetch my wife," were the only words he could speak. Mrs. Gibson came in time to administer ether and other restoratives, which were of no avail. His intellect was so clear up to the last moment that he seemed just to have taken one step from this world into

the next. It was as if his mortal frame had withered like the leaves at the first breath of the wintry wind.

His remains were taken to his native city, Edinburgh, and laid in the Dean Cemetery. None has been more sincerely mourned, for few have done their appointed work in this world so thoroughly and so quietly, or have imparted so much of their own sweetness and light to the circle of their intimate friends :—

A little while, we bid thy form farewell,
Edina's gentle son, so pure and true ;
The bells of Heaven respond with welcomes new,
While our poor hearts can only hear thy knell.
'Twas thine to give the scattered gems that fell
From great Cervantes' lips their brilliance due.
And as his glories rose before our view,
Sweet honour came to thee who worked so well ;
And aye thy noble spirit waxed more bright,
For hands unseen did fashion *thee* the while,
And bade thee rise to thy Creator's smile
From wedded love and poesy's delight.
O brother, take this gift ! the last I lay
At thy dear feet, when thou hast passed away.

AGNES SMITH LEWIS.

I.

LIFE AND DEEDS OF THE CID

DURING THE REIGN OF

FERNANDO I. EL MAGNO,

A.D. 1053-65.

ROMANCIERO DEL CID.

ROMANCE I.

THIS ballad is found first in the *Romancero General*, and with alterations in *Escobar: Alcalá, 1612.*

“There is no old ballad giving an account in detail of the cause of quarrel between Diego Lainez and the Count de Gomez. Some hint that it was a quarrel about hounds and hares on the hunting-field; but the most popular version is, that a dispute arose between the two before the King about the guardianship of the young Prince Sancho, which both claimed, when, in the heat of debate, the Count de Gomez (or Lozano, as his nickname was) struck old Diego on the face, which, of course, was a mortal affront.”

“Quand l'age dans mes nerfs a fait couler sa glace.”

—*Cornéille, le Cid.*

“Digne ressentiment à ma douleur bien doux,
Je reconnais mon sang à ce noble courroux,
Ma jeunesse revit en cette ardeur si prompte.
Viens, mon fils, viens, mon sang, viens reparer ma honte,
Viens me venger.”

—*Cornéille.*

DIEGO LAINEZ¹ brooding sat,
His house was on decline,
More ancient, rich, and noble
Than old Abarca's line.

He saw the Count Lozano,
Each day that flitted by,
Ride past his door with mocking lip
And insult in his eye.

He had no hope of vengeance,
He had no strength to fight,
His drooping arm with weight of years
Had lost its power to smite.

By night he could not slumber,
By day he could not eat,
Nor lift his eyes from off the ground,
Nor walk along the street.

He dare not meet his comrades,
Nor talk of bygone fame,
Lest they should shrink with horror back
Before his breath of shame.

But while he writhed in anguish,
And mourned his honour true,
The wisdom that had come with years
Now taught him what to do.

He bade his sons be summoned,
Of words he uttered none,
But took their noble tender hands,
And grasped them one by one.

'Twas not to trace the mystic lines
Foreboding joy or pain ;
For such device of witchery
Was then unknown in Spain.

His honour lent him vigour,
In spite of age and pains,
Of pithless nerves and languid blood,
That ran in frozen veins.

So fierce his grip, and cruel,
“Enough, Señor,” they cry ;
“What dost thou mean, what dost thou wish ?
Unhand us, or we die !”

But when he reached Rodrigo,
And hope was almost gone,
He reaped the fruit he longed to find
Where he expected none.

For, like Hyrcanian tiger,
With burning bloodshot eyes,
And fury mounting on his cheeks,
The youth with daring cries :

“Unhand me, wretched father,
Unhand me now in haste !
For wert thou not my father, I
Not many words would waste ;

I'd pluck thy quivering entrails out,
I'd do it with my hand ;
And make my finger serve the place
Of dagger or of brand !”

For joy the old man wept, and cried,
“Enough, my darling boy !
Thine anger drives my anger back,
Thy fury gives me joy !

These arms of thine, Rodrigo mine,
Make ready for the fight,
To give me vengeance on my foe,
And make my honour bright."

He told him all his grief, and gave
His blessing and the sword,
With which Rodrigo slew the Count,
And grew a famous lord.

¹ *Diego Lainez*. See SOUTHEY, Book I., II. III., for the pedigree of Rodrigo's father.

ROMANCE II.

Romancero General and Escobar.

“ Je suis jeune, il est vrai ; mais aux âmes bien nées
La valeur n'attend point le nombre des années.”

—*Cornille.*

THE Cid he was of tender age,
And deep in thought he stood
How best to right his father's wrongs
In Count Lozano's blood.

He looked upon his powerful foe,
Surrounded by his train,
Who from the wild Asturian hills
Could bring a thousand men ;

Who in the court of Ferdinand
Shone out the foremost star,
His voice in council ever first,
His arm the best in war.

Full little recked he of the man,
But much of the disgrace,
The first that e'er had cast a stain
On Layn Calvo's¹ race.

From Heaven he begged for justice,
From Earth a field of fight,
Permission from his aged Sire,
From Honour manly might.

He minded not his tender age,
For from his very youth
A Cavalier is trained to die
For honour and for truth.

He took him down an ancient sword,
Mudarra's² of Castile ;
It seemed to mourn its master's death,
That old and rusty steel.

And knowing well that it alone
Would for the deed suffice,
Before he girt it round his waist,
The youth with daring cries :

“ O valiant sword, bethink thee,
Mine is Mudarra's arm :
A cause like his thou hast to right,
A quarrel and a harm.

I know full well thou blushest now
Thy master's hand to lack ;
But never wilt thou have to blush
To see me turn my back.

As true as is thy tempered steel
Thou'lt find me on the field ;
Thy second master, like thy first,
Was never born to yield.

But should the foeman master thee,
Not long the shame shall rest ;
Up to the hilt I'll drive thee straight,
And sheathe thee in my breast.

To meet the Count Lozano
The hour is now at hand ;
And woe betide that braggart knight,
His shameless tongue and hand."

So dauntlessly the Cid goes forth,
So high his spirits mount,
That in the space of one short hour
He met and slew the Count.

¹ *Laÿn Calvo*. One of the two judges of Castile elected by the people when the country was without a chief. The other judge was ancestor of the Kings. SOUTHEY, *Chronicle of the Cid*, Book I., 11.

² *Mudarra*. How the seven Infants of Lara were slain in fight through the treachery of their uncle, and their heads sent to the Moorish King of Cordova to be set forth on chargers in the banqueting-hall before their captive father ; how their father had been consoled in his dungeon by the Moorish King's sister ; and how from that illegitimate union sprang MUDARRA GONSALEZ, to be their avenger, need not be related here. See MARIANA, Book VIII. Chap. 9. See p. 287.

ROMANCE III.

From Escobar.

"Ce n'est que dans le sang qu'on lave un tel outrage."
- Corneille.

"Tis not the part of noblemen,
Or men of valour true,
To do despite unto a knight
More honoured far than you.

Thy manly strength and ardour keen
Are naught in thy behoof,
When only 'gainst the weak and old
Thou putt'st them to the proof.

Man of Leon, 'twas foully done,
Thou play'dst a coward's part;
'To basely strike an old man's face,
And not a young man's heart.

Bethink thee that my honoured Sire
Is Laÿn Calvo's heir;
No man who boasts this high descent
Such wrongs as these can bear.

How couldst thou treat an old man so,
When I, his youngest son,
Would scorn to brook affront like this,
Except from God alone?

His noble face thou hast o'ercast
With foul dishonour's cloud ;
But like the Sun I'll sweep it off,
And with a force as proud.

'Tis blood alone, blood freely shed,
Can wipe out honour's stain ;
That blood, O Count, it shall be thine,
Or else my words are vain.

Upon my Sire thou laidst thy hand,
Before the King 'twas done ;
It is a deed to answer for,
And I, I am his son.

O traitor Count, 'twas foully done,
And thee I now defy ;
I wait thy summons to the fight,
No fear nor dread have I.

Diego Lainez moulded me
With metal fine and whole :
I'll prove that truth is in my heart
And falsehood in thy soul.

Thy warlike skill shall not avail,
Nor eke thy braggart force ;
My strength lies in my rightful cause,
My trusty blade and horse."

The Count he smiled a bitter smile,
And mocked his tender age :
"Go, boy, or I will scourge thee now
Like any saucy page !"

Rodrigo, hand upon his blade,
His fierce defiance sends :
“ I'll show thee, Count, that right and birth
Are worth a dozen friends ! ”

Thus spoke to Count Lozano
The Cid Campeador :
For by his noble after-deeds
That honoured name he bore.

He slew the Count, cut off his head,
All on that noted day ;
To bear it to his father's house
Much pleased he took his way.

ROMANCE IV.

From Escobar.

DIEGO LAINEZ sat at meat,
And woe-begone was he ;
His head was drooping on his breast,
His tears were falling free.

He groaned aloud, and could not rest,
But brooded o'er his pain ;
And phantoms, conjured by his fears,
Kept flitting through his brain.

'Twas then Rodrigo, fresh from fight,
Before his father stood ;
He held the Count's head by the hair,
All dripping down with blood.

He touched his father on the arm,
And roused him up to eat ;
" See, father, here the bitter herb
Will make thy banquet sweet !

Thou now may'st open wide thine eyes,
And raise aloft thy head ;
Thine honour's safe, and new-born life
I bring thee from the dead.

Thine every stain is washed away,
 And, though the fight was sore,
 These hands they are no longer hands,
 This tongue a tongue no more.

I have avenged thee, good my lord,
 For vengeance must alight
 When good and righteous is the cause
 And arms defend the right."

The old man thought it but a dream :
 At length he raised his eyes,
 And recognised his former foe,
 Although in deadly guise.

" Veil, veil that head, Rodrigo mine,
 And come to me alone,
 Lest like a fierce Medusa
 It turn me into stone !

And let me clasp thee to my breast,
 And thank my gallant boy,
 Lest this poor heart ere that be done
 Should burst with sudden joy !

O shameless Count Lozano,
 Heaven's vengeance comes at length,
 And this my righteous feud with thee
 Hath given Rodrigo strength !

Now take, my son, the seat I fill,
 And eat in peace thy bread ;
 Who brings me such a head as this
 Shall of my house be Head ! "

X ROMANCE V.

Cancionero de Romances: Antwerp (n.d.)

Silva: Zaragoza, 1550.

Cancionero de Romances: Antwerp, 1550.

Timoneda, and Escobar.

DIEGO LAINEZ rode to Court,
To kiss the good King's hand,
And with him thrice a hundred knights,
All nobles of the land.

Among the rest Rodrigo rode,
Castilian proud and free,
They all bestrode their prancing mules,
A steed of war rode he.

They all were clad in silk and gold,
But he with arms arrayed ;
They all wore belted swords, but he
A golden burnished blade.

They rode with peaceful staves in hand,
But he with lance in rest ;
They all had scented gloves, but he
Steel gauntlets of the best.

They all wore hats with waving plumes,
A casque of steel wore he ;
And o'er the shining metal hung
A cap of *cramoisié*.

They rode with glee to Burgos town,
And at the palace gate
They met the King in company
With all his men of state.

And some did question, some did nod,
Till round the whisper flew :
“ Here comes the man, with all his clan,
Who Count Lozano slew ! ”

Soon as Rodrigo caught the sound,
He looked with steady eye,
And with a loud and scornful voice
He in their midst did cry :

“ If there be kith or kin of his
Among you, one and all,
Who thinks the Count was foully slain,
I stand here at his call !

On horse or foot, I care not which,
I'm ready for the bout ! ”
They muttered all with bated breath,
“ The Devil call thee out ! ”

The rest alighted from their steeds
To kiss the good King's hand ;
Alone Rodrigo silent sat,
Nor joined the courtly band.

Out spoke Rodrigo's father then,
His words were very bland :
“ Alight, my son, from off thy steed,
And kiss the good King's hand ;

He is thy royal liege, my son,
And thou his vassal true."
Rodrigo heard him with a frown,
And fierce his anger grew.

"If other man had asked me this,
His voice had now been still ;
But as it is thy wish, my sire,
I'll do it with goodwill."

The young man lighted from his horse,
To kiss the good King's hand,
But with the bending of the knee
Out flew his shining brand.

The King grew pale to see the steel,
A troubled man was he ;
And with the fury that he had,
He called right angrily :

"Avaunt ! Rodrigo, quit my sight,
Avaunt ! thou devil's child !
Thou hast the face and form of man,
The glare of lion wild !"

Rodrigo vaulted on his horse,
And made the palace ring ;
For with a hoarse determined voice
He thus addressed the King :

"To kiss a kingly hand at all
Doth not beseem my race ;
And if my sire hath kissed it now,
I hold it as disgrace !"

With that he spurred his gallant steed,
 And left him there and then ;
 And through the palace gate he rode
 With thrice a hundred men.

Well-dressed they came, but as they go
 No shining arms they lack ;
 And if on mules to court they came,
 They ride on horses back.

In the *Cronica Rimada* the scene runs thus :—

“ Allegó don Diego Laynes al rey berrarle la mano.
 Quando esto vió Rodrigo, non le quiso berrar la mano.
 405 Rodrigo fincó los ynojos por le berrar la mano.
 El espada traya luenga ; el rey fue mal espantado.
 A grandes bores dixo : Tiratme allá esse peccado.
 Dixo estonce don Rodrigo : Querria mas un clavo,
 Que vos seades mi señor, nin yo vuestro vassallo.
 410 Porque vos la bessó mi padre, soy yo mal amansellado.”

ROMANCE VI.

Escobar VI.

AT Burgos, in the palace,
Was heard the din of arms,
And there rose a mighty clamour
With shoutings and alarms.

The King he left his chamber,
With all his men of state,
And saw Ximena Gomez stand
Before the palace gate.

She tore her hair ; with streaming eyes
Her father's death deplored,
And cursed Rodrigo of Bivar,
And eke his bloody sword.

The haughty stripling stood aloof,
With anger in his eyes,
While loud Ximena Gomez gave
Her clamours to the skies :

“ I ask for justice, noble King,
And vengeance on the bad ;
Thy sons shall reap the fruit thereof,
And thou thyself be glad.

The King who doth not justice grant
Deserveth not to reign,
Nor eat his bread at tables spread,
Nor have a noble train.

Good King, my sires were barons bold,
Of high renown and skill,
Who gathered to Pelayo's¹ host,
With banners of Castile.

But were I low as I am high,
Thine arm should equal fate,
In giving vengeance to the small
With rigour of the great.

And thou, wild swordsman, take thy sword,
And deal a deadly blow,
And pierce this tender throat of mine,
Till all the blood shall flow.

Slay me, O traitor to my peace,
Nor heed a woman's cry ;
It is Ximena Gomez calls
For vengeance from on high.

Thou gav'st to death a gallant knight,
The flower of the noblesse,
A brave defender of the faith,
The scourge of heathenesse.

It is not much, thou base-born youth,
To heap on thee disgrace ;
Come, traitor, pierce me to the heart,
Nor turn away thy face."

Her burning glance was on the youth,
Rodrigo gave no heed ;
But took the reins into his hands,
And leapt upon his steed.

She turned her to the nobles round,
And uttered taunting words ;
But none would move, though loud she cried :
“ Avenge me, good my lords ! ”

¹ *Pelayo*. I cannot do better than quote the eloquent words of Southey :—“ The Moors found the same obsequiousness in Spain as they had done in Africa and in the East. The main part of the men apostatised, and the women contentedly learnt a new creed, to qualify themselves for foreign husbands, or for the renegados who profited by the ruin of their country. But there yet remained Gothic valour and Gothic genius. Pelayo baffled them with a troop of mountaineers, the wreck and remnant of the nation. This hero was strengthened by the accident of his royal descent ; but it was not for his birth that his fellow-soldiers lifted him upon a shield, and in the hour of difficulty and danger acclaimed him King. In a strong country, with the defiles of which he was well acquainted, he maintained himself against the neighbouring Moors. His own weakness was his best security ; foes like these were beneath the notice of the conqueror ; he who had overthrown the kingdom of the Goths did not stop to exterminate a handful of banditti ” (*SOUTHEY, Introduction to Chronicle of the Cid*).

ROMANCE VII.

Escobar. Timoneida. Rosa Española.

Omitting the first two verses, the rest are found, with a few variations, in

Cancionero de Romances (n.d.), fol. 155.

Silva de 1550 (t. i. fol. 75).

Cancionero de Romances, 1550, and Medina, 1570.

It was the feast-day of the Kings,
A high and holy day,
When all the dames and damosels
The King for hansel pray.

All save Ximena Gomez,
The Count Lozano's child,
And she has knelt low at his feet,
And cries with dolour wild :

“ My mother died of sorrow, King,
In sorrow still live I ;
I see the man who slew my Sire,
Each day that passes by.

A horseman on a hunting horse,
With hawk in hand rides he ;
And in my dove-cot feeds his bird,
To show his spite at me.

My little doves, both young and old,
He cruelly strikes down ;
The trickling blood from out their breasts
Has stained my silken gown.

I sent to tell him of my grief,
He sent to threaten me,
That he would cut my skirts away,
Most shameful for to see !

That he would put my maids to scorn,
The wedded and to wed,
And underneath my silken gown
My little page strike dead !¹

The King deserveth not to reign
Who justice doth withhold,
Nor ride upon a horse of war,
Nor wear a spur of gold ;

Nor eat his bread at tables spread,
Nor dally with the Queen,
Nor hear the mass in holy kirk,
Nor bear the sword, I ween."

The King was grave, and thought aloud,
When he the matter knew :
" O God of heaven, be now my aid,
And teach me what to do !

If I should seize or slay the Cid,
My Cortes will rebel ;
But if I fail to right her wrongs,
God's wrath will fall as well !"

“ Fear not thy Cortes, noble King,
But list to my desire,
And deign to give me as my mate ²
The man who slew my sire.

For he who did me so much ill,
I trow, will bring me cheer.”
The King was in a mirthful mood,
And what he said ye’ll hear :

“ It often hath been told to me,
And now I know it true,
That women’s wits are wondrous strange,
And passing nature too !

For till this hour she justice seeks,
And now with him will wed ;
With pleasure and a right goodwill
I’ll do the thing she said.

I’ll send a letter to the Cid,
My summons to obey.”
The words are neither mild nor sweet,
The letter goes its way.

Off rides the messenger with speed,
And gives it to the Sire.
The Cid regards him with a frown,
And mutters in his ire :

“ Thou hast but sorry manners, Count,
Much better would I see ;
Thou hast a letter from the King,
And keep’st it back from me.”

“ It is a trifle, good my son,
 Thyself at court to show ;
 But rest thee here in peace, my son,
 And in thy place I'll go.”

“ Now God forbid, and Mary blessed,
 That such a thing should be ;
 Wherever thou art bound to ride,
 I'll ride in front of thee !”

1

“ *May 1st, 1831.*

“ I may tell you that that ‘ scoffing message ’ of Rodrigo to Ximena, which somewhat roused your ire, is borrowed word for word from one of the oldest ballads in the language, belonging to the series called ‘ The Seven Infants of Lara.’ The old troubadours thought nothing of borrowing from one another ; and any peculiarly racy phrases or verses were looked upon as the common property of the fraternity. Their meaning, therefore, is simply conventional, though often curiously interwoven.

“ You also animadvert on the abrupt change of Ximena’s feelings from vengeance to love. That is common to all the old ballads. Simple and un sentimental, the minstrels recorded bare facts, not processes. For these last you must go to the inventive dramatists, such as Corneille and Guillen de Castro, or even to Herder, who interpolates a whole sentimental scene, borrowed, however, from the French.”—*Letter of J. Y. Gibson.*

² *As my mate.* The *Cronica Rimada* makes Ximena’s request spring from very creditable and feminine motives. After Rodrigo had slain her father, her two brothers were taken prisoners by him and conducted to Bivar. Their three sisters came to beg their release from Don Diego, on the ground that, their father being dead, they had no other protectors. The request having been granted at Rodrigo’s chivalrous intercession, these two “ chips of the old block ” at once turned round and gave their liberators fifteen days’ truce, after which they threatened to come and burn them in their castle ! Diego himself feared that the King would slay him as a punishment for the death of Count Gomez. Ximena, the youngest of the sisters, was

dismayed at her brothers' ingratitude, and no doubt touched by her enemy's generosity—but need we say more? That spark was kindled in her bosom which makes a woman a heroine (perhaps a *look* from Rodrigo had done it). She went to court as the peace-maker, and offered her hand to stay the blood-feud that would soon have exterminated one or both of the rival families. The *Cronica Rimada* makes this the occasion also of Rodrigo's refusal to kiss the royal hand; thus attributing to filial piety what in the previous ballad appears rudeness, and contrasts somewhat strangely with his subsequent loyalty.

ROMANCE VIII.

Sepulveda. Escobar.

THE Moorish Kings have reached Castile,
With shoutings and alarms ;
Five valiant Kings of Moorish blood,
With all their men of arms.

And they have skirted Burgos' walls,
At Montesdoca tarried ;
And they have Belforado ta'en,
And St. Domingo harried.

Nacera's and Logroño's walls
They've levelled with the ground ;
Have captured many flocks and herds,
And many a Christian bound.

Both men and women, boys and girls,
Are fast within their toils ;
Right merrily they homeward march,
And laden rich with spoils.

Shame on the King and nobles all
Who see it from afar !
The tidings reach Rodrigo's ears
In his castle of Bivar.

He's still a youth of tender age,
Not twenty years hath he ;
On Bavioca¹ forth he rides
With goodly company.

He sends a message through the land,
Draws round an armèd host ;
At Montesdoca battle gives,
Where Moors must pay the cost.

He takes the five Kings every one,
The Moors in terror flee ;
He gathers back the wealthy spoils,
And sets the captives free.

He makes division of the prey
Amongst his men of war ;
The captive Kings he sends in chains
To his castle of Bivar.

He sends them to his mother's² charge ;
She gives them kindly care ;
From chains and prison they are freed,
And vassalage they swear.

With many a tearful word they bless
Rodrigo of Bivar,
And sound aloud, with praises high,
His valiant deeds of war.

And they have sworn with many an oath
To give him tribute due ;
And when the band reached Moorish land,
They kept their promise true.

¹ *Bavieca*. "His (the Cid's) godfather was a clergyman, whose name was Don Peyre Pringos; and of this godfather, after some time, he asked a foal of his mares; and when he had one to give him, he put it amongst many mares with many good foals, and told him to choose and to take the best; and when it was time for him to go and choose the foal, he went into the yard and let all the mares with their foals go out without choosing any, and at the last there went out a mare with a very ugly and mangy foal, and he said to his godfather, 'I wish this one.' And his godfather, being very angry, said in a rage, 'Bavieca, thou hast chosen ill.' Then said Rodrigo, 'This one will be a good horse, and Bavieca shall be his name.' And he became a good and brave horse, and on him my Cid fought many battles" (*Cronica del Cid*, Chap. ii.).

The *Poema del Cid*, line 1581, says that when the Cid was at Valencia he had only got Bavieca shortly before. Perhaps, as Damas-Hinard suggests, he had two horses of the name in succession, yet in the account of Bavieca's death the *Cronica* says he had lived for forty years (*Cronica*, Chap. cclxxxix.). This would make Rodrigo eight or nine years old when he got the foal from his godfather; yet we must say that the theory of there being two Baviecas seems the more probable.

² *His mother*. This was Doña Teresa Rodriguez, daughter of Don Rodrigo Alvarez, Count and Governor of Asturias (SOUTHEY, *Chronicle of the Cid*, Book I. Chap. ii.). The *Cronica del Cid* calls her Doña Teresa Nuñez, daughter of Count Nuño Alvarez de Amaya. (See also *Cronica Rimada*, ll. 229, 300.)

ROMANCE IX.

Romancero General. Escobar.

THE King sat in his palace-hall,
Upon his judgment-seat,
With listening ear to all who came
His justice to entreat.

He praised the good, reprov'd the bad,
And gave to each his due :
For just rewards and punishments
Make vassals leal and true.

There enter thirty gentlemen,
All dressed in robes of woe :
Ximena's body-guard are they
Wherever she may go.

The macers all have left the hall,
And solemn stillness reigns ;
When at the throne Ximena kneels,
And to the King complains :

“ Señor, six months this very day
My honoured father died,
Slain by a stripling, born and bred
To be a homicide.

Four times I've cast me at thy feet
 Within this judgment-hall ;
Four times I've promises received,
 But justice, none at all.

'Tis Don Rodrigo of Bivar,
 That proud and daring youth,
Who shelters him beneath thy wing,
 In spite of law and truth.

He finds with thee a lurking-place
 Wherein to hide his shame ;
Thy bailiffs have to bear the smart,
 'Tis thou must bear the blame.

If righteous Kings be like to God,
 And fill on earth His place ;
That King should not be feared or loved
 Who fails to smite the base.

Gramercie, O my noble King !
 I speak like one forlorn ;
For insult in a woman's heart
 Will change respect to scorn."

"No more, I prithee, gentle maid,
 Thy woes I deeply feel ;
For wails like thine would turn to wax
 A heart of stone or steel.

And if I guard Rodrigo well,
 For thee I guard the boy ;
The time will come when for his sake
 Thy grief will turn to joy."

There came a message to the King,
From fair Urraca sent ;
And to the Infanta's chamber high
He with Ximena went.

ROMANCE X.

Sepulveda : Antwerp 1551.

Escobar X.

It is Rodrigo of Bivar,
His fame it groweth grand,
For he has conquered five great Kings,
Five Kings of Moorish land.

From prison he has led them out,
Where fast in chains they lay ;
And they have homage sworn to do,
And fitting tribute pay.

The King in Burgos holds his court,
The good King Ferdinand ;
In haste Ximena Gomez comes,
To kiss her liege's hand.

“ I am Don Gomez' daughter true,
In Gormaz Count was he ;
Of all the daughters that he had,
I'm youngest of the three.

Rodrigo, with his arm of might,
My honoured Sire did slay ;
I come to ask a boon, my lord,
A boon from thee this day :

That Don Rodrigo thou wilt give
To be my lord and head ;
I'll hold me honoured by the gift,
And think myself well wed.

For sure I am that wealth and fame
Are now at his command ;
And of thy peers he yet shall rank
The highest in the land.

To grant my boon will bring thee luck,
For it is Heaven's desire ;
And I will pardon to my spouse
The death he gave my sire."

Ximena's wishes pleased the King ;
He sent a message straight,
And to Placencia called the Cid,
On matters of the state.

Soon as Rodrigo read the words
Writ by the royal hand,
On Bavioca forth he rode,
And with a goodly band ;

Three hundred gallant gentlemen,
Kinsmen and friends of yore ;
Alike they dressed in rich attire,
New shining arms they bore.

The King went forth to meet the band,
For well he loved the youth ;
And with a gracious smile he said,
"Thou'rt welcome here in sooth.

The fair Ximena Gomez here
Desires to be thy wife ;
And to the man will pardon give
Who took her father's life.

To see thee wed so fair a dame
My heart with joy will swell ;
And I will give thee honours great,
And many lands as well."

"To do thy will in this and all,
My lord, I'm nothing loath."
With this Rodrigo took her hand,
And plighted there his troth.

In the *Cronica Rimada* the whole scene is thus given :—

- " 341 Alli cavalgó Ximena Gomes : tres doucellas con ella van,
E otros escuderos que la avian de guardar.
Llegava à Çamora, do la corte del rey está,
Llorando de los ojos è pediendo piedat :
- 345 Rey, dueña so lasrada, è avéme piedat.
Orphanilla finqué pequeña de la condessa mi madre.
Fijjo de Diego Laynes fissome mucho mal ;
Prissome mis hermanos, è matóme à mi padre.
A vos que sodes rey vengome à querellar.
- 350 Señor, por merced, derecho me mandat dar.
Mucho pessó al rey, è comensó de fablar :
En grand coyta son mis reynos ; Castilla alçarseme ha ;
E si se me alçan Castellanos, ffaserme han mucho mal.
Quando lo oyó Ximena Gomes, las manos le fue bessar.
- ¶ 55 Merced, dixo, señor, non lo tengades à mal.
Mostrarvos he assosegar à Castilla è à los reynos otrotal :
Datme à Rodrigo por marido, aquel que mató à mi padre."

ROMANCE XI.

THE CID'S WEDDING.

Romancero General.

THEY come from church and altar,
The bridegroom and the bride :
Bishop Calvo leads the way,
The Cid is by his side.

The rank and wealth of Burgos
In gay procession march
Along the street with rushes strewn,
Beneath a noble arch.

The windows and the balconies
Are decked with hangings gay ;
The minstrels chaunt a thousand songs
To greet them on the way.

The banners wave, the pennons stream,
And music fills the air ;
The country folks are wild with joy,
And mirth is everywhere.

Out comes Pelayo, smartly dressed,
With horns to ape the bull ;
The lads and lasses caper round,
To dance and play the fool.

Out comes the merry Antolin,
A humble ass rides he ;
He makes it prance and curvet so,
It is a sight to see !

Stout Pelaez, with bladder and peas,
Bounds forth with clattering noise,
And buffets all the people round,
To please the shouting boys.

A nimble page, in devil's dress,
Pursues the shrieking ladies ;
The King has hired him, horn and hoof,
For sixteen maravedis.

Behind them all Ximena comes,
Led by the royal hand ;
The Queen her sponsor walks beside,
With all the bridal band.

From every open window
A shower of wheat descends ;
The King receives it in his cap,
Her head Ximena bends.

The golden grains were on her neck,
And down her bosom fell ;
The King was fain to gather them,
He liked the duty well.

Cries envious Suero, with a grin,
That all might understand :
“ 'Tis mighty fine to be the King,
But I would be the hand ! ”

The laughing monarch gave his plume
To pay the saucy jest,
And vowed the bride must kiss the youth
Before she went to rest.

With merry talk the King goes on,
But not a word says she ;
Her silence is more eloquent
Than any words could be.

They enter through the palace gate ;
The gallant King and gay
Conducts her to the banquet-hall,
And feasting ends the day.

ROMANCE XII.

THE CID'S WEDDING.

(*Another Version.*)

Escobar XI.
Romancero General.

THE King would bring Rodrigo,
And eke Ximena fair,
Before good Bishop Calvo,
To join in one the pair.

For there be strifes and quarrels
Where true love cometh not ;
But where love sitteth on the throne
Old grudges are forgot.

Rich lands and wide he gave the Cid,
Valuerna and Saldaña,
He gave him Belforado and
San Pedro de Cardena.

The Cid, to don his wedding dress,
Did to his chamber pass ;
He threw aside his shining arms,
His helmet and cuirass ;

He dressed him in his hosen fine,
With fringe of purple sheen,
And breeches of the bright Walloon—
'Twas the golden age, I ween !

His shoes were trimmed with scarlet bright,
Of good ox-hide the leather ;
And bucklers twain instead of ties
To bind them well together.

His shirt had neither plait nor frill,
But all was plain and neat ;
For starch, in these old-fashioned times,
Was but the children's meat.

His doublet was of satin black,
Loose were the sleeves and quilted ;
Three times or four his good old Sire
Had worn it when he tilted.

His jacket was of leather brown,
And slashed in such a way
As brought to mind the many cuts
He had given in his day.

A German cloak, well lined with plush,
Made up his gay costume ;
And in his cap of good Conray
He wore a heron's plume.

His flaming sword Tizona,¹
That struck the nations dumb,
Was girt within a brand new belt,
That cost a good round sum !

He met Ximena at the church,
Her head-dress was of *papos* ;
It was not of the flimsy gear
Which now they call *Urracos*.

Her gown was of the London cloth,
 All finely broiderèd ;
 It fitted jimp to show her form.
 Her shoes were rosy red.

A collar rich with medals eight
 Did from her neck hang down :
 Its pendant was a San Miguèl ;
 The whole was worth a town.

Rodrigo took her by the hand,
 And gave her warm embrace ;
 And as he looked upon his bride,
 He said with blushing face :

“ Ximena, I thy father slew,
 But not with villain’s arm ;
 I fought with him, as man with man,
 To avenge a grievous harm !

A man I slew—a man I give ;
 Receive the gift with grace ;
 And take an honoured husband now
 In thy dead father’s place !”

The people praise his gallant words,
 And show the joy they feel ;
 And so they wedded on that day
 Rodrigo of Castile.

¹ *Tizona*. This is an anachronism. *Tizona*, or the firebrand, did not come into the *Cid*’s possession till long afterwards, when his daughters were of marriageable age. It was taken by him in battle from King Yucef after the fall of Valencia (SOUTHLEY, VII. XXII.).

ROMANCE XIII.

Sepulveda.

Escobar XII. (two separate versions).

THE marriage festival was o'er,
The feasting and the games ;
The Cid would go to pay his vow
At the shrine of great St. James.¹

The King he gave his glad consent,
Nor was in kindness slack,
But loaded him with presents rich,
And bade him soon be back.

Rodrigo sent Ximena home
Beneath his mother's care,
To treat her as beseemed a bride
So noble and so fair.

And with him twenty gentlemen
Rode forth in close array ;
Much alms for God and Mary's sake
They scattered on the way.

When they had gone but half the road
A leper came in sight,
Who struggled in a slimy pool,
And cried in woeful plight :

“ Good gentlemen, for love of God,
Assist me in my need!
Release me from this fearful place,
And Heaven send ye speed!”

Rodrigo lighted from his horse,
While thus the leper cried,
And drew him from the miry pool,
And placed him by his side.

He took him to the strangers' inn,
And gave him meat and bread :
He led him to his chamber fine,
And shared with him his bed.

At midnight while Rodrigo slept,
And all around was still,
Lo! from the leper came a breath
That made his shoulders thrill ;

A shock so sudden and so sharp
That through his breast it ran :
Alarmed Rodrigo started up
And sought the leper man.

He could not find him in the bed—
For light aloud he cried ;
But when the lighted lamp was brought,
No leper man they spied.

He turned again unto his bed,
In great alarm and fright ;
When lo! a man stood by his side
All dressed in garments white.

“Rodrigo, dost thou sleep or wake?”

“I do not sleep,” he said;

“But tell me, stranger, who thou art,
With glory round thy head?”

“I am St. Lazarus, my son,
And come to speak with thee;
That leper man, whom thou didst treat
With Heaven’s own charity.

Rodrigo, God doth love thee well,
Thy fame shall aye increase;
And all that thou beginn’st to do
In battle or in peace,

That shalt thou end with honour great,
No foe shall strike thee down;
And Moorish men and Christians too
Shall tremble at thy frown.

And thou shalt die an honoured death
Unconquered in the strife;
Thou shalt be victor to the last,
And Heaven crown thy life.”

The gracious words are hardly said,
When lo! the vision flees;
Rodrigo raised him from his bed,
And fell upon his knees.

He praised aloud the God of Heaven,
And blessèd Mary’s name;
And thus he knelt alone in prayer
Until the morning came.

To Santiago he set forth,
His pilgrimage he made ;
To Calahorra he returned,
Where then the good King stayed.

The King he bade him welcome back,
Nor was his joy concealed ;
He fought Gonzalez ² in the lists,
And left him on the field.

¹ *Saint James.* Three apostles bore the name of James, and historians are not agreed as to which of the three may be identified with Santiago, the patron saint of Spain. This is his story, taken from the *Acta Sanctorum*. After having preached in Spain, he returned to Jerusalem, where he was executed by Herod in A.D. 42. His body was taken by Hermogenes and Philetus, two sorcerers whom he had converted, and put in a boat in order that they might take it away and hide it. They fell asleep in the boat, and on awaking found themselves in Spain. Near the place where they landed lived an influential woman named Lupa, to whom they applied for a place of burial. She had them arrested and sent to the King to be cruelly punished. They were thrown into a deep dungeon, from which they were delivered by an angel. Messengers sent in pursuit of them were drowned by the breaking of a bridge, whereupon the King recalled them with honour, and received baptism at their hands. On their repeating their request to Lupa for a place where they might bury the Apostle, she caused a yoke to be laid on the necks of two wild bulls, and the body dragged by them, in order that it might be torn in pieces. The bulls became as meek as lambs, and drew the body to the palace of their infuriated mistress. She was converted, was baptized, turned her palace into a church, and had the Apostle buried within it. Miracles were of course performed at the shrine.

Owing to persecutions and other causes, Christian worship had all but disappeared, and the site of the tomb was so covered by dense woods as to be almost unapproachable, when, between A.D. 790 and 835, B.ishop Theodomirus discovered it by the guidance of angelic lights. The church was at once rebuilt, and the place called Compostella.

It became again famous for miraculous cures, and the Moors, when ravaging the country, turned back in terror from it on seeing an unearthly light. Santiago's appearance in a vision to King Ravimirus, and on a white charger at the battle of Clavigium, is one of the chief events in Spanish history. It will be in the reader's recollection how the identity of his body with that of the Apostle has lately been established by a Papal decree.

² *Gonsalez.* The story says that King Don Fernando had a dispute with King Don Ramiro of Aragon, about the city of Calahorra, which each claimed as his own. Therefore the King of Aragon gave a challenge to combat, trusting in the advantage he had in Martin Gonsalez, who was at that time the best knight in all Spain. King Ferdinand accepted the challenge, and said that Rodrigo of Bivar should fight for him, though he was not there at the time. And the King of Aragon gave Martin Gonsalez for his part, and they appointed a place and did homage for both to come there, and to bring each his knight for the combat; and the knight who should conquer should gain Calahorra for his lord (*Cronica del Cid*, Chap. vi.). For a particular description of the tourney, see SOUTHEY, I. X.

ROMANCE XIV.

Sepulveda.
Escobar XIII.

COIMBRA'S town beleaguered stood
By good King Ferdinand ;
For seven years he held the siege,
Nor ever left the land.

For why? its walls were wondrous strong,
And turrets high could boast ;
And in his camp there was no food
To feed his hungry host.

So feeble was the monarch's band,
He thought to raise the siege ;
When lo! the monks of Lorman brought
Good succour to their liege.

They came with all their garnered stores,
As much as they could bring,
Both meat and corn and herbs and wine,
And gave them to the King.

“Take courage, noble Sire,” they said ;
“Thy camp shall nothing lack.”
The King received their gifts with thanks,
Nor thought of turning back.

He gave his starving men to eat,
The camp was filled with cheer ;
Their engines battered down the walls,
The Moors were wild with fear.

And soon they rendered up the town,
With all its treasures rare ;
On bended knees besought their lives ;
The King did grant their prayer.

"Twas while the siege still lingered on,
And hope had ceased to shine,
There came a pilgrim out of Greece
To Santiago's shrine.

'Tis Astiano is his name,
A titled Bishop he ;
And at the great Apostle's shrine
He prayed on bended knee.

And while he prayed the strangers round
Held loud and free discourse,
How Santiago took the field,
With armour and with horse,

And fought among the Christian ranks,
And made the Moslem flee.
The Bishop listened to their words,
A troubled man was he :

" Good friends, he was a fisherman,
No knight in armour dressed."
With this he cut the matter short,
And laid him down to rest.

Before his bed at dead of night
Did Santiago stand ;
A bright and joyful face had he,
And keys were in his hand :

“ That they should call me knight,” he said,
“ Thou deem’st it but a jest ;
I come myself to show my face,
And set thy doubts at rest.

I am a knight of Jesus Christ,
The Christians’ strength and tower,
To plead their cause and take their part
Against the Moorish power.”

While thus they kept in free discourse
The watches of the night,
Behold a gallant horse appeared,
Of colour wondrous white.

Thereon did Santiago mount,
A truer knight was none,
All harnessed o’er with armour bright,
Resplendent as the sun :

“ To fair Coimbra’s town I go,
The good King to sustain ;
For seven years he holds the siege,
For seven years in vain.

And with these keys held in my hand,
The city shall be won ;
For I will open wide the gates
At rising of the sun.”

The vision fled ; the Bishop slept ;
But with the rising sun
The tidings came that Ferdinand
Coimbra's town had won.

Its mosque they named St. Mary's Church,
And blessed it then and there :
Rodrigo they have knighted
Upon its altar stair.

The King he girded on the sword,
And kissed him on the mouth ;
But did not give the shoulder-blow,
For he had proved the youth.

The Queen presented him his horse,
Such favour high was hers ;
Urraca, the Infanta fair,
She fastened on his spurs.

And thrice three hundred noble squires
Did Don Rodrigo knight ;
He did it by the King's command,
Who took in him delight.

Because of all the valiant men
Most valiant was he found,
And many towns and castles strong
Subdued on Moorish ground.

ROMANCE XV.

Sepulveda.
Escobar XIV.

THE Pope sat in St. Peter's chair,
The second Victor he ;
And at his feet the Emperor
King Henry bent the knee :

“ O Holy Father, hear my charge,
And hear it with goodwill,
Against this Ferdinand, the King
Of Leon and Castile.

The Christians all in every land
Serve me as master true,
Save he, who will not own my rank,
Nor pay me tribute due.

O Holy Father, use thy power,
And force him to consent.”
The Pope was pleased to grant his prayer,
And forth this mandate went :

“ Son, render thou the homage due,
And be thy tribute paid ;
Or else against thee and thy lands
I'll raise a strong Crusade !”

The many Kings who sat around
Approved the Pope's command ;
And firmly swore, should he resist,
To challenge Ferdinand.

The King he read the letter through
With many a heavy groan ;
For should the matter further go
He well might lose his throne.

He sent to fetch his counsellors,
In whom was all his hope ;
They gave him counsel to obey
The mandate of the Pope :

“ For shouldst thou fail, thy kingdoms three
Will suffer grievous woes ;
And all the Kings who challenge thee
Will be thy deadly foes.”

Thus counselled all except the Cid,
Who tarried at his house,
That he might with Ximena dwell,
His fair and noble spouse.

But ere the Council ended
Rodrigo came at last ;
The King received him with a smile,
And told him what had passed.

His heart was wrung to hear the news,
It cut him like a sword ;
And with a grave and powerful voice
He thus addressed his lord :

“O King, thy birth in fair Castile
Was on an evil day,
If under thee this country free
Should ever tribute pay.

If such unheard-of thing should be,
Our honour pays the cost ;
Our ancient name and knightly fame
For evermore are lost.

The men who such a counsel give
Do hold thine honour cheap ;
And eke the freedom of this realm,
Which thou art bound to keep.

Send back a royal message straight,
Though Pope and Kings combine,
We bid defiance to them all,
On thy part and on mine.

Our Kings did conquer fair Castile
From Moorish hands with might ;
And not a man of all these Kings
Would aid them in the fight.

It cost them many a drop of blood ;
My life 'twill cost me too
Ere I or mine will tribute pay
Where not a jot is due.”

The King, well pleased, a message sent
Without a moment's pause,
And prayed the Pope would aid refuse
In such a worthless cause.

And to the Emperor he sent,
And to his men of might,
And gave a challenge to them all
Upon the field to fight.

The King he summoned all his men,
The good Cid called his own ;
Eight thousand and nine hundred knights,
More gallant ne'er were known.

The King has named his noble Cid
The Captain of the host ;
To fight the foe they onward go,
And Aspa's heights have crossed.

They meet Remòn, Count of Savoy,
With all his proud array ;
The Cid gives battle on the plain,
And fearful is the fray.

The Cid has won, and Count Remòn
Is captive to his spear ;
And for a ransom he must give
His only daughter dear.

She bore a son to Ferdinand,
For he did love her well ;
And Don Fernando was his name,
The Cardinal of Castile.

But Don Rodrigo all alone
His power again would wield ;
He went to meet the strength of France,
And crushed it on the field.

When to the Kings and Emperors
The tidings came to hand,
They prayed the Pope for mercy's sake
To write to Ferdinand :

That he would draw his forces back,
No tribute would they ask ;
To crush the Cid and all his power
They deemed a hopeless task.

King Ferdinand was much content ;
Went as the Pope had bid
To fair Castile with right goodwill,
And well he thanked the Cid.¹

¹ This ballad is evidently not so ancient as some of the preceding ones, and is much indebted to the imagination of the poet. The Cid never went out of Spain.

ROMANCE XVI.

Romancero General.

Escobar XVI.

XIMENA sat in her mansion-house
In Burgos, pale with care ;
For though her time had fully come,
Rodrigo was not there.

It was upon a Sunday morn,
Her heart was far from light ;
And while her tender tears ran down
She took her pen to write.

And first she wrote some wailing lines
Unto her husband dear,
And told a thousand griefs might melt
A heart of stone to hear.

Again she let the tears down fall,
Again to write began
Unto the good King Ferdinand ;
And thus the letter ran :

“ To you, my honoured lord and King,
The good, the fortunate,
In war the strong, in peace the wise,
The generous, and the great,

Ximena, Count Lozano's child,
Your servant most distressed,
To whom you gave a loving spouse,
Though surely 'twas in jest,

Doth greet you well from Burgos here,
Although in doleful need,
And prays that God would bless your hopes,
And crown them with good speed.

My lord, I pray you pardon me,
If proper words I lack ;
For right or wrong, whate'er I think,
I cannot well keep back.

What law of God permitteth you
While on the field you tarry,
For such a grievous length of time,
The married to unmarry ?

What reason urgeth you to change
A youth of manners mild,
So winning and so grave withal,
Into a lion wild ?

You hold him fast by night and day,
And weary out his life ;
And give him leave but once a year
To see his wedded wife.

And when he comes, as well he may,
He comes in such a plight,
Blood-stained down to his horse's feet,
I cannot look for fright.

And when he holds me in his arms,
He sinks to sound repose ;
Or groans and struggles in his dreams,
As if he charged his foes.

And scarcely has the morning dawned,
He calls for sword and shield ;
For all the scouts and guides come round
To urge him to the field.

I sought Rodrigo at your hands,
To fill my father's place ;
But sire and husband both are gone,
And woeful is my case.

You gave me once a husband dear,
You've taken what you gave ;
And here I mourn a living spouse,
As if he filled a grave.

You think to give Rodrigo fame,
Enough he has in truth ;
He holds five Kings as vassals true,
Though still a beardless youth.

My husband's child lies 'neath my breast,
Nine months are well-nigh run ;
Such harmful tears as those I shed
I fain, good King, would shun.

Return an answer, writ by you,
And well the matter guard ;
And if the bearer bring it safe,
He'll earn a good reward.

Consign this letter to the flames,
Nor let the palace know ;
For talking tongues may tell the tale,
And I should feel the blow."

ROMANCE XVII.

Romancero General.

Escobar XVII.

ONE morn at ten, with paper and pen,
The King sat in his chair ;
And he would send Ximena back
An answer then and there.

And first of all he made the Cross,
With four points and a dash ;
And like a gallant man he wrote
With hurried pen and rash :

.. To you, Ximena, noble dame,
Whose spouse may envied be,
The modest maid, the prudent wife,
The mother soon to be,

The King, who never thinks you bold,
Whatever tale you tell,
Doth send his loving greetings back,
Because he likes you well.

Bad King you call me 'cause, forsooth,
The married I unmarried,
And rob you of your dearest rights,
While in the field I tarry.

You tax me with a grievous wrong,
And sad it is to hear
That I will let your husband go
But only once a year :

And when he comes to see his wife,
Instead of love's delight,
He falls asleep within your arms,
And sleeps the livelong night.

Fair lady, your complaints are just,
Your anger I deserve,
If I keep back your husband dear
My selfish ends to serve.

But when I hold him in the camp,
To combat with the strong,
And put to rout the neighbouring Moors,
In faith I do no wrong.

Rodrigo's sleep, that wondrous tale,
Might well my pity move,
Did you not bear beneath your breast
The sweetest pledge of love.

He did not sleep so sound, I wis,
If wider gowns you wear ;
Nor was his love so very cold,
Since he expects an heir.

If when your first-born sees the light
Your spouse be far away,
The King with hundred thousand gifts
Will make his coming gay.

Write not, I pray, to bid him come,
For were he at your side,
Soon as he hears the sounding drum
He would be bound to ride.

Had I not given him men of war,
To aid him with their might,
You would be still a simple dame,
And he a nameless knight.

You tell me that five Moorish Kings
To be his vassals swore ;
I would that they, instead of five,
Were rather five times four ;

That they were now beneath his feet,
And captive to his spear ;
Then all my castles and your own
Would have no foes to fear.

You bid me take your letter,
And thrust it in the grate :
And if it heresies contain,
It well deserves the fate.

But if the Seven Sages all
Its wisdom would admire ;
'Tis better in my royal desk
Than in the cruel fire.

And if my own be kept as well,
And not in pieces torn,
Then I'll bestow a handsome gift
Upon the babe unborn.

If 'tis a boy, I'll give to him
A sword and eke a horse ;
And good two thousand maravedis,
That he may run his course.

But if a daughter, I'll lay out,
The day that she is born,
Full forty marks of silver fine,
Due on her wedding morn.

With this I close, O lady fair ;
Receive it at its worth ;
And may the Virgin guard you well
In perils of the birth."

ROMANCE XVIII.

Escobar XVIII.

To churching mass the lady went
Within Saint Isidore—
Ximena Gomez, noble wife
Of the Cid Campeador.

Her squires were clad in good broad-cloth,
They looked both gay and frank ;
For servants' dress, whate'er it be,
Bespeaks the master's rank.

The lovely dame a jacket wore
Of finest cramoisie,
With body of the velvet rich
And choice embroidery.

A flowing robe did reach her feet,
All of the same array ;
They were the presents of the King
Upon her marriage day.

With massive clasps of silver pure
A girdle spanned her waist ;
It was her Countess mother's once,
And well the lady graced.

Of texture light as thistle-down
A garland graced her head ;
It was Urraca's royal gift
The morning she was wed.

Two medals from her necklace hung,
Of rarest art and cost ;
Saint Peter and Saint Lazarus,
The saints she loved the most.

Her massy hair of dazzling hue,
That put bright gold to shame,
Was twisted into curious plaits,
And down her shoulders came.

And over all a silken veil ;
For ladies of good name,
The better they conceal the face,
The better guard their fame.

So wondrous fair the lady shone,
The sun at noon stood fast,
And with a beaming face looked down
To greet her as she passed.

Beside the portal of the church
Stood good King Ferdinand :
He met her with a gracious smile,
And took her by the hand :

“O fair Ximena,” said the King,
“The good Cid Campeador,
Your honoured and your happy spouse,
My vassal to the core,

Has failed to come this day to church ;
For at the war fights he ;
But in default of his good arm,
Your groomsman I will be ;

And to the little lady fair,
With whom your home is blessed,
I'll give a thousand maravedis,
And of my plumes the best.'

Ximena could not thank the King
For such a favour kind ;
For modest blushes dyed her cheeks,
And words she could not find.

Ximena wished to kiss his hands,
The King would not consent ;
They prayed together in the church,
And home rejoicing went.

ROMANCE XIX.

Romancero General.
Escobar XV.

RODRIGO in Zamora dwelt,
At the court of Ferdinand ;
When from the Moorish vassal Kings
Came messengers to hand :

“ Good Cid,” they said on bended knees,
“ Five Kings, thy vassals true,
Have sent us here with homage meet
To give thee tribute due.

A hundred horses they have sent,
Their friendly court to pay ;
The twenty are like ermine white.
The twenty dapple-grey :

The thirty sorrel, thirty black,
And all in state arrayed,
With costly gay caparisons
Of gold and fine brocade.

And to thy wife Ximena
Rich veils and jewels fair ;
And to thy lovely daughters
Two jacinths wondrous rare.

And coffers two of divers silks
 To make thine esquires gay.”
 “Good friends,” replied Rodrigo,
 “Your message goes astray ;

For I am here no lord of yours,
 Where sits King Ferdinand ;
 The whole is his, there’s nothing mine,
 His vassal here I stand.”

The King was much content to hear
 Rodrigo’s humble words ;
 And to the messengers he said :
 “Go tell your noble lords

That if Rodrigo be not King,
 Next to the King he stands ;
 And to his strength and prowess
 I owe my wealth and lands.

To have a vassal such as he
 A King may well be proud.”
 The Moors were sent with gifts away,
 And sang his praises loud.

They call him in their tongue Good Cid,
 To speak his rank and fame ;
 And in all tongues Cid¹ Ruy Diaz
 Thereafter is his name.

¹ We need hardly tell our readers that “Cid” is the Arabic word
 سيدي, lord.

ROMANCE XX.

*Cancionero de Romances (n.d.).
Silva, 1550.
And all later editions of the Cancionero.*

THE King was dying, slowly dying,
The good King Ferdinand ;
His feet were pointed to the East,
A taper in his hand.

Beside his bed, and at the head,
His four sons took their place ;
The three were children of the Queen,
The fourth of bastard race.

The bastard had the better luck,
Had rank and noble gains ;
Archbishop of Toledo he,
And Primate of the Spains.

“Thou might'st be Holy Father, boy,
Were I not doomed to die ;
But with thy boundless wealth, my son,
Thou still may'st soar as high.”

While thus they stood Urraca came,
The fair Infanta she,
And while she looked upon her sire,
She said right bitterly :

ROMANCE XXI.

Cancionero de Romances (n.d.).

Silva, 1550.

Timoneda.

“ SAINT MICHAEL keep thy soul ! my sire,
If now thou yield the ghost ;
Thy good broad lands thou hast bequeathed
To those who urged thee most :

To good Don Sancho comes Castile,
Castile the fair and gay—
To Don Alonso proud Leon,
Don Garcia has Biscay.

But as for me, a woman weak,
No heritage have I ;
And I may wander through these lands
A lonely maid, or die.

But 'tis not justice, noble sire,
And honour may be lost ;
Myself I'll give and all I have
To him who urges most :

To Christians for the favour's sake,
To Moors for bread and dole ;
And all the wealth I gain will go
In masses for thy soul.”

“Peace, peace, my daughter,” cried the King,
“Thy sex such language shames ;
The woman who can use such words
Doth well deserve the flames.

In old Castile there stands a town,
Thou may'st hereafter claim ;
A town well peopled and well walled,
Zamora is its name.

On this side runs the Douro round,
On that bold rocks do frown ;
The Moorish land is all about—
In truth a noble town !

Who dares to take it from thy hands,
My curse be on his head ! ”
They all replied, “ Amen, Amen ! ”
Don Sancho nothing said.

ROMANCE XXII.

Timoneda.
Escobar XVI.

IN Rome there sat a Council great,
The Pope his summons sent,
And good King Sancho nothing loath
Forth to the Council went.

He journeyed on for many a day,
The Cid was by his side ;
At length they spied the towers of Rome
And through its gates did ride.

The King has bent before the Pope,
And humbly kissed his hand ;
The Cid too, and his gallant knights,
Each one of all the band.

The Cid he entered Peter's Church,
And fain would say his prayers,
When lo! of seven Christian Kings
He saw the seven chairs.

The Pope's was high above them all,
Next came the chair of France :
His lord's he saw a step below,
And fire was in his glance.

One stride he took, and the chair of France,
He kicked it on the floor ;
It was of the finest ivorie,
And broke in pieces four.

With mickle pains the King of Spain's
He set upon its place ;
When up and spoke a Savoyard,
A Duke of rank and grace :

“ Rodrigo, curses light on thee !
The Pope's curse on thee rest ;
Thou pour'st contempt upon a King,
Of all the Kings the best ! ”

“ The Kings can right themselves, my lord ;
And if aggrieved thou stand,
Then let us two, as knights should do,
Dispute it hand to hand.”

With this he smote him on the face,
A right good stroke gave he ;
The Duke he muttered through his teeth :
“ The Devil fight with thee ! ”

The Pope he cursed the daring Cid,
And laid on him his ban ;
Soon as the Cid knew what he did,
He knelt and thus began :

“ O Pope,” he cried, “ absolve me,¹
Or bad will be thy fame ! ”
The Pope was in a gracious mood,
And mild his answer came :

“ Rodrigo, I absolve thee,
With right goodwill and free ;
But while thou tarriest at my court,
More mild and courteous be ! ”

¹ Another ballad runs thus :—

“ ‘ O Pope,’ he cried, ‘ absolve me,
Or thou wilt have remorse ;
I’ll strip the rich robes from thy back,
And lay them on my horse ! ’ ”

Pliego Suuelto of the sixteenth century, in the Library of Prague. See note to Romance XV.

II.

THE CID

DURING THE REIGN OF

SANCHO II. EL VALIENTE,

A.D. 1065-72.

ROMANCE XXIII.

Silva of 1550.

Michaelis, L.

DON SANCHO, King Don Sancho,
Thy beard is early shown !
But he who sees it budding
Will never see it grown !

It happened on a certain day
A Council he would hold ;
And he has sent his letters round
To all his Barons bold.

And some he called with furious threat,
And some he did beseech ;
And when they all had gathered round
He thus took up the speech :

“ My vassals, when my father’s time
Had come to yield the ghost,
Ye know how he bequeathed his lands
To those who urged him most ;

To Dame Elvira some he gave,
To fair Urraca others :
And others still, though all were mine,
He shared amongst my brothers.

I am the rightful heir of all,
I claim them every one :
And if I seize what is my own
I do offence to none."

All eyes were fixed upon the Cid,
To see if he would rise,
And give an answer to the King,
An answer he would prize.

Their dumb request the Cid obeyed,
And to the King he said :
"Thou know'st, O King, that when thy Sire
Lay dying on his bed,

He took a firm and solemn oath
Of all who were at hand,
That none of us would ever act
Against his last command :

That none of us would ever seize
From any one his share :
'Amen!' we all of us replied,
No man refused to swear.

To act against a solemn oath
No law doth give consent :
But if it is thy will, O King,
If thou on this art bent,

As vassals true, we're bound to do
Whate'er thou dost require ;
But never son has prospered yet
When faithless to his sire ;

Nor ever did he gain success
In aught that he might try :
God's blessing never went with him,
Nor is there reason why ! ”

ROMANCE XXIV.

XIMENA'S COMPLAINT TO THE CID, AS HE GOES
TO THE WARS.

*Michaelis XVI.
Romancero General.*

To arms! to arms! The pipes and drums
Are sounding near and far;
Their horrid discords tell the tale
Of blood and flames and war.
The Cid has summoned all his men,
In battle-rank they stand:
When lo! Ximena weeping comes
And takes him by the hand:
“ King of my soul! Lord of the country round!
Why dost thou leave me? Whither art thou bound?”

Mars in the tent thou art, but still
Apollo in the hall;
Here lovely maidens die for thee,
As there the Moormen fall.
Both Moorish Kings and daughters fair
Of royal Christian race
Do bend their knees and droop their eyes
At one glance of thy face.
“ King of my soul! Lord of the country round!
Why dost thou leave me? Whither art thou bound?”

For morrions strong his gala-dress
Now changes every man ;
The soft broad-cloth of London
For harness of Milan ;
For greaves of steel his silken hose,
For mail his scented gloves ;
But we must change our wedded joys
For widowed hearts and loves.
“ King of my soul ! Lord of the country round !
Why dost thou leave me ? Whither art thou bound ? ”

The Cid could hardly hide his tears
While she her grief expressed :
With many a tender word and look
He drew her to his breast :
“ Señora, till thy spouse return,
These eyes of thine be dried ! ”
She fondly looked into his own,
But still aloud she cried :
“ King of my soul ! Lord of the country round !
Why dost thou leave me ? Whither art thou bound ? ”

ROMANCE XXV.

XIMENA BEWAILS THE CID'S DEPARTURE.

*Michaelis XXVI.
Romancero General.*

XIMENA GOMEZ sat at meat,
The Cid was by her side ;
With many a sigh and many a blush,
Her husband she would chide.

And many a question she would ask
Why he did slight his wife,
And leave her comfortless at home,
To lead a soldier's life.

And much she feared that still his wrath
Against her father burned ;
And, though appeased, might still perchance
Against herself be turned.

She could not hold her feelings back,
But heaved a heavy sigh ;
And, love still shining through her tears,
She tenderly did cry :

“ O luckless, I ween, is the courtly dame,
Who marries as well as marry she may ;
And happy, so happy, the village flame,
Whose lover is hers for ever and aye.

Perchance in the morning she lonely doth bide,
Her goodman is up to his work with the sun ;
But evening has come, and she sleeps by his side,
He is safe in her arms, and she envies none.

She dreams not of battle, she has but one care,
The sweet little babe that clings to her breast ;
She gives it to suck, and she dandles it there,
It smiles with content as she sings it to rest.

From her poor little cabin she cares not to stir,
Its four narrow walls her whole world doth hold ;
A grand gilded palace is nothing to her,
The peace of the heart is not found in gold.

When Sunday arrives she is clad in her best,
In her snow-white chemise and bright wedding-gown ;
Her corals and medals hang gay on her breast,
Her heart is so light as she trips to the town.

She goes to the church, and she meets on her way
Her neighbours so merry, her parents so staid ;
Though rough be their greetings, they keep her heart gay.
When old as a mother, she's young as a maid !”

Right sore it grieved the Cid to hear
Ximena mourn and chide ;
And on the cross-hilt of Tizona,
The good sword by his side,

He swore that he would go no more
To fight the Moorish bands,
But live with her in peace and joy
Upon his own broad lands.

ROMANCE XXVI.

DON GARCIA'S DEFEAT AND IMPRISONMENT.

Escobar XXII.

Sepulveda.

WITHIN the kingdom of Castile
Don Sancho had the throne ;
García in Galicia reigned,
And held it as his own.

Ament these realms the brothers strove
With many a bitter strife ;
And now upon the battlefield
They fought for crown and life.

The combat raged, and slaughter great
Was in the hostile bands ;
Don Sancho with his brother fought
And fell into his hands.

García charged six noble knights
To hold him firm and sure,
And furious sallied to the fray,
His triumph to secure.

When Sancho saw that he was ta'en
An angry man was he,
And loudly to his guards he called :
" I pray you set me free :

And ye shall have a good reward,
Your honours shall increase ;
And I will quit your monarch's land,
And leave his realm at peace !”

“ Now God forbid !” they all replied,
“ That such a thing should be,
Until the King himself return,
Return to ransom thee !”

When Alvar Fañez¹ from afar
His captive King descried,
He rode with fury to the guards,
And thus aloud he cried :

“ Ye traitors, let my King go free,
Whom now ye hold in thrall !”
With this he charged into their midst,
And fought them one and all.

The two were hurled upon the ground,
The four lost heart and fled ;
Don Sancho gained his freedom,
And then aloud he said :

“ To me, to me, my vassals true,
My knights of noble name,
Be valiant, and remember now
The old Castilian fame ;

Ye won it well in many a fray,
Through many a bloody war ;
That fame ye must not lose to-day,
But make it greater far !”

Four hundred true and noble knights
Came as their monarch bid ;
And while they formed their battle-ranks,
Up rode the gallant Cid.

And with him rode three hundred men,
All noble men and true ;
The King with joy beheld them come,
And high his courage grew :

“ Now let us down into the plain,
And join again the fray ;
For since the gallant Cid has come,
We soon shall win the day ;

Thou’rt welcome here, my honoured Cid,
Good fortune thou dost bring ;
No vassal of the crown this day
Hath better served his King.”

The Cid replied, with dauntless breast
That knew not how to yield :
“ Be well assured, my noble lord,
Thou shalt regain the field.

If Don García and his host
Shall not be forced to flee,
Then I, as gallant knight should do,
Will die for thine and thee !”

Up rode García and his knights,
Not knowing what was done :
They rode with song and merry jest,
And thought the day was won.

Soon as the Kings were face to face
A bloodier fight began ;
García's host was vanquished quite,
And slain was many a man.

García fought the noble Cid,
But yielded to his sword ;
The Cid was proud of such a prize,
And led him to his lord.

Don Sancho bade them bind his limbs
With heavy chains that day ;
And there in Luna's castle strong
A prisoner he lay.

¹ *Alvar Fañez.* Alvar Fañez Minaya, the cousin of the Cid, was one of his most devoted followers.

“ Meo Cidi primus fuit, Alvarus atque secundus,”

says a Latin poet of the twelfth century, in his barbarous language. Alvar Fañez followed the Cid in all his campaigns, succeeded or represented him in the government of Toledo, after the capture of that town, and marched with him to the conquest of Valencia. Eleven years after the death of his chief, whose right hand he had been, he defended Toledo successfully against the Miramamolín of Morocco, who had come to besiege it. He was killed in a sedition at Segovia in the year 1114 (Damas-Hinard, *Notes Historiques*, p. 260).

ROMANCE XXVII.

DON ALFONSO'S DEFEAT AT RIO CARRION.

*Escobar XXIII.
Sepulveda.*

DON SANCHO reigned in fair Castile,
Alfonso in León ;
The brothers fought with might and will
To make both kingdoms one.
On Carrion's banks they battle waged,
And long and fierce the combat raged,
And many a man was slain ;
Alfonso's men have won the day,
Don Sancho fled in dire dismay
Across the battle-plain.
Alfonso called his warriors then
To spare their Christian countrymen,
And bade the slaughter cease ;
But cursed his brother in his ire,
Whose greed had set the realms on fire,
And basely broke the peace.

While thus Don Sancho fled afar,
Up rode that champion brave,
Rodrigo Diaz of Bivar,
To succour and to save.

Loud cried the Cid : " My noble lord,
I pray thee listen to my word,
For all that fierce Gallegan horde
Have now their vantage lost ;
Within their tents they eat and play
With mickle glee ; no fear have they
Of thee and all thy host.
In haste recall thy warriors fled,
All armed for battle take their head,
And at the early morn
Attack them while they lie at ease,
Gallegans fierce and Leonese,
Attack their camp, their standard seize,
And turn their boast to scorn.

It is their custom from of old,
When any fight they gain,
To vaunt their strength and prowess bold,
And triumph o'er the slain.
They sit and spend the livelong night
In song and feasting and delight,
And sleep through all the morning light,
Like men without a care ;
Good King, the work to do is slight,
Thy vengeance will be rare ! "

The King's delight could not be hid,
He praised the counsel of the Cid,
And called his men of war ;
They rode at morn across the plain,
And struck the foe with might and main,
And some were taken, some were slain,
And all were scattered far ;

Alfonso fled the country round ;
In Mary's Church a refuge found ;
They seized him on the hallowed ground,
And fallen was his star.

Again the tide of war has turned,
The Leonese with fury burned,
To see their King and nobles spurned
Before their very eyes ;
They rallied to the fight again,
And King Don Sancho they have ta'en,
And fourteen knights across the plain
Bore off the welcome prize.
Soon as the Cid had marked the deed,
He followed on their track with speed,
And shouted loud and free :
" Sir Knights, my honoured King restore,
And I will hand Alfonso o'er,
Whose vassals true ye be ! "

Outspake the scornful Leonese,
Their words were very bold :
" Rodrigo Diaz, go in peace,
And from the unequal combat cease,
Or else a prison thou shalt share,
Bound with thy monarch Sancho there,
Whose person we shall hold ! "
The Cid he heard their taunting call,
A furious man was he ;
With single hand he fought them all,
And set his monarch free.
Thirteen upon the field lay dead,
But one alone escaped and fled ;

To Burgos prisoner they bring
Alfonso, brother of the King,
All by the might and conquering steel
Of Don Rodrigo of Castile.

ROMANCE XXVIII.

REY DON SANCHO, REY DON SANCHO.

Wolf and Hofmann l. 39.

Silva, 1550.

Timoneda.

Michaelis XLIX.

DON SANCHO, King Don Sancho,
When he reignèd in Castile,
How fast his beard was sprouting!
It brought him little weal!

In spite of all the Frenchmen,
The Aspa heights he crossed;
For seven days and seven nights
He tarried on their host.

Back to Castile he hurried
In triumph with his band;
He slew the Count Niebla,
And took his wealth and land.

His brother, Don Alfonso,
In prison strong he bound;
And bade his herald trumpet forth
Through all the country round:

“ The man who dares entreat for him,
A traitor’s death he’ll die ! ”
No knight nor lady fair, I ween,
Was bold enough to try ;

Save only one, his sister,
And she took up the word :
“ Don Sancho, King Don Sancho,
My brother and my lord,

Thou once, when I was little,
A boon to me didst vow ;
’Tis many years since then, Señor,
I pray thee, grant it now ! ”

“ My sister, I will grant it,
On one condition, one !
Thou ask me not for Burgos,
For Burgos nor León ;

Nor for Valladolid the rich,
Nor Valencia of Aragon ;
Of all things else, my sister,
I will deny thee none ! ”

“ I do not ask for Burgos,
For Burgos nor León ;
Nor for the rich Valladolid,
Nor Valencia of Aragon ;

I ask thee for a better boon,
And sore my heart it pains ;
I ask thee for my brother,
Whom thou dost hold in chains ! ”

“To-morrow thou shalt have him,
To-morrow!” Sancho said.

“But I must have him living,
Not dead, Señor, not dead!”

“Fiend take thee and thy counsellors,
Who sent thee here to me!

For by to-morrow morning
I'll give him dead to thee!”

ROMANCE XXIX.

DON SANCHO LAYS SIEGE TO ZAMORA.

*Escobar XXIV.
Sepulveda.*

THE King, Don Sancho, and his host
Have reached Zamora's town ;
His heart was aching to possess
A place of such renown.

The King went forth to spy the walls,
The Cid was by his side ;
And much he thought and much he said
As round it they did ride :

“ How firmly on its massive rock
This armed town doth stand !
Its circling walls how thick and strong,
Its many towers how grand !

Around its feet the Douro foams,
It is of matchless form ;
A world in arms would scarce suffice
To take this town by storm !

My sister, should she give it me,
I'd love it more than Spain.
O Cid, my father brought thee up,
Nor was his love in vain ;

He dubbed thee Knight in Coimbra's town,
That from the Moors he won ;
Thou wert the Captain of his house
When he died in Cabezòn.

Thee to my brothers' care and mine
He dying did commend ;
Upon his hands we took an oath
To treat thee as a friend ;

I made thee Captain of my house,
I gave thee 'neath my seal
More lands than any Baronie,
The best in all Castile.

I ask thee, Don Rodrigo,
I ask thee as a friend,
That thou wilt to Zamora bear
The message I shall send ;

And beg my sister she will not
The town to me refuse,
For solid gold or good exchange,
Whichever she may choose.

Medina on the Seco
I'll give her with goodwill,
With all its wealthy appanage,
And more I'll promise still.

I'll give her Villalpando,
And all the country there ;
Or else Valladolid the rich,
Or Tiedra's castle fair.

To keep my troth, with twelve good men
I'll take a solemn vow ;
But if she give it not with grace,
By force I'll take it now."

The Cid he kissed the royal hand,
And gave his steed the rein ;
And he has reached Zamora's town
With fifteen in his train.

ROMANCE XXX.

THE CID'S EMBASSY TO LADY URRACA.

Escobar XXI.,-17.

Cancionero de Romances (n.d.).

Silva, 1550.

Later editions of the Cancionero.

Timoneda.

The Cid has come to Zamora's town,
To do the King's command ;
And he has reached the ancient gate,
Where stood an armèd band.

Against the pride and boast of Spain,
The entrance they have barred :
The Cid, as Captain of the host,
Rushed forth to break the guard.

The watch resists, and loudly calls,
The tambours beat to arms ;
And through the city runs a cry
With shoutings and alarms.

The proud Castilian's powerful voice
Right well Urraca knows ;
And dressed in weeds of deepest black
She to the rampart goes.

Her breast is placed against the wall,
And tears stream from her eyes ;
Her face and hands with passion throb
While thus aloud she cries :

“ Away, away, Rodrigo,
Thou proud Castilian, fly !
I trow thou dost remember well
The happy time gone by !

When at St. James’s altar
Thy knightly name was won ;
The King he was thy godfather,
And thou his honoured son.

My father gave thee shining arms,
My mother gave the steed ;
I buckled on thy spur of gold,
To send thee better speed.

I thought to be thy wedded wife,
My sin my thoughts beguiled ;
Ximena Gomez was thy bride,
The Count Lozano’s child.

With her thou hadst a dower of gold,
But honour lay with me ;
'Tis good to have a rich estate,
But rank’s the better fee,

Rodrigo, thou didst marry well,
But better might have been ;
The King’s own daughter thou didst leave,
To wed his vassal mean ! ”

Rodrigo heard her taunting words,
His brow with passion wet ;
“ My lady, seems it good to thee,
It may be altered yet ! ”

“ Now might the God of Heaven forbid
That such a thing befell ;
If I were privy to the deed,
My soul would burn in hell ! ”

Urraca spake with kindling cheeks,
Rodrigo turned to fly ;
And with a hoarse and quivering voice
He thus aloud did cry :

“ Away, away, my gallant men,
Ye of the foot and horse !
A shaft from out yon rugged tower
Hath struck with fatal force.

Although it hath no point of steel,
It quivers through my heart ;
I know no cure except to live
And bear a worsen smart ! ”

ROMANCE XXXI.

THE ZAMORANS REFUSE TO SURRENDER.

*Escobar XXVII.
Sepulveda.*

THE Cid has entered Zamora's town,
And eke its palace-halls ;
The Infanta kindly welcomes him,
And at her feet he falls.

He has told the message of the King,
He has told it to her face ;
The Infanta's heart is very sore,
Her tears flow down apace :

“ O luckless I ! O faithless King !
I could not love him more ;
And is it thus he keeps the oath
He to my father swore ?

My brother Don García's lands
He took against his vow ;
And put him like a thief in chains,
And there he is lying now.

My brother Don Alfonso's realm
He took away as well ;
And he has to Toledo fled,¹
Amongst the Moors to dwell.

He has taken Toro from Elvira,
 Elvira my sister fair ;
 And now he claims Zamora too,
 To drive me to despair.

He thinks I am a woman weak :
 But to Don Sancho tell
 That, fair or foul, I'll give to him
 The death he merits well ! ”

Up rose Arias Gonzalo,²
 And gravely he did say :
 “ My lady, do not sorrow thus,
 For pity's sake, I pray.

In such a trying hour as this
 ’Twill better counsel be
 To face the danger with good heart,
 Or harm may come to thee.

Speak to thy noble vassals round,
 And hear what they will say ;
 And if they judge the King has right,
 Give up the town this day.

But if they think it is not good
 To obey the King's commands,
 Then let us die within its walls,
 As Chivalry demands ! ”

The Infanta called her nobles round ;
 They scorned so base a thing,
 And swore that they would rather die
 Than yield it to the King.

The Cid brought back this answer ;
The King's eyes flashed with fire :
" It is thou, O Cid, hast counselled them
To hinder my desire !

Because within Zamora's walls
Thy youthful days were spent ;
Did not my father's love to thee
And last commands prevent,

I'd place thee in a dungeon deep ;
But now obey my will,
That nine days hence thou leave my lands
And kingdom of Castile ! "

¹ *And he has to Toledo fled.* After Alfonso had been made prisoner by Sancho, Urraca went to her victorious brother, and petitioned that the poor captive might be allowed to become a monk in the Royal Monastery of Sabagun. By the Cid's advice, her request was granted. Alfonso no doubt felt that vows obtained by force were more honoured in the breach than the observance, and he soon afterwards fled away by night to the protection of the Moorish King of Toledo (SOUTHEY, *Chronicle of the Cid*, II. XVIII.).

² *Arias Gonzalo.* Don Arias Gonzalo, foster-father of Doña Urraca, was chosen by the men of Zamora to be their chief captain (SOUTHEY, II. XXII.).

ROMANCE XXXII.

THE CID'S RECALL FROM EXILE.

Michaelis LVII.

Sepulveda.

Escobar.

THE Cid, with all his vassals,
Has left his native land ;
And he has to Toledo gone,
To join Alfonso's band.

The nobles and the grandees
Were troubled at the sight :
“ Good King, we pray thee do not lose
A vassal of such might

As Ruy Diaz, the noble Cid,
Whose power o'ermasters all ;
Much wilt thou lose in losing him,
And worse may yet befall.”

The King was pleased to hear their words,
And cried right hastily :
“ Ride forth, Ordoñez, to the Cid,
Wherever he may be,

And tell him that the King desires
To see him back again ;
Will make him chief of all his house,
And Captain of his train.”

Ordoñez rode to reach the Cid,
His message to present ;
The Cid took counsel of his men
What answer should be sent.

They all advised him to return,
Since now they did entreat him ;
The Cid turned back with all his men,
The King rode forth to meet him.

Two leagues he rode upon the way,
With fifteen of his force ;
But when the Cid had spied the King
He lighted from his horse.

He kissed with grace the royal hand,
He rode to camp that night ;
And all the nobles of Castile
Received him with delight.

ROMANCE XXXIII.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE ZAMORAN KNIGHTS.

*Escoibar XXVIII.
Timoneda.*

ALONG the Douro's bank there ride
Two gallant Zamorese
On sorrel steeds ; their banners green
Are fluttering in the breeze.

Their armour is of finest steel,
And rich their burnished brands ;
They bear their shields before their breasts,
Stout lances in their hands.

They ride their steeds with pointed spurs,
And bits of silver fine ;
More gallant men were never seen,
So bright their arms do shine.

More swift than greyhounds on the course
They gallop up the height ;
The camp of King Don Sancho
Turns out to see the sight.

With might they curb their prancing steeds
Upon the further side ;
And from a lofty rugged knoll
They shout with mickle pride :

“ If there be two Castilian knights
Who wish to strike a blow
With other two Zamorans,
We give them here to know,

Their King hath not demeaned himself,
As seems a gallant Knight,
To seize Urraca's town and lands,
Her own by gift and right.

No more from King and Barons bold
Shall we deserve renown
If at the first encounter
We do not strike them down.

Let three come forth, or four or five,
The Devil if he choose ;
But with Don Sancho or the Cid
We must the fight refuse.

The King he is our royal liege,
The Cid esteems us brothers ;
But of the noble knights around
We'll fight with any others.”

Two Counts, true foster-brothers they,
Come forth at the alarm :
“ Wait here, Sir Knights, we pray of you,
While we retire to arm ! ”

They seek their arms with frantic haste,
On noble steeds they spring,
And gallop to the royal tent,
Where sits their lord the King :

“ O grant us license, noble King,
Forth to the field to ride
Against these boastful Cavaliers,
Whose words are full of pride ! ”

Then up and spake the gallant Cid,
None braver e'er was seen :
“ The two opposing warriors
Are not so bad, I ween ;

For they in many a strife of arms
Have proofs of valour given,
And round about Zamora's walls
Have battle done with seven ;

The youth he fought and killed his two,
The old man slew his four ;
And for the one who turned and fled
Their beards they plucked and tore.”

The Counts have heard his taunting words,
Their cheeks with fury burn ;
The King, who sees them thus depart,
Commands them to return.

More by constraint than right goodwill
He yields to their request ;
And while they buckle on their arms
The Sire his son addressed :

“ Turn to Zamora now, my son,
Zamora and its towers ;
See how the dames and damsels look,
Their faces fixed on ours.

'They do not look at me, my son,
For I am grey and old ;
'Their eyes are turned to thee, my son,
For thou art young and bold.

If thou shouldst do thy duty well,
Of them thou shalt have fame ;
But if thou act the coward's part,
'They'll cover thee with shame.

Sit well upon thy stirrups,
And firmly grasp thy lance ;
And place thy shield before thy breast,
All ready to advance.

Stir up thy steed to furious charge,
And urge him to the fight ;
For he who first attacks his man
Is held the boldest knight ! ”

The Counts arrive ; one clad in black,
And one in crimson bright ;
The opposing ranks each other meet,
And furious is the fight.

'The youth has quick unhorsed his man,
With sturdy stroke and true ;
The Sire has pierced the other's mail,
And sent his lance right through.

The horseless knight, pale at the sight,
Ran hurrying from the fray ;
Back to Zamora ride the twain,
With glory crowned that day !

ROMANCE XXXIV.

THE ASSASSINATION OF DON SANCHO.

Escobar XXX.

Cancionero de Romances, Medina, 1570.

FORTH from Zamora Dolfos¹ runs,
With breathless haste he runs,
To escape the wrath of Gonzalo
Arias and his sons.

He hies him to the royal tent,
And lowly he doth bow :
“ May God preserve thee, noble King ! ”
“ Vellido, welcome thou ! ”

“ My liege, I am thy vassal true,
And of thy royal band ;
I come to claim thine aid against
Gonzalo’s ruthless hand.

I begged and prayed that he would give
Zamora back to thee ;
For this alone he seeks my life,
And I am forced to flee.

I come this day to humbly pay
My duty to my lord ;
And like a true-born gentleman,
To serve thee with my sword.

Zamora I will render thee,
Though Arias may frown ;
For well I know a secret gate
That leads into the town."

Upon the walls stands Arias,
A loyal man is he ;
And from the ramparts forth he calls,
With ringing voice and free :

"Beware, beware, King Sancho,
Hear now what I've to tell ;
And say not henceforth I have failed
This day to warn thee well.

A traitor vile hath left this town,
Vellido is his name ;
If he should act the traitor's part,
Let us not bear the blame !"

Vellido seized the royal hand,
And trembling thus began :
"Believe it not, my noble King,
That I am such a man !

Gonzalo lies, that he may save
Zamora from its fate ;
For well he knows that I alone
Have found the secret gate."

"Vellido, I believe it well,
My servant good and true :
So let us now go forth at once
This secret gate to view."

“ Let us go forth at once, Señor,
But let us go alone ;
For shouldst thou ride with all thy guards
Our plan might soon be known.”

They sally from the royal camp
To reach Zamora's wall ;
The good King turns aside to do
What must be done by all.

Into Vellido's hand he gives
His short and gilded spear ;
Soon as the traitor sees the King
Without or guard or fear,

He rises on his stirrups
To launch the fatal dart ;
It strikes the shoulders of the King,
And pierces to his heart.

Down falls the monarch, on his breast
A deep and mortal scar ;
'Tis Don Rodrigo sees him fall,
Rodrigo of Bivar.

He leaps upon his noble steed,
And gallops like the wind ;
But in the hurry of the hour
He leaves his spurs behind.

He flees, he flees, the traitor flees,
Rodrigo on his track ;
And if he quickly left the town,
He speeds more quickly back :

He clears the gate, and he is safe ;
Rodrigo comes too late ;
Great Laj'n Calvo's heir is wroth,
And loud laments his fate :

“ O cursèd be the knight that rides,
As I have ridden, in vain ;
For had I buckled on my spurs,
The traitor I had slain ! ”

They all come round to see the King,
As there in death he lay ;
They all are full of flattering words,
But none the truth will say,

Except the Count of Cabra,
An old knight of Castile :
“ Thou art my King and royal liege,
And I thy vassal leal ;

Look to thyself, my noble King,
I tell the truth, the whole ;
'Tis time to let the body go,
And look unto thy soul.

This fatal day it is thy last,
Commend thyself to Heaven ! ”
“ Thou'rt welcome, Count, and welcome too
The counsel thou hast given ! ”

These trembling words upon his lips,
His soul to God he gave ;
So died the King, whose fate it was
To trust a traitor knave.

¹ *Dolfos*. Southey relates further the stratagem of Vellido Dolfos. Zamora was now reduced to the last straits, and famine had obliged the Infanta and her Council to resolve on its surrender. In these circumstances Dolfos first went to the Princess and offered to deliver the town from its impending fate, under promise of a great reward; then he went to Arias Gonzalo, and spoke such highly insulting words about that royal lady, that the four valiant sons of the old hero chased him out of the city for his pains. Thus he naturally appeared to Don Sancho as a runaway friend (*Chronicle of the Cid*, II. XXVII. XXVIII.).

III.

THE CID,

FROM THE DEATH OF DON SANCHO

TO THE

CORONATION OF DON ALFONSO VI. EL

BRAVO.

CHALLENGE OF ZAMORA.

A.D. 1072.

ROMANCE XXXV.

THE COUNCIL AFTER THE DEATH OF DON SANCHO.

Escobar XXXI.

Rodriguez.

COLD, cold in death Don Sancho lay,
And round about his bier
There stood the flower of all Castile ;
They shed full many a tear.

Pale stood Rodrigo of Bivar,
And lowly bent his head ;
And while the tears came coursing down
He thus with sorrow said :

“ O King Don Sancho, master mine,
That day was full of ire,
When thou didst compass Zamora’s walls
Against my strong desire.

Whoever counselled thee, O King,
Nor God nor man feared he ;
Because he urged on thee to break
The law of Chivalry.

But since the fatal deed is done,
To name a knight ’tis time,
To challenge Zamora and its men
For such a bloody crime.”

“’Tis well, ’tis well,” they all reply,
But each the duty shuns ;
They stand in awe of Arias
And his four mighty sons.

The Cid looks round with steady eye
To see if none will go ;
He understands the matter well,
And forth his words do flow :

“Ye know full well, my noble knights,
That I have sworn an oath,
Against Zamora ne’er to arm—
I cannot break my troth ;

But I will give a Champion bold
To combat for Castile ;
And while for me he takes the field,
My want ye shall not feel.”

Up rose Don Diego Ordoñez,
At the King’s feet he did rest ;
The flower of Lara’s house was he,
Of all Castile the best.

With hoarse and angry voice he cries,
And eke with mickle scorn :
“Since that the Cid has sworn an oath
He never should have sworn,

He has no right to choose a knight
His Champion to be ;
But there be many knights around
As good and brave as he.

No doubt the Cid is good and brave,
And I do hold him so ;
But if ye will, my noble knights,
'Tis I will strike the blow.

My body and my life I'll risk,
And down the gauntlet fling ;
A vassal's life is best bestowed
When ventured for his King ! ”

ROMANCE XXXVI.

DON DIEGO ORDOÑEZ CHALLENGES ZAMORA.

Escobar N.XVII.

Michaelis L.XXVI.

Cancionero de Romances.

DON DIEGO ORDOÑEZ rides away
From the royal camp with speed,
Armed head to foot with double mail,
And on a coal-black steed.

He rides to challenge Zamora's men,
His breast with fury filled ;
To avenge the King Don Sancho,
Whom the traitor Dolfos killed.

He reached in haste Zamora's gate,
And loud his trumpet blew ;
And from his mouth like sparks of fire
His words in fury flew :

“Zamorans, I do challenge ye,
Ye traitors born and bred ;
I challenge ye all, both great and small,
The living and the dead :

I challenge the men and women,
The unborn and the born ;
I challenge the wine and waters,
The cattle and the corn.

Within your town that traitor lives
Our King who basely slew ;—
Who harbour traitors in their midst
Themselves are traitors too.

I'm here in arms against ye all,
The combat to maintain ;
Or else with five and one by one,
As is the use in Spain !”

Out spake Arias Gonzalo :
“ I had better ne'er been born
Than brand myself as such a knave,
And worthy of such scorn.

Your words are very bitter, Count,
And bitter is your tongue ;
What harm have done the old men ?
What harm have done the young ?

What curse rests on our women,
Or on the babes unborn ?
Or why defy the very dead,
The cattle and the corn ?

If you challenge all the Council,
You must fight with five or fall !”
Ordoñez gruffly answered :
“ Ye are traitors, one and all !”

Old Arias grows pale with wrath,
And hastens from the walls ;
He gathers all the people round,
And in their midst he calls :

“ Ye Barons bold, and townsmen all,
Confess while yet 'tis time,
If any one of ye perchance
Have part in such a crime.

I'd rather go to Afric's land,
And fill an exile's grave,
Than vanquished be in such a cause,
And held a traitor knave ! ”

They all replied with one accord,
No man was silent there :
“ May evil fire consume us, Count,
If such a crime we share.

Vellido Dolfos, he alone,
Designed the bloody deed ;
Go forth in comfort, Arias,
And Heaven send thee speed ! ”

ROMANCE XXXVII.

ARIAS GONZALO ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE.

Escobar XXXIII.
Romancero General.

URRACA sat in her Council-hall
With all her noble train,
Don Sancho's death, Ordoñez' curse,
Had filled her heart with pain ;

And Envy, sparing rank nor worth,
Went whispering round the room
That Arias, with craven heart,
Had left them to their doom.

Up rose Nuño Cabeça,
Of Baca named was he,
Half drew his sword from out its sheath,
And cried right angrily :

“ The townsman who presumes to say
That evil faith or fear
Has kept my uncle Arias
This day from coming here,

He lies ! in his perjured throat he lies !
These reverend locks and grey
Let each respect as I respect,
Or fight with me this day ! ”

Up through the hall came Arias,
 With measured step and slow ;
 His noble sons made way for him,
 All clad in weeds of woe.

He lowly kissed the Infanta's hand,
 And at her feet did fall ;
 Then bowed to all the grandees round,
 And thus addressed them all :

“ Noble Infanta, Council leal,
 That knight of honoured name,
 Ordoñez, he of Lara's house,
 Whose title is his fame,

Hath challenged us with shameful words
 Our honour to defend,
 In place of Don Rodrigo, Cid,
 Who swore to be our friend.

I've hither come, and with these four,
 To see you face to face ;
 Your townsmen they, and worthy sons
 Of Layn Calvo's race.

I kept me back ; for words and talk
 I leave in other hands,
 When valour, deeds, and vengeance swift
 Are what our case demands ! ”

Up rose the old man and his sons,
 And off their mantles threw ;
 They stood arrayed in shining arms,
 The Infanta wept anew.

The Ancients looked with wondering eyes,
But she his valour praised ;
For none of these would dare the strife,
Though well their tongues they raised.

“ Urraca ! ” cried old Arias,
“ Receive, as is thy right,
My hoary hairs for counsel,
My four sons for the fight !

Give them thy hand, O lady fair,
For well thy vassal knows
Their youthful hands, when touched by thine,
Will deal resistless blows !

The King who wishes in his realm
All ranks in one to bind,
Will honour give to gentlemen,
But pay the baser kind.

That vile affront bestowed on thee,
And on this noble town,
Ordoñez' blood shall wash away,
And give us back renown.

But if my house, brave though it be,
Should not the fight survive,
An honoured death, if death should come,
Will keep its fame alive !

I'll be the fifth, or else the first,
To fight for thee and truth ;
Although my age no more can cope
With strong and lusty youth.

My lady, to the field I go,
No thanks for this I claim ;
Each vassal true doth owe his liege
Estate and life and fame ! ”

ROMANCE XXXVIII.

Romancero General.

'Twas Pedro, son of Arias,
The son of his delight,
Who kept that night a watch of arms
To fit him for the fight.

The noble dame Urraca
Was sponsor with his sire ;
The Bishop of Zamora
Sang mass within the choir ;

They decked with lights the altar,
And incense filled the fane,
In honour of the brave St. George,
And great St. James of Spain.

The new and shining armour
Upon the table lay ;
It mirrored back the eager glance
Of each in that array.

All robed the Bishop entered,
And sang the solemn mass ;
He blessed the good mail piece by piece,
And armed young Arias.

He bound the burnished helmet on,
That glittered like the sun,
Bedecked with gallant snowy plumes,
And bright flowers many a one.

To dub him knight his sponsor sire
Stept forth and drew his blade,
And gave the youth the shoulder-blow,
While thus the veteran said :

“ Now art thou knight, my darling son,
Of pure unsullied race,
Who from thy nurse's arm till now
Wast trained in every grace.

God make thee as I'd have thee be,
A good and honoured knight,
Inured to peril and fatigue,
And braced for every fight.

Be thou the terror of thy foes,
With conquering sword in hand :
Be thou a succour to thy friends,
A champion of thy land.

Have naught to do with traitors,
Nor look them in the face ;
Keep faith with all who trust in thee,
To break it were disgrace.

Give quarter to the vanquished
Who cannot wield his lance ;
To use thine arm to crush the weak
Will not thy fame advance.

But while thy foeman vigour shows
And scorns to bite the dust,
Fear not to strike the hardest blow,
Nor spare the fatal thrust.

I give thee to Zamora now
To combat Lara's knight ;
He knows not honour who would fear
For kith and kin to fight !”

To bind him with the knightly oath
The missal then he took ;
Young Pedro answered : “ Yes, I swear,
And on this holy book !”

Now kissed his cheek and gave the shield
His honoured sire and lord ;
On his left side the noble dame
Urraca girt the sword.

ROMANCE XXXIX.

ARIAS AND HIS FOUR SONS GO FORTH TO FIGHT.

Escobar XXXIV.

Cancionero de Romances (n.d.).

Silva, 1550.

Later editions of Cancionero.

FORTH from the gate rides Arias
And his four sons to the fight ;
For he had claimed to be the first
To prove his honour bright.

The Infanta heard him with dismay,
And would not grant his prayer ;
She came to him with weeping eyes
And with dishevelled hair :

“ For God’s sake, I entreat thee, Count,
My noble friend and bold,
That thou wilt leave this battlefield,
For thou art worn and old.

My father with his dying breath
Consigned me to thy care ;
And now thou leavest me alone
When I am in despair ! ”

“ My lady, suffer me to go,”
With angry voice he cried,
“ They’ve called me traitor to my face,
And I have been defied !”

The knights around took up the word,
And urged the Infanta’s prayer :
“ Count, leave the field to us, and trust
The battle to our care !”

Now doubly pained was Arias
That he the fight must shun ;
He called his gallant four around,
And to his favourite son

He gave his armour and his shield,
His sword and battle-steed,
And blessed the youth he loved so well,
And bade him then God speed.

His name was Pedro Arias,
Of true Castilian race ;
He rode full-armoured through the gate,
And proudly took his place :

“ God save thee, Don Diego,
May Heaven smile on thee,
And make thee fortunate in arms,
And from all traitors free.

Thou knowest well that I am here,
And have this combat sought,
To free Zamora from the charge
Which thou hast foully brought.”

Ordoñez turned to him and said
With dark and haughty brow :
“ Ye all of ye are traitors,
And I will prove it now ! ”

On this they wheeled their prancing steeds,
And round the field they pressed ;
They couched their lances, charged at once,
And struck full on the breast.

Their lances quivered with the shock,
And wide the splinters flew ;
But little harm was done, I ween,
Their armour was so true.

Again they charged ; Diego's lance
Struck Pedro on the head ;
It pierced his helmet and his brow
With ghastly wound and red.

The luckless Pedro felt the wound,
And staggered 'neath the blow ;
And grasping wild his charger's mane,
Upon its neck fell low.

Though deep his wound and weak his arm,
He gathered up his force
For one last blow against his foe,
But only touched his horse.

The blood that trickled down his face
His eyes and vision sealed :
So fell Don Pedro Arias,
And died upon the field.

When Don Diego saw him fall
He waved his baton high,
And turning to Zamora's walls,
He thus aloud did cry :

“ Where art thou, Arias Gonzalo ?
Send forth thy second son ;
The first is lying on the field,
His race on earth is run ! ”

The second came, Diego hight,
And though he fought right well,
Ordoñez fought with better luck,
And, like the first, he fell.

Sad was the Count to see the sight
That both his sons were slain ;
The third he summoned to his side,
Although with double pain.

With brimming eyes aloud he cries :
“ Go forth, my darling son,
Go forth like gallant knight to do
The deed that must be done ! ”

It is the truth thou dost maintain,
And God will be thy stay,
And give thee vigour to avenge
Thy brothers slain this day.”

Hernando Arias, the third,
Forth to the lists he bore,
And cursed Diego as he rode,
And speedy vengeance swore.

With furious hand he dealt a blow
To do him deadly harm ;
Diego's shoulder felt the smart,
His shoulder and his arm.

On this Diego drew his blade,
And struck with might and main ;
So swift the blow it cleft the casque,
And lighted on the brain.

The wild youth hit Diego's horse,
And cut its bridle rein ;
The maddened charger cleared the lists,
And galloped round the plain.

And thus the combat ended,
Nor was it e'er revealed
If 'twere Zamora or the Camp
That day had won the field.

Diego fain would fight again,
So fierce was his intent ;
The umpires judged the matter well,
But would not give consent.

ROMANCE XL.

“*Por Aquel Postigo Viejo.*”

THE BURIAL OF HERNANDO ARIAS.

Michaelis XC.

Wolf and Hofmann l. 50.

Cancionero de Romances (n.d.).

Later editions of do.

Silva, 1550.

Timoneda.

ON through the ancient gateway,
That had nor lock nor bar,
I saw a crimson banner come,
With three hundred horse of war ;

I saw them bear a coffin,
And black was its array ;
And placed within the coffin
A noble body lay.

His name Hernando Arias,
The Count Gonzalo's son ;
A hundred damsels wailed him,
High damsels every one.

They all of them were kinsfolk,
And cried to one another :
“ Alas ! alas ! my cousin,
Alas ! alas ! my brother ! ”

But most of all Urraca,
Her face was wet with tears ;
How well the old man Arias
The noble lady cheers !

“ Cease, daughter, cease thy sobbing,
Nor let thy heart be sore ;
For if they've ta'en one son from me,
They still have left me four.¹

He died not in the taverns,
Nor 'mid the gamblers fell ;
He died beside Zamora,
To guard thine honour well ! ”

They bade the bells be sounded,
They bore him to his grave ;
And there in Santiago's church
He resteth with the brave.

¹ Gonzalo's arithmetic is not here quite in keeping with the previous ballad, as Hernando was the third who fell.

IV.

THE CID

DURING THE REIGN OF

ALFONSO VI. EL BRAVO,

A.D. 1072—1109,

TILL HIS DEATH,

A.D. 1099.

ROMANCE XLI.

THE CID AND THE MONK BERMUDO.

Escobar XXXIX.

ONE Sunday after mass was sung
The King and the Cid did talk,
In San Pedro de Cardeña,
And on the cloister walk.

They counsel took how best to gain
The kingdoms lost with shame,
By King Rodrigo's sin, which love
Doth both excuse and blame.¹

Alfonso urged upon the Cid
With all his host to go,
And seize Cuença from the Moors.
The prudent Cid said "No.

O King Alfonso, thou art new,
Still new upon the throne ;
Before thou warr'st in other lands
Make peace within thine own.

The King who wanders from his realms
Ere yet his crown be warm,
And firmly fixed upon his brow,
May suffer grievous harm.

Art thou yet safe from the cruel charge
Which on thy head did fall,
For the death of thy brother Sancho
Beneath Zamora's wall?

Doth not Vellido's blood yet run,
And even in noble veins?
Who made that spear will thirty make,
If well paid for his pains."

Out spake Bermudo to the Cid,
He spake before the King:
"If thou art tired of war, or tied
To Ximena's apron-string,

Go back to Bivar, Rodrigo,
We shall only be less by one:
The King hath nobles enough, I trow,
To see that the work be done!"

"O reverend brother, who gave thee leave,"
The Cid good-humoured said,
"To sit at the Council of war this day,
With thy cowl upon thy head?

Go up to the pulpit now and pray
That God would give us aid;
For Joshua had not won the fight
If Moses had not prayed.

Go carry thy cloak to the choir, as I
My pennon to the war;
And may the King make peace at home
Before he rides afar!

'Tis not the fight could keep me back,
Nor eke my winsome bride ;
For Tizona more than Ximena
I carry by my side !”

Quoth the Monk : “ Before I took the vow,
I was as good a man ;
And I, though I conquered no Moorish Kings,
Begot the men who can.

And even now, if my noble King
Should of my arms have need,
I can change my hood for the hauberk,
And spur the gallant steed !”

“ To flee, good brother !” exclaimed the Cid,
“ To flee, my brother good ;
For I do mark on thy cloak this day
More stains of oil than blood !”

Quoth the King : “ This is no place for strife,
Peace, peace between ye both ;
Thou shouldst remember well, good Cid,
The crossbow and the oath.

To hear thy bitter gibes would cause
The very stones to speak ;
For thou wouldst make the church a camp
For any childish freak !”

There passed the Count d’Oñate,
Who on his wife did wait ;
The King, to show his courtesie,
Went with her to the gate.

¹ Rodrigo was the last of the line of Visigothic kings, who filled the throne of Spain from A.D. 411 to 711. See the Romance of the King Don Rodrigo, p. 281.

ROMANCE XLII.

“*En las almenas de Toro.*”

KING ALFONSO AND HIS SISTER ELVIRA.

Michaelis CIV.

Timoneda.

Wolf and Hofmann I. 54.

UPON the walls of Toro
There stood a maid of grace ;
Her dress was of the inky black,
And like a star her face.

By chance the King Alfonso
That day came riding by ;
And as he looked he loved her,
And thus aloud did cry :

“ And gif she be a King’s daughter,
Then she shall wive with me ;
And gif she be a Duke’s daughter,
My leman she shall be ! ”

Out spake the Cid and answered
Unto the good King there :
“ Señor ! she is thy sister,
She is thy sister fair ! ”

“ May evil fire consume her,
If she my sister be ;
Now ho ! my gallant bowmen,
Send each a shot for me !

The man who misses,” cried the King,
“ His blood shall dye the sward ! ”
“ The man who hits her,” quoth the Cid,
“ Shall have the same reward ! ”

Now wroth was King Alfonso,
And a loud oath he swore :
“ Go forth from out these tents of mine,
And enter them no more ! ”

“ It pleaseth me,” replied the Cid,
“ For very old they be ;
Mine own of silk and gold brocade
Are better far for me !

I gained them not in ladies’ bower,
Nor birling at the wine ;
I gained them on the battlefield
With this good lance of mine ! ”

ROMANCE XLIII.

X THE EXPURGATION OF KING ALFONSO.

Escobar XXXVII.
Cancionero de Romances (n.d.).
Silva, 1550.
Timoneda.

IN Santa Gadéa of Burgos,
Where the knights were wont to swear,
Alfonso has come before the Cid,
To take a strong oath there.

He has placed his hand on the iron bolt,
And eke on the wooden bow ;
So strong are the oaths that sudden fear
Strikes all the crowds below.

“ Alfonso, may villains slay thee,
Not noble men and leal ;
Asturian boors of Oviedo,
Not gentry of Castile !

May they slay thee with cattle-goads,
And not with lance in fight ;
With their horny-hefted crooked knives,
And not with daggers bright !

On their feet be sandals of hide,
Not shoes of leather gay ;
On their shoulders be mantles of straw,
Not broad-cloth of Contray.

Their skirts of the flaxen tow,
Not holland fine and wide ;
On asses, and not on mules or steeds,
May they go forth to ride !

Their bridles be of the hempen cord,
And not of the leather brown ;
And may they slay thee in the fields,
And not in a peopled town !

Out by the sinister side
May they pluck thy heart away,
If when the oath is put to thee,
Thou tell not truth this day !

Alfonso, hadst thou art or part
In that foul deed and blow
That sent thy brother to his death,
Make answer, Yes or No !”

So strong the oath and fearful,
The King declined to swear,
When up and spake a noble knight,
His favourite standing there :

“ Take thou the oath and fear not,
It is the better plan ;
For never King was perjured yet,
Nor Pope beneath the ban !”

“ No ! ” cries the King, “ upon my oath ! ”
And three times he hath sworn ;
Then from the altar to the Cid
He turns with mickle scorn :

“ Right badly hast thou sworn me, Cid,
Right badly, to thy sorrow ;
The hand upraised in oath this day
Thou hast to kiss to-morrow ! ”

“ To kiss a kingly hand at all
Doth not beseem my race ;
And if my father kissed it once,
I hold it as disgrace ! ”

“ Cid, quit these realms of mine in haste,
Thou knight of evil fame ;
And see that for a year from this
Thou enter not the same ! ”

“ Señor, to obey thy first command
Doth please me to the core ;
Thou send'st me away for a single year—
I banish myself for four ! ”

With this the Cid has left the King,
Nor deigned to kiss his hand ;
And with him thrice a hundred knights,
All gentry of the land.

They all were youths of mettle and might,
No grey-beard to be seen ;
They all bore lances in their hands
Of tempered steel and keen ;

They all had bucklers on their arms,
With bosses crimson-bright ;
The Cid I trow had a gallant band
Within his camp that night.

ROMANCE XLIV.

KING ALFONSO ADDRESSES THE CID.

Escobar XLI.

Madrigal: Segunda parte del Romancero General.

“DOST thou expect that arms of ours
To raise thee shall be given?
As well expect that with my hands
I'll bear thee up to heaven!

’Tis well to see thee on thy knees,
Thou man of fearful face!
To men of proud and haughty mien
The ground's the fitting place.

’Tis better that thy head be bared,
To all the world revealed,
Since now thy scheming plans are bared,
However well concealed.

What hindered thee this winter past
To take at Court thy place?
Though many a Council has been held,
We have not seen thy face!

A courtier thou, and man of rank,
What makes thee bold to wear,
Like any unkempt Eremite,
Dishevelled beard and hair ?

Although I ask these questions now,
No answer I entreat ;
For well I know thy manners free,
And eke thy bold deceit !

Thou'lt tell me that my lands and gear
Were put beneath thy care,
And left no time to set to rights
Thy beard and tangled hair !

At Alcalà, when peace I sought,
Thou thwartedst my design,
As if, forsooth ! my wish and plans
Must all give way to thine !

Thou'lt tell me that the border Moors
Before thy feet do bow,
And give thee honour like a god—
They pay thee well, I trow !

When at my brother Sancho's death,
Slain by Vellido's hand,
I came to take my rightful throne,
Alone didst thou withstand !

The nobles all did kiss my hand,
And pledged their knightly troth ;
Thou single-handed didst presume
To put me to the oath !

In Santa Gadéa's holy church
I took the shameful test,
On the Gospels four, on the gilt crossbow,
With a dagger to my breast!

Thou mightst have struck Vellido down
Hadst thou been valiant there;
For men aver that thou hadst time
Sufficient and to spare.

Thou didst pursue him to the wall,
The gate was wide and clear;
But standers-by were heard to say
That thou didst stop through fear!

No friends of mine were so astute,
So shrewd as to divine
That King Don Sancho met his death
By any plot of mine.

He died because God willed it so,
Perchance in righteous ire,
Because he broke the strict commands
And wishes of my sire.

For this and all that thou hast done
With malice and design,
I brand thee foe, and bid thee go
From out these realms of mine!

Thy good broad lands I will retain,
The sentence to await,
Whereby my Courts, if right it seem,
Shall judge them confiscate.

Reply not with a single word,
Nor evil manners show ;
Or by Saint Peter and Saint Millan,
To prison thou shalt go !”

*These shameful words the King addressed,
Alfonso Sixth of Spain,
To Don Rodrigo of Bivar,
The glory of his reign.¹*

¹ I have been obliged to supply the last verse of this ballad.

ROMANCE XLV.

THE CID'S FAREWELL TO KING ALFONSO.

Escobar XLIII.

“ALTHOUGH no guilt be on my soul,
I to thy will give way ;
It is the King's part to command,
The vassal's to obey.

And may our Lady give thee speed,
And shield thee from all harm ;
And make thy fortune none the less,
Without my sword and arm.

No fear have I that any stain
Upon my name shall rest ;
Though envious tongues and lying words
May foul the noblest breast ;
But time will show, and the time is nigh,
That they are but women, Rodrigo am I !

Those Barons bold that sit at meat,
And in thy palace sport,
Are able Counsellors of lies,
And warriors of the Court !

Well did they run to succour thee
When thou wert captive ta'en ;
When I fought thirteen on the field,
And set thee free again.¹

Right well they fled, with bridle slack,
And made a loud alarm ;
Great is their valour with the tongue,
And little with the arm !
But time will show, and the time is nigh,
That they are but women, Rodrigo am I !

Remember, King, the bitter speech
That passed between us twain ;
Thou furious, and I composed,
Thou vengeful, I in pain !

But still I pledge me by the Saints,
Saint Peter and Saint Paul,
God aiding, with my gallant men,
Upon the Moors to fall ;

And should I conquer in the field,
I'll place within thy hands
Their Castles and their frontiers,
Their peoples, towns, and lands !
For time will show, and the time is nigh,
That they are but women, Rodrigo am I !”

¹ It was not Alfonso, but Sancho, whom the Cid had set free. See Romance XXVII.

ROMANCE XLVI.

KING ALFONSO'S ANSWER TO THE CID'S FAREWELL.

Michaelis CXII.

Madrigal: Segunda parte del Romancero General.

THE King Alfonso listens,
And listens with content,
To the farewell greetings of the Cid,
Ere to the wars he went :

“Ye Barons all!” aloud he cries,
“The man of bravest manners
That ever shed the blood of Moors
This day hath left our banners.

Full many a daring word and true
We from his lips did hear ;
He did not mean it as offence,
Though such it might appear !

For men whose leal and loving hearts
To truth and honour cling,
Have freedom more than other men
To speak before their King !

To long and distant exile
This day he now departs ;
'Tis but a single man that goes,
But with him a thousand hearts !

I grieve to see a warrior hold
Thus driven far away ;
By King disowned, by courtiers shunned,
In distant lands to stay.

If from a mighty edifice
A single stone should bound,
That single stone, displacing all,
May bring it to the ground.

'Tis not for Kings to sport and play,
Their work is higher far—
'To labour for their country's good,
And lead its hosts to war.

If nobles with their swords go forth
To strive for King and right,
The King himself, with sword and heart,
Must suffer, march, and fight !

A mighty warrior is the Cid,
And of a noble kind ;
But be he proud, from God or King,
What can he hope to find ?

'Tis needful that the Cid go forth,
In distant lands they'll tell :
'Alfonso deals stern justice round
To small and great as well !'

ROMANCE XLVII.

THE CID BORROWS MONEY OF THE JEWS.

Escobar XLIIV.
Romancero General.

RODRIGO from the royal Court
To his wife Ximena came ;
And much they talked of his disgrace
Without or cause or blame.

The King himself has willed it so,
His envious foes are glad ;
But all Castile to lose its chief
Is comfortless and sad.

The Cid in countless wars has spent
The best part of his gains ;
He finds no money wherewith to march
In all his wide domains.

He bids to his house two wealthy Jews,
And sets them at his board ;
And begs of them a thousand marks,
With many a friendly word ;

And he will give them, full of plate,
Two coffers from his store ;
To use or sell within a year,
If not redeemed before.

He has brought the coffers, sealed and bound,
But both were filled with sand!
The trustful Jews two thousand florins
Have paid into his hand.

“O shameful Want! what noble men
Thou drivest, in their pain,
To do a thousand hateful things
To rid them of thy chain!

’Twas wrong, O King, to faithless men
Thy willing ears to lend,
And shut thine ears, and bar thy gates,
Against a faithful friend.

To-morrow I from Burgos march
To gain the Border-land,
And seize some petty fortress there
To shelter all my band.

Such gallant men as these, I trow,
Will better soon provide;
The world’s four quarters were too small
To suit their boundless pride!

On lofty towers my standards soon
Shall wave with every wind;
Where gallant knights with wrongs like mine
Will ready welcome find!

And all the lands I henceforth gain,
And conquer with my steel,
Shall bear thy country’s name and mine,
I’ll call them New Castile!”

FRAGMENT FROM THE "POEMA DEL CID."

100 AT Burgos, in their banking-house,
Raquel and Vidas sate,
When Martin Antolinez
Came knocking at the gate.
"Raquel and Vidas, where be ye,
My honoured friends and dear?
I fain would speak a word with you,
Which no one else shall hear!"
They took him to an inner room,
Where all the three lay hid:
"Good friends, quoth he, good news I bring,
And of my lord the Cid!
For he has lost his house and lands,
A banished man is he!
The King Alfonso, in his ire,
Hath used him shamefully!"

ROMANCE XLVIII.

THE CID HOLDS A WATCH OF ARMS.

Escobar XLV.

Flor de varios y nuevos Romances ; A. de Villalta y Felipe Mey :

Valencia, 1591.

Romancero General.

IT is the Cid Campeador,¹
Whom Heaven shield from harms !
In San Pedro de Cardeña
He holds a watch of arms !

For every noble Christian knight
Will seek to deck his breast
With arms that give success in war,
Which holy Church hath blessed.

The Lady Elvira and Lady Sol,
His daughters wondrous fair,
Have come with many a precious gift
Beneath their mother's care.

The holy mass has been duly sung,
The Abbot and monks are there ;
The pennon that bears the crimson cross
Is blessed with many a prayer !

The Cid from his shoulders threw his cloak,
New shining arms he wore ;
He has taken the pennon and pressed its folds,
And thus aloud he swore :

“ O blessed and holy pennon !
A poor Castilian knight,
By his King disowned, by his country mourned,
Doth bear thee to the fight !

O luckless King, that lends his ear
To traitors' lying oath ;
And gives his treasures, and gives my arms,
And sacrifices both !

O King Alfonso, these siren songs,
Right dearly will they cost ;
They'll lull thee to sleep, and to thy death—
Awake, or thou art lost !

Thou drivest me from out Castile,
Because it was my pride
To be the scourge of evil men,
And spurn them from thy side !

Please God that when my arms are gone,
Thy Castles may not fail thee ;
Thou who hast feeling dost me wrong,
They feelingless bewail me !

Yet, by my troth, I promise thee
To give into thy hand
Whate'er my bows and lances gain
Within the Border-land !

A vassal's vengeance 'gainst his King
Is treason black and sure ;
It is the sign of noble blood
To suffer, yet endure !”

Thus swore the Cid, and then embraced
His wife and daughters fair ;
Though much they felt, no word they spake,
He left them weeping there.

¹ *Campeador*. M. Dozy derives this word from the Teutonic *champf* (German *Kampf*), and says that the Spaniards had borrowed from the Arabs the custom of certain heroes coming out of the ranks, when two armies confronted each other, and challenging some of the enemy to single combat. The *Campeador* meant one who had been victorious on such an occasion.

ROMANCE XLIX.

THE CID'S FAREWELL TO XIMENA.

Michaelis CXXVII.

THE Cid was to Valencia bound,
The casque was on his head ;
And to his wife Ximena,
Thus lovingly he said :

“ Thou knowest well, Ximena,
That love like ours, so strong,
Is little fitted by its needs
To bear an absence long.

But right itself must yield to force ;
And 'tis a needful thing
That men who boast their noble blood
Should spend it for their King.

Be as thou art when I am gone,
A good and prudent wife ;
Thou comest of an honoured stock,
No stain be on thy life !

Watch well thy household and estate,
Lest they should suffer skaith ;
Have not a single idle hour,
For idleness is death !

Keep in thy chest, till I come back,
Thy dresses rich and rare ;
For wife without her husband
The plainest dress should wear !

Guard well thy daughters, not as if
Thou didst a wrong suspect ;
For thereby they may come to know
The wrong thou wouldst correct !

But keep them ever by thy side,
For girls when left alone,
Without a mother at their head,
Are apt to lose their own.

Be to thy servants thoughtful,
And to thy ladies dear ;
To stranger folks be cautious,
And to thine own severe !

Let not thy nearest neighbours read
The letters sent by me ;
For not the wisest man shall know
The news I have for thee !

Or if, as women love to do,
Thou wouldst the news reveal,
Then with thy daughters share the joy
It pains thee to conceal !

If people give thee counsel good,
Do all that they advise ;
And if they counsel badly,
Then do what seemeth wise !

Good maravedis twenty-two
Are thine for every day ;
Live as beseems thy rank and mine,
Nor grudge the cost, I pray !

And if thou want for moneys,
Let none thy want divine,
But send at once to ask of me,
Nor pledge thy jewels fine !

Or if thy friends would aid thee,
Then give my word in fee ;
As I have done to strangers
So they will do to thee !

With this, Señora, fare thee well ;
I hear the tambours beat !”
And from her arms he lightly leapt
To Bavicca's seat.

THE CID AND THE YOUNG MAIDEN OF BURGOS.

(From the *Poema del Cid*.)

WITH streaming eyes he turned his head, and saw the
sight with pain :
The battered portals open wide, the gates without a chain ;
The racks swept bare of all their gear, the furs and
mantles gone ;
His falcons and his hooded hawks, clean scattered every
one.

5 My Cid sighed forth a heavy sigh, full weighty was his care ;
My Cid gave speech unto his grief, with measured words
and fair :

“ Father and Lord of all on high, I render thanks to Thee,
Lo, what my bitter enemies have done this day to me ! ”

Anon they pricked their panting steeds and galloped o'er
the track,

10 Anon they rode with bated speed, and left their bridles
slack ;

And as they sallied from Bivar the crow was on the
right,

And on the left it flitted by, as Burgos came in sight.

Now shrugged my Cid his shoulders, and looking up,
cried he :

“ Largesse, good Alvar Fañez, for banished men are we ! ”

- 15 Then through the gates of Burgos my Cid rode on amain,
Full sixty men with pennoned spears went prancing in
his train.

The folk pressed forth from out their doors as he passed
through the town,
The worthy burghers and their wives looked from the
windows down ;
With streaming eyes and hearts full sore they said the
selfsame word :
20 " God, what a goodly vassal he, had he a goodly lord ! "

No kindly welcome dare they give, though their desire
was great,
They feared the King Alfonso, and eke his mighty hate ;
For from the King, and overnight, a letter had been sent,
Sealed with a large and heavy seal, and all to this intent :

- 25 " Let none give shelter to my Cid, for certain 'tis and true
That he who dares to harbour him, his kindness he
shall rue ;
For he shall lose his chattels and the eyes from out his
head,
And eke his soul and body ; thus hath Alfonso said."

The Christian folk were very sad, and stood as in despair,
30 And from my Cid they hid themselves, to greet him none
would dare.
He rode in silence to his house, and when he found it
barred,
He from his stirrup raised his foot, and struck a blow
full hard.

No answer came ; his clansmen all gave voice and loudly
cried,
But nothing stirred within the house, no man to them
replied :
35 At length a little lass of nine looked out, and took the
word :
“ Sooth, Campeador, in lucky hour thou girdedst on thy
sword !

The King's commands are very strict ; his letter came
yestreen,
Sealed with a big and heavy seal, and hard it is, I ween ;
We must not, dare not let thee in, nor any shelter give,
40 Else shall we lose our gotten gear and the houses in
which we live ;

Likewise the eyes from out our heads ; such is the King's
decree.

O Cid ! if harm should come to us, it would be no gain
to thee ;

But may our Maker and His saints be all thy shield this
night ! ”

With this the lassie said no more, and vanished from his
sight.

ROMANCE L.

THE SIEGE OF ALCOCER BY THE MOORS.

*Escobar XLVII.
Sepulveda.*

THE Cid has left Alfonso's Court,
And by the King's command ;
With him are thrice a hundred knights,
All gentry of the land.

And he has conquered Alcocer,
That Castle of renown,
When raging Moors in countless bands
Laid siege unto the town.

Rodrigo had but little hope
Their battle-ranks to break,
When Alvar Fañez of Minaya
Thus to his comrades spake :

“ My friends, the kingdom of León
Ye all have left behind,
And all your good broad lands as well,
Much better lands to find.

For this we need stout arms and hearts,
And such, I trow, are yours ;
Ill earned will be our bread unless
We battle with the Moors !

So let us forth into their midst,
And strike both firm and bold,
For so our fathers gained renown
In the good days of old."

"Thy words, Minaya!" said the Cid,
"Are brave as is thy heart ;
Thou speakest like a gallant knight
And honoured, as thou art !

Well dost thou show that thou hast sprung
From out of goodly line,
Whose honour rose with every fight,
Nor ever knew decline ;

Who never flinched at sight of death,
Nor dangers of the fray ;
Who placed their honour in the front,
As thou hast done this day !"

To Pedro Bermudez¹ then he turned,
To him his standard gave :
"I know thee, Pedro, I know thee well,
A good man and a brave ;

Bear thou my standard like a knight,
As true as in the land ;
Advance it not too far, I pray,
But wait for my command !"

"Now by the Holy Trinity,
And Santiago's name !
By these, O Cid, I swear this day
To give thy banner fame.

Where it has never been before
 Thy men shall see it wave ;
 And I will hold it firm and fast,
 Or perish with the brave !”

With this he gathered up his force,
 And spurred his steed of war,
 And charged with might the Moorish ranks,
 And bore the banner far.

Where'er the crimson Cross was seen,
 The Moorish ranks gave way ;
 Right through their squadrons rode the Cid,
 And won the field that day.

In the *Poema del Cid* the charge of the Cid's men is finely given :—

“ Embrazan los escudos delante los corazones,
 Abaxan las lunzas apuestas de los pendones,
 Enclinaron las caras desuso de los arzones,
 Y banlos ferir de fuertes corazones.”

¹ *Pedro Bermudez*. According to the *Cronica Rimada*, where this youth is called Pero Mudo, on account of his stammer, he was the son of one of Rodrigo's brothers and a village girl. In the *Cronica del Cid*, chap. ii., we have a different account, viz., that Fernando Diez, son of Diego Laynez and a peasant woman, married a daughter of Anton Antolinez of Burgos ; and that their sons were Martin Antolinez, Fernand Alfonso, Pero Bermudez, Alvaro Salvadores, and Ordoño the Less.

ROMANCE LI.

THE CID'S LETTER TO THE COUNTS OF CONSUEGRA.

Escobar XLVIII.

“BASE Adalids, whose trade it is
To act the part of spies,
And sully the lives of better men
With well-concocted lies !

Ye gentlemen of Villalon,
Ye knights of Valuerna,
Good people of Villalda,
And Christians of Sansueña !

Now listen ye, for well ye know
My plaints, however great,
Are but the daughters of your crimes,
Grand-daughters of your hate !

I am the Cid Campeador,
At Consuegra see
I bend as lowly to the King
As Ximena doth to me !

I am a man who wears his arms
Throughout the livelong week ;
Or throws them off but twice at most,
His needed rest to seek !

With bow and spear, where burns the fight
My steps are ever bent ;
And though the foremost in the field,
I sleep not in the tent !

I do no wrong unto my men,
Though power is in my hands ;
I share amongst them what I gain,
The treasures and the lands !

I fight but with Tizona,
I war not with the tongue ;
The ranks of tattling women
I am not found among !

I sit upon the ground, and not
At tables high and dressed ;
And for dessert I have assaults,
The fruits that please me best !

I do not rake up people's lives,
Brave men nor women true ;
Nor ask if they be of gentle blood,
Or pay their tribute due !

I do not tarry after meat,
I only care to know
If Bavioca's saddle-girths
Be tightened well or no !

I do not dream by base deceit
To make fair lands my prey ;
If I have power to take them, well,
If not I go my way !

Whatever Castle I may gain,
Upon its walls I trace
The arms of King Alfonso,
And mine in lower place !

And if at night I sit alone,
I mourn my wedded wife,
Who lives like any turtle-dove
A lone and cheerless life !

Her land's her own ; yet is she doomed
In stranger's land to dwell ;
For all my foes are round about,
And they are hers as well !

I ask for justice, and my voice
I raise aloft to Heaven ;
My cause is just, no doubt have I
That justice will be given !”

To Consuegra's Counts thus wrote
The Cid with passion great ;
Fine nobles they, but poor, I ween,
In honour and estate.

ROMANCE LII.

MARTIN PELAEZ ARRIVES AT THE CID'S CAMP.

Escobar L.

AROUND Valencia¹ warred the Cid,
The good Cid of renown ;
And every day he fought the Moors,
Who sallied from the town.

And many a prisoner was made,
And many a warrior slain ;
When lo ! there came a stranger knight
To swell Rodrigo's train.

His name was Martin Pelaez,
Who from Asturias came ;
Of goodly height and powerful limb,
And giant-like in frame.

He looked withal a gallant man,
But he was faint at heart ;
In many a battle he was seen
To play the coward's part.

Right angry was the Cid, I ween,
To see him at his side :
A man so womanish and weak
He could not well abide.

One day the Cid with all his men
Went forth to seek the fight ;
The Moors had gathered all around,
And fought like men of might.

Close by rode Martin Pelaez,
With goodly arms and steed ;
But when the furious charge began
He sought the camp with speed.

He hid himself within his tent,
And there concealed he lay
Until the Cid himself returned
Victorious from the fray.

The Cid, as he was wont to do,
Has sat him down to meat,
Alone and at his table's head,
And on his high-backed seat.

The other table there was kept
For knights of highest name ;
The Cid would thus stir up his men
To rival them in fame.

With Alvar Fañez and his brother
No knight might take his seat
Who had not proved his valour well
By many a daring feat.

No thought had Martin Pelaez
The Cid had seen his flight ;
He washed his hands, and fain would sit
Beside the bravest knight.

Up rose the Cid and seized his arm,
And whispered in his ear :
“ Tis not for such as you to sit
Beside my kinsmen here.

They're better men than I or you,
No braver knights can be ;
Come here, and at my table sit,
And eat your meat with me ! ”

So small his wit, he little dreamed
Rodrigo meant to chide ;
He sat at table with the Cid,
And feasted by his side.

¹ *Valencia.* Valencia, from all accounts, must have been a splendid city, and many were the endeavours of rival Christian and Moorish chiefs to obtain possession of it, especially after the murder of Yahia, the King of Toledo, dispossessed by Alfonso, who had contrived to become its master. The history of its long siege by Rodrigo, who first established himself in one of its wealthy suburbs, is marked by many features of suffering and cruelty. Even cannibalism was resorted to by the despairing population, and it was only protracted famine and the absence of all hope of relief from any quarter that at length induced the Moors reluctantly to surrender the city.

ROMANCE LIII.

THE CID'S REBUKE TO MARTIN PELAEZ.

Escobar LI.

OUT spake the Cid to Pelaez,
When all the rest had gone ;
For good men's faults are better told
Unto themselves alone :

“ And is it possible ! ” he cried,
“ That any man can be,
Of noble name, so weak at heart
As from the fight to flee ?

Martin, remember what you are,
Remember whence you came ;
Why fear to die if death you meet
With honour to your name ?

I leave this board, though not a bite
Has passed my mouth, I ween ;
I've had sufficient meal to-day ;
To see what I have seen !

Give ear, I pray, to what I say,
Nor seek again to flee ;
Your shameful flight hath cast disgrace
Upon yourself and me !

Perhaps you offer the excuse
That you were overborne,
So many were the Moors around ;
I laugh the plea to scorn !

Go take the cowl, and serve your God
Within the cloister cell ;
Since on the battlefield you have
No heart to serve Him well !

Or would you fight, then at my side
Throughout the combat stay ;
My presence there may screen your faults,
And drive your fears away !

Go forth this night, for I would see
If you will rather yield
To bear affront from thousand men,
Than die upon the field !

And if perchance you should survive,
I shall be there to test
If there be valour in your arm
And honour in your breast.

Martin, farewell ! remember this,
You sup with me no more
Until you gain that honour back
You lost with shame before ! ”

ROMANCE LIV.

MARTIN PELAEZ REDEEMS HIS HONOUR.

*Escobar LII.
Sepulveda.*

MUCH moved was Martin Pelaez
By what the Cid had said ;
His heart was very sore with grief,
His cheeks with shame were red.

He hied him to his lodging,
A sad and thoughtful man ;
For now 'twas manifest the Cid
Had hit upon the plan

To keep an open coward
From eating with the brave ;
And he has sworn to fight like them,
Or fill a soldier's grave.

Next day beneath Valencia's walls
The Cid has ta'en his post ;
The Moors in thousands sallied forth
To strike the Christian host.

The foremost man was Pelaez
Upon their ranks to bound ;
He galloped straight into their midst,
And dealt his blows around.

With this all fear has left his breast,
His valour came unsought ;
And whilst the furious combat raged,
Right gallantly he fought.

And some he wounded, some he slew,
So deadly was his spear,
The astounded Moors in terror cried :
“ Whence comes this devil here ?

A man so valiant and so fierce,
To no one will he yield ;
Such deadly wounds he deals around,
And drives us from the field ! ”

As through Valencia's gates the Moors
Were driven like a flood,
His arms up to his elbows
Were bathed in Moorish blood !

Except the famous Cid that day
None fought so well as he ;
He turned with honour to his tent
When all the Moors did flee.

The Cid went out to meet him,
And when he came in sight,
He threw his arms around his neck,
And cried with great delight :

“ Right welcome, Martin Pelaez,
Thou'rt brave as brave can be ;
'Tis not for such an one as thou
To sit this day with me !

Go sit with Alvar Fañez,
My cousin and right hand ;
And with the other noble knights,
The bravest in the land !

Of all thy gallant deeds this day
They'll tell the tale with pride ;
Be henceforth their companion,
And feast thee by their side !”

And from that day and onward
His prowess had no rest ;
A proved and honoured knight was he,
As valiant as the best.

And so the proverb cometh true,
By all the world 'tis said :
“ Who sits beneath a goodly tree
Will find a goodly shade !”

ROMANCE LV.

THE FALL OF VALENCIA—SONG OF THE MOORISH SEER.

Michaelis CXXVIII.

BELEAGUERED stood Valencia,
And hastening to its fall;
The base Almoravides¹
Would lend no help at all.

An aged Moor stood gazing round,
A wise old seer was he;
And he has climbed the highest tower,
The town once more to see.

So grand and beautiful it lay,
His heart was like to break;
He heaved a sigh—a heavy sigh—
And thus aloud he spake:

“Valencia! Valencia!
Worthy to reign for aye,
If God in mercy aid thee not
Thy glory must decay!

No more within thy walls we'll hear
The sounds of mirth and glee ;
And all the sweet delights we knew
Shall pass away with thee !

Thy corner-stones, four massive blocks,
Whereon thy walls recline,
If rock could feel or stones could weep,
Would add their grief to mine !

Thy giant ramparts, firmly based,
That proudly guard the town,
By many a shock and fierce assault
I see them battered down.

Thy lofty towers, the country's pride,
That distant look so fair,
Are crumbling down, and bit by bit,
With not a man to care !

And all thy snow-white battlements,
That bright as crystal shone,
Have lost their maiden freshness,
And all their charms are gone !

Thy river Guadalaviar,
Whose waters foaming sped,
With all thine other rivers round,
Hath wandered from its bed !

Thy springs are foul and muddy
That sparkled in the sun ;
Thy fountains and thy sources
Are dried up every one !

The trees that decked thy gardens
 Yield now nor shade nor fruit ;
 The wild wolf of the forest
 Has gnawed them at the root !

Thy fields with hundred thousand flowers,
 Whose odours filled the air,
 Are colourless and scentless now,
 The ground is parched and bare !

Thy harbour and thy noble bay,
 That gave thee wealth and power,
 Are tenantless and desolate—
 O fatal is the hour !

Upon the mountains, plains, and lands,
 That once did own thy sway,
 The smoke of many a blazing fire
 Doth blind thine eyes this day !

So weak and helpless art thou now,
 So grievous is thy pain,
 Thy men despair, no strength have they
 To raise thee up again !

Valencia ! Valencia,
 May Heaven succour thee !
 For many a time have I foretold
 The woes that now I see !”

¹ *Almoravides*, or Moors from beyond sea. They were the best cavalry amongst the Moors, and their chief, the King of Morocco, had the title of *Miramamolin*, or Lord of lords (*Cronica del Cid*, chap. cxliii.). It was not from want of will that they gave no help to Valencia. They marched to its relief, and the distressed inhabitants could see their fires as they

were encamped at Algezira de Xucer. But the Cid caused all the bridges to be destroyed and the sluices opened, so that the plain might be flooded. Then, according to the Chronicle, our Lord Jesus Christ sent such a rain that night, with such a wind and flood, as no man living remembered; and when it was day the people of Valencia looked from the wall to see the banners of the Almoravides and the place where they had encamped, and behold, they could see nothing (SOUTHEY, VI. XIV.).

The origin of the word *Almoravides* seems to be the Arabic word **مرابط** *murâbit*, which signifies a mounted soldier who defends the frontier, a defender of Islâm. It is a grammatical form of the verb **رَبَطَ** *rabata*, to bind, tie. The etymology of *Miramamolín* is given by some as **امير المؤمنين** *Amir el mùminin*, Prince of the believers; but it is more probably **امير المولدين** *Amir el máûliin*, Prince of lords, with a corruption of the *û* into *m*.

ROMANCE LVI.

THE FALL OF VALENCIA—THE CID'S ADDRESS.

Escobar LIII.

“Go forth unto the Moors, my men,
Let nothing more be said ;
Give succour to the wounded,
And burial to the dead.

And tell the men and women
To let their sorrow cease ;
For though our arms be strong in war,
They're merciful in peace.

And bid them come to see me,
And have no longer fear ;
For only good and gracious words
They from my lips shall hear.

In all their goods and chattels
I wish to have no share ;
Nor for my wanton pleasures
To take their daughters fair.

I have a true wife of my own,
No other I require ;
In San Pedro de Cardena
She lives by my desire.

I charge thee, Alvar Fañez,
If I may thee command,
To bring my wife and daughters
In safety to this land.

And give them thirty marks of gold,
That they may travel well,
To see this goodly town and fair,
Where they are now to dwell.

And to the Abbot Sancho give
The same of silver fine,
For San Pedro de Cardeña,
Wherewith to deck the shrine.

And to my noble lord and King,
With every honour meet,
Present two hundred horses,
With harnessing complete.

And to Raquèl and Vidas,
Those honoured Jews of mine,
Give twice a hundred marks of gold,
The same of silver fine.

Such sums upon my simple word
They well and freely lent ;
And took in pledge two chests of sand,
Ere to the wars I went.

And well entreat them for my sake
To pardon me this deed ;
I did it with a heavy heart,
And in my pressing need.

Nor let them think that only sand
These coffers twain did hold ;
My truth lay buried there as well,
As good as any gold !

And pay them all the interest
Which I am bound to pay,
From the time I had their moneys
Until this very day.

Good Martin Antolinez,
Go forth as well, I pray !
And to Ximena tell the tale
Of my success this day.

And pray the noble King to send
A minstrel from his throng ;
For well Ximena loves to hear
The timbrel and the song !”

Unto his gallant comrades
Thus spake the Cid with pride,
That day when through Valencia’s gates
In triumph he did ride.

ROMANCE LVII.

ALVAR FAÑEZ' EMBASSY TO KING ALFONSO.

Escobar LV.

To Burgos Alvar Fañez came,
Before the King to lay
The captives, spoils, and horses,
With all their rich array.

He has sought an audience of the King,
And humbly kissed his hand ;
And on his bended knees he spake,
With measured words and bland :

“ Most powerful King Alfonso,
Receive with right goodwill
This offering from a banished knight,
But faithful to thee still !

'Tis Don Rodrigo of Bivar,
A tower of strength to thee ;
But driven from his house and lands
By envious treachery.

He begs that he may freely speak
To thee in his defence ;
And I will give his very words,
Lest I should miss the sense :

He says : That thou wilt surely judge
His slender gift as good ;
For it was conquered from the Moors,
The price of brave men's blood !

That with his sword in two short years
He hath gained for thee more land
Than thy sainted father left thee,
The good King Ferdinand.

As pledge of this receive his gift,
Nor let thy pride refuse,
Because with wealth of other Kings
He pays his sovereign's dues ;

For since thou hast as lord and liege
Deprived him of his lands,
He pays thee as a poor man must,
With goods from others' hands ;

That thou wilt trust in God and him
To make thee rich and grand,
While he can Bavioca spur,
And wield Tizona's brand ;

That thou wilt at San Pedro's shrine
These captured banners place,
Before the Church's glorious Chief,
With honour and with grace ;

In proof that by his mighty aid
Throughout the land of Spain,
Few banners such as these now wave ;
The rest he fights to gain ;

And well he begs of thee to send
His daughters and his wife,
The solace of his wounded heart,
The comfort of his life.

If not for him, at least for her,
Be such a favour done ;
Her heart will leap with joy to see
The glory he hath won.

These are Rodrigo's words, O King,
He sends them in defence ;
And well I wot they fully prove
His truth and innocence ! ”

Scarce had he told the simple tale,
Than round the hall there rung
The sound of many a flattering lip
And many an envious tongue.

Up rose an angry Count and said :
“ Your Highness I entreat
To give no credit to his words,
They're full of base deceit.

Rodrigo seeks by gifts to-day
A little fame to borrow,
That he may come to Burgos back,
To affront you on the morrow ! ”

Quick Alvar Fañez doffed his cap,
His right hand on his blade ;
And fury flashing from his eyes,
Thus to the Count he said :

“ Let no one move, let no one speak ;
Who stirs must understand
It is the Cid himself who speaks,
And in his place I stand.

Although I be a single man,
Let none my valour slight ;
The Cid from out Valencia
Doth aid me with his might.

Let every lying tongue be still,
Let every flatterer dread ;
Or in the Cid's name and my own,
He answers with his head !

And thou, O King, whom flattering lies
Surround with such delight,
Make ramparts of these flatteries,
And see how they will fight !

Pardon my bluntness, noble King,
If I have warmly chid ;
And if it please thee, give me back
The jewels of the Cid ;

I mean his wife Ximena,
And eke his daughters fair ;
I offer thee this ransom good,
As if they captive were ! ”

The King prayed Alvar Fañez
No more his wrath to vent ;
And rising from his seat, the twain
Forth to Ximena went.

ROMANCE LVIII.

XIMENA AND HER DAUGHTERS AT VALENCIA.

Escobar LVI.

Sepulveda.

THE Cid Rodrigo of Bivar
Has grown a famous lord ;
Has gained Valencia from the Moors,
Has gained it with his sword.

He has brought his wife Ximena,
His daughters twain as well,
The Ladies Sol and Elvira,
Within the town to dwell.

While thus the Cid was full of joy,
Strange tidings came to hand,
That mighty Miramamolin¹
Had come to seize the land.

The crownèd King of Tunis he,
A powerful man to boot,
With fifty thousand horsemen
And countless hosts of foot.

The valiant Cid, with prudent skill,
Prepared him for the fight ;
Provisioned all his castles well,
And stirred up every knight.

Ximena and her daughters,
To spy the land afar,
Climbed to the summit of a tower
Within the Alcazar.

They gazed upon the neighbouring sea,
Upon the Moors looked down,
And saw them pitch their countless tents
All round and round the town.

Ximena and her daughters gazed,
Their fear was not concealed ;
For never had they seen before
Such numbers on the field.

“ Fear not, Ximena,” said the Cid,
“ Fear not, my daughters dear ;
For whilst the Cid hath life and limb,
Ye have no cause to fear !

The Moors, who seem so mighty,
Will soon be in my power ;
And all their wealth, my daughters,
Shall be your wedding-dower !

And all their trumpets and their horns,
That clamour up and down,
Will serve as music for the church
Of good Valencia's town ! ”

Up through the open gardens
He saw the Moormen pass,
With broken ranks and straggling files,
A wild disordered mass.

“ Don Alvar Salvadores ! ”

He cried, “ Prepare for fight ;
Take twice a hundred horsemen,
All chosen men of might !

And fall upon these pagan dogs,
And charge their ranks with glee ;
Ximena and her daughters here
Would see how brave ye be ! ”

He heard the order of the Cid,
And marshalled all his men ;
He charged right through the Moorish ranks,
And drove them back again.

They slashed and wounded as they rode,
And trampled o'er the dead ;
The raging Moormen to their camp
In dismal terror fled !

The victors hastened to the town,
Two hundred Moors were slain ;
But the daring Salvadores
A prisoner was ta'en !

He fought to cleave their swarming hosts,
But all in vain fought he ;
Next day Rodrigo routed them,
And set his captain free !

¹ *Miramamolín*. It was not the mighty chief of the Almoravides himself, but King Yusef, his son, who led the attacking force.—SOUTHEY, VII. XVII.

ROMANCE LIX.

THE CID DEFEATS KING MIRAMAMOLIN.

*Escobar LVII.
Sepulveda.*

THE good Cid from Valencia,
Has gone with all his force ;
In battle-rank and order,
The footmen and the horse.

Bermudez bore his banner,
A man of might and worth ;
Out from the gate Culebra
The squadrons sallied forth.

The Bishop Don Geronimo ¹
Rode armoured in the van,
To meet King Miramamolin,
That famous Moorish man.

A mighty host was at his back,
Full fifty thousand horse ;
In close array they marched that day
To strike the Christian force.

The Moormen were so many,
The Christians were so few,
They stood in mighty danger,
Till the good Cid came in view.

He rode on Bavioca,
In shining arms arrayed ;
“ May God and Santiago ! ”
With ringing voice he said,

“ May God and Santiago
Be in our aid this day ! ”
Forth at the sound his men did bound,
To combat and to slay.

The Cid in all his glory
On Bavioca sped ;
His arms up to the shoulder
With Moorish blood were red.

To every Moor who met him
He gave a single stroke ;
Their ranks before his charger
In wild disorder broke.

And as he galloped o'er the field
He met the Moorish King ;
Three times he launched a heavy blow,
That made his armour ring.

The breastplate foiled the Cid's good lance,
His charger swept ahead ;
And when he turned to find the King,
Right swiftly he had fled.

With all his force he spurred his horse,
But could not gain the ground ;
Within a neighbouring Castle
The King a refuge found.

Of all his army there remained
But fifteen hundred men ;
The rest were taken prisoners,
Or died upon the plain.

Of horses, gold, and silver
The Cid found wondrous store,
And eke a tent so rich and fine
As none had seen before.

Don Alvar Salvadores
Lay captive in the tent :
The Cid was glad to find him there,
And home triumphant went.

Ximena and her daughters
Rejoiced to see him back ;
Of feasting in his house that night
I trow there was no lack.

¹ *Don Geronimo.* About this time there came a crowned one from the parts of the East, that is to say, one who was shaven and shorn ; his name was the Bishop Don Hieronymo, a full learned man and a wise, and one who was mighty both on horseback and a-foot ; and he came inquiring for the Cid, wishing that he might see himself with the Moors in the field ; for if he could once have his fill of smiting and slaying them, Christians should never lament him. And when the Cid knew this it pleased him in his heart, and he took horse and went to visit him, and rejoiced greatly that he was come ; and he resolved to make Valencia a bishoprie, and give it to this good Christian. And they took counsel, and it was that on the morrow the Bishop and his clergy should turn the mosques into churches, wherein they might sing masses, and sacrifice the body of Jesus Christ. And nine parish churches were made. . . .

God! how joyful was all Christendom that there was a Lord Bishop in the land of Valencia! SOUTHEY, VII. XII.

Damas-Hinard points out that this Hieronymus, or Jerome, was a Frenchman, and that only by a pious fiction could he be said to come from the East. Also that the eleventh century was the age of fighting priests, such as Eudes, Bishop of Bayeux, who took part in the battle of Hastings, and Archbishop Turpin, of the *Chanson de Roland*, a worthy rival of Geronimo. *Notes Historiques*, pp. 279-80.

ROMANCE LX.

THE COUNTS OF CARRION WOO THE CID'S DAUGHTERS.

Escobar LXXI.

MUCH thought the Counts of Carrion
Of the good knight of Bivar ;
For by his deeds and prowess
His fame had travelled far.

They begged permission of the King
His daughters fair to wed ;
To be Rodrigo's sons-in-law
Would honour them, they said.

The King, who wished their wooing speed,
Sent forth his message straight,
And bade him to Requena come,
The matter to debate.

The Cid unto Ximena went,
The tidings to convey ;
For dames are wont in such a case
To have the chiefest say.

“ I like it not,” she musing said,
“ I like it not !” quoth she,
“ To have these Counts as sons of ours,
Though high their rank may be ;

But please thyself, Rodrigo mine,
And do what seemeth wise ;
The counsel of the King and thine,
I needs must highly prize."

The Cid has to Requena come,
The King has gone as well ;
The brother Counts have joined the Court
Their own request to tell.

The Bishop Don Geronimo,
With fitting pomp and state,
Hath sung a solemn mass before
The King and nobles great.

The King has ta'en the Cid aside,
To counsel what is best ;
And in a grave and earnest way
That knight he thus addressed :

"Thou knowest well, Rodrigo,
What love to thee I bear ;
That for thy good as for mine own
Most heartily I care ;

With this intent I've hither come,
And that right willingly,
To speak about a matter grave,
That much concerneth thee.

The Counts of Carrion ask of thee
To bless their future lives,
By giving them thy daughters fair
To be their wedded wives.

That thou wilt such a favour grant
It is their strong desire ;
For high they rank the daughters sprung
From such a noble sire.

Thy friendship they will much esteem,
If thy consent be won ;
For well they prize thine ancient blood,
And all that thou hast done ! ”

The Cid most warmly thanked the King
For such a favour free :
“ Myself and all that I possess
Belong by right to thee !

Myself, my chattels, and estate,
Are all at thy command ;
Bestow my daughters as thou wilt,
I leave them in thy hand ! ”

The King returned him many thanks,
And gave command to pay
Eight thousand marks of silver fine
Against their wedding day.

And to Don Alvar Fañez,
Their uncle,¹ thus he said :
“ I give the maidens to thy charge,
Till they are duly wed ! ”

And on the Counts he laid command,
The noble Cid to greet ;
And kiss his hand on bended knees,
And do him homage meet.

The Counts with all respect and grace
Obeyed the royal call ;
The Cid unto the wedding-feast
Invited one and all.

The King returned to fair Castile,
The good Cid by his side ;
Two leagues he suffered him to go,
Then bade him homeward ride.

The Cid is to Valencia gone,
The noble Counts to meet ;
With troops of esquires they have come
The marriage to complete.

The good Don Alvar Fañez
Brings forth his nieces fair ;
And by the King's command he gives
His charge unto their care.

The Counts, with every proof of love,
Receive them from his hand ;
The pleasure and the joy they feel
They cannot well command.

So mighty is the force of love,
So powerful is its spell,
That eager eyes will publish it
Ere yet the tongue can tell.

Before the Bishop they are wed,
Eight days the feast did last ;
With tourneys, balls and dances,
The merry time was passed.

The gifts the Cid has given them,
I trow they were not small ;
For he who by his deeds is great
Loves to be great in all !

¹ *Their uncle.* Alvar Fañez was hardly the ladies' *uncle*, but only their father's cousin.

ROMANCE LXI.

THE COUNTS OF CARRION AND THE LION.

Escobar LXII.
Romancero General.

THE noble Cid fell fast asleep,
When he came forth from meat ;
With head upon his hand he lay,
And on his favourite seat.

Around him watch his sons-in-law,
Diego and Ferdinand ;
And Bermudo of the stammering tongue,
The man of iron hand.

They pass the time with pleasant jest,
And gossip of the town ;
And press their fingers to their lips
To keep their laughter down.

When lo! the palace rings with shouts,
Men hasten to and fro,
Crying : " 'Ware the lion, foul fiend take
The man who let him go ! "

Bermudo minds the matter not,
Not so the noble brothers ;
The fear that seizes on their hearts
Right soon their laughter smothers.

With hurried step they turn aside,
And whisper face to face ;
And they have made a quick resolve
To seek a safer place.

The younger brother Ferdinand
Has done a nimble feat :
Has hid himself behind the Cid,
And right beneath his seat.

Diego, elder of the twain,
In haste to leave the place,
Lies floundering in a nameless spot,
And is in woeful case !

The folk run shrieking up the hall,
The lion roars behind ;
Bermudo draws his shining blade,
To flee he has no mind.

The Cid he utters but a word,
A word of much avail :
The raging beast forgets to roar,
And meekly wags its tail !

He puts his arm around its neck,
And fondly strokes its mane ;
With kind caresses to its den
He leads it back again.

The people round are dumb with awe,
Their wonder is not hid :
“ We see two lions here ! ” they cry,
“ But the bravest is the Cid ! ”

With merry heart and cheerful face
 Into the hall he came ;
And for his sons-in-law he called,
 Divining well their shame.

Bermudo cries : “ I vouch for one,
 He crouches there to see
If the brute be male or female,
 A clever man is he ! ”

Now enters Martin Pelaez,
 And speaks both loud and fast :
“ Largesse, Señor, good news I bring,
 They’ve plucked him out at last ! ”

“ Plucked whom ? ” exclaimed the astonished Cid,
 “ The other one ! ” he said ;
“ Through fear he took up quarters whence
 The Devil would have fled !

’Tis true, Señor, and here he comes :
 But turn aside, I pray,
A censer will be requisite
 Whene’er he comes this way ! ”

The one they haul from out his hole,
 The other they restrain ;
Their brave new wedding-garments
 Are foul with many a stain.

The Cid regards them each in turn,
 His fury will not cease ;
He knows not how to speak his mind,
 Nor how to hold his peace.

At length the proud Castilian's words
Burst forth with bitter hate ;
The stern rebuke he gives to them
I purpose to relate :

ROMANCE LXII.

THE CID REBUKES THE COUNTS OF CARRION.

Escobar LXIII.

“WOULD that I ne'er had seen this day,
Ye sons-in-law of mine !
From such a shameful sight as this
Much evil I divine !

Are these the wedding-robcs ye wear ?
The Devil take the sight !
What reason had ye for such fear,
Or such disgraceful flight ?

Ye had your arms to combat with,
What forced ye then to flee ?
Or if the worst came to the worst,
Were ye not there with me ?

Ye sought my daughters of the King,
He thought ye men of might ;
He did it not with my good-will,
But by his sovereign right !

O worthy bridegrooms are ye both,
To greet my failing years !
A good old age I'll spend with men
Who show but women's fears !

But let us pass the matter by,
A truce to what is past !
For were I more to think of it,
I'd sink with shame at last !”

Thus spake the Cid unto the Counts,
His honour to avenge ;
They left him with a burning hate,
And thirsting for revenge.

ROMANCE LXIII.

THE COUNTS OF CARRION INSULT THEIR WIVES.

Cancionero de Romances (n.d.).
Silva 1550 and later editions.
Timoneda.
Escobar LXVIII.
Michaelis 153.

THE Counts Diego and Ferdinand
Have hatched a plot of shame ;
To cast dishonour on the Cid,
And eke his noble name.

They ask for leave to take their wives,
And travel to their land ;
The Cid, although he likes it not,
Has granted their demand.

“ See that ye treat them well ! ” he said,
“ As dames of rank and birth ;
Your wives are daughters of the Cid,
Esteem them at their worth ! ”

The Counts consent, and forth they ride
With all their proud array ;
The Cid and all his gallant knights
Escort them on the way.

On through the open gardens
With merry jest they ride ;
And for a league and onward
The Cid is by their side.

Then from his noble daughters
With many a tear he parts ;
But eyes the Counts as if he read
The treason in their hearts.

He calls to him his nephew,
Ordoño he was hight,
And bids him ride in close disguise,
And keep the Counts in sight,

And watch to see if they perchance
Did treat his daughters well ;
For the beating heart within him
Much evil did foretell.

On to the lands of Carrion
They travel far away ;
The Cid's own vassals give them cheer
At every town they stay.

For many a day they journey
Till Tormes comes in sight ;
And then amid its groves of oak
They bid their wives alight.

They bid them alight from off their mules,
Their hearts, I ween, are sore ;
They order all their body-guard
To travel on before.

They have stripped them of their clothing,
They have seized them by the hair ;
They have dragged them over the stony ground,
With bleeding limbs and bare.

They have pricked their flesh with their pointed spears,
And lashed them with their reins ;
The red blood drops upon the ground
And covers it with stains.

They have tied them to a green oak-tree,
To vent their hellish hate ;
And the coward Counts with shameful words
Have left them to their fate :

“ Now have we vengeance on your Sire,
A vengeance good to see ;
For it never was for the like of you
To wed with such as we.

The foul dishonour heaped on us
Thus to the Cid we pay ;
In that he let the lion loose
To take our lives that day ! ”

They spur their steeds, and leave the woods,
Their cavalcade to meet ;
And tell the story, that their wives
Have found a safe retreat.

ROMANCE LXIV.

DON ORDOÑO DELIVERS THE CID'S DAUGHTERS.

Escobar LXIX.

THEY cry to Heaven for justice
On the Counts of Carrion,
The noble daughters of the Cid,
Thus left to die alone.

Bound to the tree with cruel cords,
They utter piteous cries ;
But save the echo of the woods
No answering voice replies.

It is the affront, and not the stripes,
That gives them keenest smart ;
For insult is the deadliest pang
That wrings a woman's heart.

But truth and right have mighty power,
And bear unwonted fruits ;
They conjure succour in the wilds,
Compassion from the brutes.

Drawn by their cries of anguish,
A shepherd comes that way,
Where human foot had never trod
For many a weary day.

They beg and pray him to approach,
Through fright he draws not near ;
For ignorance in boorish heart
Breeds bashfulness and fear.

“ For God’s sake, we entreat thee, man,
To help us in our need ;
So may thy flocks and herds increase,
And Heaven send thee speed.

In Summer’s heat and parching drought
Thy waters never fail ;
Thine herbage never wither up
Beneath the summer hail ;

May all thy little ones grow up
A blessing in thy sight ;
And without sorrow mayst thou live,
Till all thy hair be white.

Untie our hands, we pray thee,
Keep thine no longer back ;
They are not such as bound us here,
With crime and treason black ! ”

While thus they urged the Shepherd,
Ordoño came to hand,
Clad head to foot in pilgrim’s dress,
As by the Cid’s command.

He quick untied the cruel cords,
No grief showed in his face ;
But still they recognised their friend,
And gave him warm embrace.

“O cousins!” thus he weeping said,
“Secrets there are of Heaven,
Whose cause and meaning to unfold
To God alone is given!

“Your marriage was the King’s desire,
The Cid bears not the blame;
But, ladies, you have still a Sire
Who will avenge your shame!”

ROMANCE LXV.

ORDOÑO TELLS THE TIDINGS TO THE CID.

Escobar LXVIII.

ORDOÑO's heart was sore to see
His cousins' woeful case ;
He hid them 'neath the branching trees,
And in a secret place.

He wrapped them in his mantle wide,
And quickly took his way,
To find some cottage in the woods
Where they might safely stay.

By chance he met a labouring man,
A loyal man of worth,
Who oft had entertained the Cid
Beside his humble hearth.

Back to the forest went the twain
With haste and right good-will ;
And where his cousins he had left
He found them lying still.

He bore them to the labourer's hut,
Where they might safely dwell ;
His wife and daughters did their best
To treat the ladies well.

Ordoño called his cousins,
And talked to them aside :
“ My ladies, to Valencia
This moment I must ride,

To tell your honoured father
The wrongs you’ve had to bear ;
For he will feel his honour touched,
And speedy vengeance swear.”

They thanked him for his courtesy,
And forth he went alone ;
And through Valencia’s streets he rode
Ere many days were gone.

In presence of the noble Cid
Ordoño told his tale ;
He told it all from first to last,
Till every cheek grew pale.

The Cid conceals his anguish,
Though every word he hears ;
For he who thinks of vengeance
Will never show his tears.

But when Ximena heard it,
No comfort would she take ;
Her eyes were like two fountains,
Her heart did well nigh break.

The noble Cid went to her side,
And sought to stem her grief ;
With many a kind and tender word
He gave her heart relief.

Forth to Toledo he despatched
His messengers with speed ;
To give the King due notice
Of the foul and monstrous deed ;

And pray of him to right his wrongs
According to the laws ;
And grant him leave to come to Court
Himself to plead his cause.

Against the Counts who did the deed
The King's wrath flamed like fire ;
And eke against their Uncle,
Who urged them to conspire.

The Cid received permission
Unto the Court to come ;
He sent to find his daughters twain,
And brought them safely home.

ROMANCE LXVI.

THE CID LEAVES VALENCIA FOR TOLEDO.

Escobar LXXVI.

THE dawn had lighted up the land,
And smiling was the weather ;
Six clarions through Valencia rang,
To call his men together.

For Don Rodrigo of Bivar
Was to Toledo¹ bound ;
The King had summoned him to Court,
And there he would be found.

The palace-yard was crowded
With people of the town,
With troops of squires and cavaliers,
To see the Cid come down ;

He has come from out his chamber,
And on the stairs below
Ximena and her daughters stood,
For with him they would go.

With warm embrace he prayed them
To turn from whence they came ;
For when he saw his daughters fair,
He thought but of his shame.

He hastened to the portal
Where Bavieca was ;
It seemed to feel its master's pain,
As if it knew the cause.

Forth to the square he sallied
With armour black bedight,
Inlaid from gorget to the greaves
With golden crosses bright.

Ximena at the window stood
To see the troops advance ;
To give her joy he pressed his spurs,
And made his charger prance.

All eyes were fixed upon the Cid,
And as he wheeled around,
He to Ximena waved his cap,
And bade the trumpets sound.

Away they marched with beat of drum,
How brilliant looked his men !
The smiling sun lit up their arms,
And made them flash again !

And after many marches
Requena came in sight ;
The Cid at once reined up his steed,
But would not there alight.

For well did he remember
The old familiar place,
Where King Alfonso summoned him,
And treated him with grace.

He stood up in his stirrups,
 And raised his visor high,
 And with a grave and awful voice
 He thus aloud did cry :

“Thou stage of my dishonour,
 Where the hellish plot was laid,
 Wherein my coward sons-in-law
 The part of villains played !

Thou home of my misfortune,
 Where they found a welcome seat,
 And Judas-like, with double face,
 Did at my table eat ;

To the King I go for justice,
 For this to God I kneel ;
 Out from my frontiers shall they flee,
 When they my vengeance feel !”

With this he spurred his charger,
 His face with fury white,
 Against the tottering battlements,
 That trembled at the sight.

¹ *Toledo*. The Moors of Toledo were much displeased with their King, Yabia, the grandson of Alfonso's benefactor. Some of them chose for their king the King of Badajoz, while others sent to King Alfonso for help. Alfonso chased away his rival from before the city, and carried on a siege for four years. During this time he received great help both from the Cid and from Aivar Fañez, and in a battle at Consuegra the Cid's only son, Diego Rodríguez, was slain. The position of the city, surrounded by rocks and girt by the Tagus, made it impregnable, but it was compelled by famine to surrender. This was in A.D. 1085, or 1123, according to the Spanish æra, and before the Cid had commenced the siege of Valencia. See the *Cronica del Cid*, chaps. cxv., cxvi., cxviii.

ROMANCE LXVII.

“*Por Guadalquivir arriba.*”

ALFONSO AND THE CID.

MS. of 16th century.
Michaelis CLXIV.

ALONG the Guadalquivir
Rode travellers on the way ;
They all of them were honest men,
As country folks would say ;

They all had wide burnouses
Above their dresses fair ;
They all had home-spun *capas*
As husbandmen do wear ;

By day they fed their horses,
By night they travelled on ;
They did not fear the Moormen,
They feared the scorching sun.

Ere many days were ended,
They reached the royal town,
Where held the King his Cortès,
And there they lighted down.

The King with all his Courtiers
To greet them did not fail :
“Thou comest, Cid, an old man,
An old man and a hale!”

“I do not come from ladies' bower,
But from the bloody fight ;
From warring with King Bucar,
That king of mickle might !

I gained for thee his castles,
His lands and cities fair ;
I also wrested from that king
His famous high-backed chair !”

ROMANCE LXVIII.

THE CID AT THE CORTÈS OF TOLEDO.

Cancionero de Romances.
Escobar LXXVII.
Michaelis 167.

THREE Courts the King would summon,
Three Courts he held together ;
The one was held at Burgos,
And at Leòn the other.

The third within Toledo,
Where the *hidalgos* sate,
To render equal justice
To small as well as great.

Thirty days he has given for grace,
Thirty days, no more ;
“ I brand him traitor who lags behind ! ”
’Twas thus the good King swore.

Nine and twenty are past and gone,
Already the Counts are there ;
Thirty days are passing away,
Where tarries the good Cid, where ?

“ Senor, proclaim him traitor ! ”
 Cried the Counts of Carrion ;
 “ I will not do it ! ” replied the King,
 “ It is not to be done ;

The Cid in fight is a gallant knight,
 A doughty champion he ;
 Within the whole of these Courts of mine
 No better can I see ! ”

While thus they talked and answered,
 The good Cid came to hand ;
 Three hundred knights were with him,
 All gentry of the land.

Alike they dressed in rich attire,
 One cloth and colour bright ;
 But the Cid he wore an *albornoz*
 Of colour passing white.

He seemed to be an Emperor,
 And like him there was none,
 A morion bright was on his head,
 All flashing in the sun.

“ Good King, may God preserve thee,
 And you, brave Knights, I pray ;
 The Counts I do not speak to,
 Mine enemies are they ! ”

Uprose the Counts and answered,
 Their words were very free :
 “ We are the sons of kings, Señor,
 An Emperor’s nephews we ;

Say, with a peasant's daughters
Did we deserve to wed?"
To this the Cid made answer,
Ye will hear the words he said :

"O King, one day I begged of thee
To sit with me at meat ;
Thou camest ; and when the cloth was raised,
Of me thou didst entreat,

That with these Counts of Carrion
My daughters I would wed ;
I gave to thee this answer,
With due respect I said :

That I would ask their mother,
The mother that gave them birth ;
That I would ask their guardian,
That reared them by his hearth.

The guardian he made answer :
'O Cid, thou must not do it ;
The Counts are poor and ill-behaved,
And thou wilt surely rue it.'

But thou, O King, didst wish it,
And my consent was won ;
The wedding lasted thirty days,
None wished it longer, none.

Of the best of all my cattle
A hundred head fell low ;
The chickens and the capons, King,
I do not reckon, no !"

ROMANCE LXIX.

THE CID DEMANDS JUSTICE AT THE CORTÈS.

Escobar LXXXV.

Two leagues from out Toledo,
The King and all his train
Ride forth to meet the Cid, who comes
With thrice three hundred men.

The envious courtiers like it not,
Their anger will not cease ;
Some cry the honour is too great,
The others hold their peace.

In Galiana's palaces
The Court is all arrayed ;
The floor is decked with velvet rich,
The walls with fine brocade.

The Cid's own seat is planted ¹
Beside the royal chair ;
With many a sneer and many a jest
The Counts stand mocking there.

The Court is duly seated,
The King doth loudly call :
"Ye Barons bold both young and old,
Keep silence in the hall !

'Tis thine, O Cid, to make complaint,
The Counts' to make defence ;
'Tis mine with justice to decree
Their guilt or innocence.

Six judges of my Council
Will judge between ye both ;
Upon the Gospels they have sworn,
And with a solemn oath,

Unto the pleas on either side
To lend attentive ear ;
And sentence give without regard
To passion, love, or fear !”

Uprose the Cid and makes request
To have his trusty brands,
Tizona and Colada,²
Restored into his hands.

The King turns round unto the Counts,
To hear what they will say ;
They look with sullen countenance,
But not a word speak they.

The judges all make order,
They must the swords return ;
The Counts are loath to give them up,
Their cheeks with passion burn.

“ Restore them both ! ” exclaims the King,
“ Scant courtesy is yours ;
Ye did not gain them like the Cid,
In battle with the Moors ! ”

Again the Cid demands of them
 The wedding gifts they hold:
 The jewels and the garments fine,
 Two thousand marks of gold.

The judges all with one accord
 Condemn the counts to pay
 The worth of both the dowry,
 Upon their marriage-day.

His swords returned, his gifts restored,
 The Cid looked at his foes;
 And while a thrill ran through the Court,
 A third time he uprose:

The Cid's new seat. — This was a seat of ivory which he had won in Valencia, to whose right he had belonged. It was a right noble seat, and of some worth, so that without regard it would say it was the seat of a good man, and that it became such an one as the Cid. It was covered with coats of gold, silverman, which was a richness. — *SOUTHWAY*, IX, 111.

¹ We have already related how the Cid became possessed of Tizona. Orada he had taken from Ramon Berenguer, Count of Barcelona, before the siege of Valencia. — *Crónicas del Cid*, chap. 100.

ROMANCE LXX.

THE CID CHALLENGES THE COUNTS OF CARRION.

*Michaelis 177 and 179.
Sepulveda.*

HE placed his hand upon his beard,
His face was pale and dread ;
And with a voice that shook the hall
Thus to the Counts he said :

“ Fernan Gonzalez, hear me !
And let thy brother too !
For ye have done a deed of shame
No gentleman should do ;

In Tormes' woods ye treated
My daughters with disgrace ;
What cause had ye or reason
For villainy so base ?

Before the King and Grandees,
Before them every one ;
I challenge you as traitors,
For the deed that ye have done !

Your equals I will give you,
To fight you on the field ;
Confess that I have told the truth,
Or else your fate is sealed ! ”

The Counts were dumb with terror,
Their uncle took the word ;
Count Don García was his name,
In Cabra he was lord :

Quoth he : “ My noble nephews,
To stay ye need not care ;
But leave the good Cid sitting
Upon his lofty chair ;

He seems to be a bridegroom,
So modestly he sits ;
He thinks, I vow, with his long beard there,
To frighten away our wits !

Let him travel to Molina,
His trembling Moors to fleece ;
Or to Hormaña’s river-banks,
To till his lands in peace !

And set his mills a-going,
To earn his bread and fee ;
For never was the Cid a man
To rank with such as we ! ”

The Cid heard Don García,
And fire was in his eye ;
And when he saw that none of his
Would stand up to reply,

He turned unto Bermudez,
And said with angry brow :
“ Thou, Pedro the Mute, why dost not speak ?
What means thy silence now ?

My daughters and thyself are kin,
No closer bond can be ;
The foul dishonour cast on them
Alights as well on thee ! ”

Pedro, when he was called the Mute,
Upstarted with a bound ;
Rushed forth to Don García,
With all his men around,

And dealt him such a buffet
As felled him to the floor ;
A tumult rose, that filled the hall
With clamours and uproar.

The Counts in fury shouted :
“Cabra and Carrion ! ”
“Valencia and Bivar ! ” replied
The Cid’s men every one.

Uprose the King from off his seat,
His face with fury wan :
“Begone ! ” he cried ; “Hold every man ! ”
Again he cried : “Begone ! ”

“Without a further audience,
I hereby now decree,
In union with my Cortès,
The Counts have lost the plea ;

We bid them and their Uncle
Unto our sentence yield ;
And now take up the challenge,
To fight upon the field ;

The Cid is freed in that he gives
Three champions for the fight;
And let the men who combat best
Be held to have the right!"

To get their arms in order,
The Counts demanded grace;
Amid entreaties without end
The night drew on apace.

The King departed to his house,
The nobles every one;
They parted but to meet again
On the field of Carrion.

FROM THE POEMA DEL CID.

THE champions of the Cid are there, and to the lists 3624
have gone,
To fight in mortal combat with the Counts of Carrion ;
By lot the marshals share the field, and eke they share
the sun ;
They leave the champions in the lists, and front to
front each one.

Each warrior marks his foeman, and looks him in the
face,
And closely to their bosoms their bucklers they do
brace ;
They poise their pennoned lances, down-pointing at
their foes,
They bend their eager faces flush with their saddle-bows.

With rowels driven homeward they urge their steeds to 3630
break,
And with the tramping of the horse the very ground
doth quake ;
Now three 'gainst three in middle field they meet and
fiercely dash,
The crowds cry out that they are dead, so mighty is the
crash !

Pedro Bermudez, he the knight that first threw down the
 gage,
 Confronts Ferran Gonsalez, and with him will engage ;
 They strike each other on the shields, no fear is in their
 glance,
 And through the buckler of his foe, Gonsalez drove his
 lance ;

The point but cleft the empty air, the flesh it did not
 pierce,
 3640 The shaft was broke in pieces twain, so quick the blow
 and fierce,
 Bermudez firmly kept his seat, a stout man and a brave,
 And for the blow that he received, another blow he
 gave.

He struck the buckler on the boss, and sent it in the air,
 His lance went driving through and through, for nothing
 stopped it there ;
 He struck Fernando on the breast, and pierced his coat
 of mail,
 Three cunning plies of steel it had, which were of much
 avail.

The two were shattered, but the third was proof against
 the blow,
 Which drove the steel, and coat and shirt, down to the
 flesh below ;
 He drove them right into the flesh, I ween, a goodly
 span,
 3650 And from the mouthlet of the wound a bloody streamlet
 ran.

Now broke his charger's belly-bands, they were of little worth,
And o'er the crupper of his horse he staggered to the earth ;
Bermudez threw his lance aside, and took his sword in hand,
And when Gonzalez saw Tizon, he knew the famous brand ;
The blow he dare not face, and cried : " A vanquished man am I !"
The judges so decided it ; Bermudez let him lie.

Now Martin Antolinez, and he, Diego hight,—
Such trenchant blows their lances dealt, that they are broke outright ;
But Martin drew Colada forth, and held it high in hand, 3660
It lightened all the battle-field, that spotless shining brand !

He dealt a stroke upon his casque, a goodly back-hand blow,
It shore away the topmost plumes, and scattered them below ;
It bore away the casque and coif, and left the head full bare,
And deep it pierced into the flesh, right through the cloven hair.

So great a stroke Colada gave, that rare and precious one,
Diego, trembling for his life, bethought him but to run ; 3670
He gave his horse the bridle, to escape Colada's lord,
But Martin closed upon his track, and chased him with the sword.

His back he beat, and with the flat, the edge he would
not use :

Diego had his sword in hand, but fight he did refuse ;
The Infanta¹ uttered bitter cries, and to heaven his
clamour made :

“ O God of glory, shield me now ! Lord, rid me of this
blade ! ”

With that he gave his horse the rein, and leapt the
barrier bound ;

And Antolinez stood alone the master of the ground :

“ Come hither, Martin,” quoth the King, “ and take thy
place with me,

3680 By all thy *derring-do* this day, the vict'ry rests with thee ! ”
The judges so decided it ; they said his words were true ;
The champions of my Cid have fought, and won the
combats two.

How Muño Gustios fought the fight, the tale must now
be told,

And with Asur Gonzalez, that stalwart man and bold :

They struck each other on the shield, with mighty
strokes and true ;

Asur pierced Muño's with his lance, and drove it through
and through.

It quivered in the empty air, the flesh it did not touch,
Staunchly did Muño take the blow, and gave one other
such ;

3690 Through plate and boss and breast it went, with steady
sure advance,

And deep into the quivering flesh he drove his pennoned
lance.

Right through the body did it pass, with ghastly wound
and wide,
And forth it came, a good arm's length, out on the other
side ;
His foeman on the saddle reeled ; and as the lance came
forth,
Stout Muño jerked him from his seat, and hurled him
to the earth.

The shaft and steel and pennon all came out with gory
stain,
And all the crowds around believed Gonzalez to be slain ;
Now Muño stooped and poised his lance, the fatal thrust 3700
to make ;
When quick Asur Gonzalez cried : "Strike not, for
Heaven's sake !
I yield me now, the field is yours !" The deadly fight
was done,
And all the judges loud proclaimed : "On this we are at
one !"

Alfonso bade them clear the field, and seize the arms as
spoil ;
The champions of my Cid retire with honour from their
toil ;
To the Creator be the praise, the combat they have won ;
But wailing loud is heard throughout the lands of
Carrion !

The good King sent them off by night, that none might
bar their way ;
As stout and prudent cavaliers, they travelled night and 3710
day.

Behold them in Valencia, with the Cid Campeador,
 He gives them hearty welcome, they stand his face
 before :

“ My lord a duty gave us, that duty we have done,
 The Infantas, they of Carrion, are held as knaves, each
 one !

Who puts a noble dame to scorn, and leaves her heart-
 lesslie,
 A like disgrace alight on him, or worse if that may be ! ”

3720 But leave we those of Carrion, in all their shame and
 scorn,
 And tell we now of him alone, who in good hour was
 born ;
 Great joy is in Valencia's town, Valencia the gay,
 When as these noble Knights return with honour from
 the fray.

My Cid stands forth with beard in hand, and cries right
 joyously,
 “ All thanks be to the King of Heaven, avenged my
 daughters be !
 Henceforth in Carrion's heritage they have nor part
 nor lot ;
 I'll wed them now without disgrace, who likes or likes
 it not ! ”

Two suitors came, great princes they, Navarre and
 Aragon,
 They press their suit before the King, Alfonso of León ;
 3730 To Sol and to Elvira he weds them with good-will ;
 The former nuptials they were great, but these are
 greater still.

More honour hath the Cid from these than from the
first, I ween,
For of Navarre and Aragon each daughter is the Queen ;
And now to-day the Kings of Spain are kinsmen of his
race,
To him who in good hour was born, hath fallen so much
grace.

¹ The Counts of Carrion are invariably called " Infantes " in the
Poema del Cid.

ROMANCE LXXI.

THE CID OFFERS BAVIECA TO THE KING.

*Escobar LXXXVIII.
Sepulveda.*

THE Cid has left Toledo,
The good Cid of renown ;
The King to show his courtesie
Rides with him from the town.

Nine hundred men are round him,
A brave and gallant train ;
With Bavieca in their midst,
Led onward by the rein.

The King has scarcely left him,
When back he sends his men,
And prays the King would wait a space,
To speak with him again.

“ Good King ! ” he said on meeting,
“ My heart is full of shame,
To bear my Bavieca back,
That horse of wondrous fame !

For such a steed befits a king,
And I have done thee wrong ;
To none on earth except my liege
May such a steed belong.

And if thou wilt I'll show thee what
Thou hast not seen before ;
How Bavioca quits himself
When trampling down the Moor ! ”

They bring the steed before the King
Beclad with whitest fur ;
The Cid leaps lightly on his back,
And chafes him with the spur.

Anon they wheel, anon they bound,
And o'er the plain they thunder ;
The King and all his nobles round
Stand rooted there in wonder !

And now they praise the gallant knight,
His courage cool and keen ;
And now they praise the gallant horse,
Whose like was never seen.

While Bavioca charges
In fury round the spot,
One bridle rein is snapped in twain,
The Cid regards it not.

With one alone he gallops on,
And guides him round and round ;
At topmost speed he checks the steed,
And lights upon the ground.

“ I pray thee, take him ! ” cries the Cid,
“ He is thine own, O King ! ”
“ I will not do it ! ” he replies,
“ Far from me such a thing !

If he were mine, I'd give him thee,
He would be mine no more ;
For better knight with better horse
Was never matched before.

He does thee honour, noble Cid,
He honours us as well ;
And all my folk in all my lands
Thy daring deeds will tell.

Yet, by my sooth, he shall be mine,
But take him with thee now ;
And when I wish to have him back,
I'll send to thee, I vow !”

The Cid then bade the King farewell,
And kissed the royal hand ;
And onward to Valencia
He rode with all his band

ROMANCE LXXII.

THE SULTAN OF PERSIA SENDS A PRESENT TO THE CID.

Escobar LX.

ALL round the world has travelled
The good Cid's mighty fame ;
And Persia's distant children
Have learned to speak his name.

The Sultan in his palace
Has heard the tidings strange ;
And when he knew that all was true,
A gift he would arrange.

He has laden troops of camels
With purple, silks, and gold ;
With spices, myrrh and incense,
And riches manifold.

He has sent a worthy Grandee
Who at his table sate,
To bear his present to the Cid,
With fitting pomp and state :

“ Go, tell Cid Ruy Diaz,
The Sultan greets him well ;
And fain would gather from his lips
The news he has to tell.

And by the life of Mahomet,
I'd give him with my hand
The crown from off my royal head,
To see him in my land.

And may he please to welcome
The humble gift I give,
In token that I am his friend,
And shall be while I live!"

The Moor has reached Valencia
Ere many days had flown ;
And craved permission of the Cid
To speak with him alone.

The Cid went forth to meet him
Before he could alight ;
But when the Moorman saw his face,
He trembled at the sight.

He fain would give his message,
But words he could not find ;
The Cid was bland, and took his hand,
His speech was passing kind :

"Thou'rt welcome to Valencia,
Thou'rt welcome, Moor, I vow ;
And were thy king a Christian,
I'd go to see him now!"

With friendly talk and question
They rode along the way ;
And through the town, where all the folk
Kept merry holiday.

He showed him all his palaces,
His daughters and his wife :
Such beauty and such wealth the Moor
Ne'er saw in all his life.

He spent within Valencia
Full many a happy day ;
Until he begged permission
To journey on his way.

The Cid sent to the Sultan
A present rich and grand,
Of precious things that were unknown
Within the Persian land.

He then returned unto his house,
His daughters and his wife ;
And praised the God of Heaven for
The honours of his life.

ROMANCE LXXIII.

“SI DE MORTALES FERIDAS.”

Escobar LXIV.

“IF in the strife of battle
Of mortal wounds I die,
O carry me, Ximena,
To the church where I shall lie!

In San Pedro de Cardeña
Let my sepulchre be made :
By the shrine of Santiago,
Our champion and our aid.

No sound be heard of wailing,
For fear my gallant band,
When they shall miss this arm of mine,
Lose heart and leave the land!

Be bold before the Moormen,
Nor show the least despair ;
Here let them raise the shout, To arms ;
While I am buried there.

Nor let the pride of this right arm,
Tizona, my good brand,
Be e'er defrauded of its rights,
Or found in woman's hand!

And should my Bavioca,
If his be such a fate,
Return without his master,
And clamour at thy gate ;

Then open it and fondle him,
And feed him well for me ;
Who serves an honest master
Expects an honest fee !

Now bring my greaves and buckler,
And dress me for the field,
My morion and my gauntlets,
My spurs and lance and shield.

For now the day is dawning,
And the Moors they will not rest ;
Bestow on me thy blessing,
And be thou also blessed ! ”

With this he left Valencia,
And rode with all his men
To battle with King Bucar ;
God bring him safe again !

ROMANCE LXXIV.

“*Por el val de las Estacas.*”

THE CID AND THE MOORISH TRIBUTE.

*Codex of 16th Century,
Wolf and Hofmann I. 31.
Michaelis XXX.*

THROUGH the valley of Estacas
Rode the Cid along the way,
On his good steed Baviuca,
How fine he looked that day!

The Moorish King has spied him,
And goes to meet his guest :
“O Cid!” quoth he, “thou’rt welcome,
Thy coming it is blest!

And dost thou wish the siller bright?
Thou’lt have a share of mine;
And dost thou come to woo a wife?
My sister she is thine!”

The Cid looked grave and answered :
“O Moorish King, have done ;
I care not for thy siller bright,
I stand in need of none ;

Nor do I come to woo a wife,
Mine own is living still ;
I come to seek the tribute
Thou owest to Castile !”

“ O Cid, thou shalt not have it,
Thou shalt not have a jot ;
And if my father payed it,
He payed what he owed not !”

“ If with good grace thou give it not,
With bad I'll take it now !”

“ O Cid, thou canst not do it,
My lance is good, I trow !”

“ If so it be, thou Moorish King,
It is not much to tell ;
However good thy lance may be,
Mine own is good as well !

So give my King his tribute,
The good King of Castile !”

“ In that thou art his messenger,
I'll give it with good-will !”

ROMANCE LXXV.

“Helo, helo por do viene.”

Cancionero de Romances (n.d.).

Silva 1559.

Later editions of Cancionero.

Timoneda,

Wolf and Hofmann I. 55.

Michaelis CL.

HE comes, he comes, the Moorman comes
Along the sounding way ;
With stirrup short, and pointed spur,
He rides his gallant bay.

His spurs are of the beaten gold,
His socks of leather gay ;
He bears his buckler on his arm,
In his hand an assegay.

He looks upon Valencia's towers,
And mutters in his ire :
“ Valencia, O Valencia,
Burn thou with evil fire !

Although the Christian holds thee now,
Thou wert the Moor's before ;
And if my lance deceive me not,
Thou'lt be the Moor's once more !

That cursèd dog they call the Cid,
His beard I'll pluck and tear ;
And to my tent I'll captive lead
His wife Ximena fair !

His daughter Urraca Hernando
Shall be my leman then ;
And when I've had my will of her,
I'll hand her to my men !”

Thus spake the angry Moorman,
And gave his fury vent ;
The Cid was near, and heard him,
And to his daughter went.

“Come hither now, Urraca,
My daughter I love best ;
Take off thy homely garments,
And be thou gaily dressed !

Beguide that dog the Moorman
With many a civil word,
While I saddle Bavieca,
And buckle on my sword !”

The bonnie maiden busked herself,
And to the window hied ;
The Moorman when he saw her
With courteous greeting cried :

“May Allah keep thee, lady,
Urraca, lady dear !”
“The same I wish for thee, Señor ;
Thou'rt very welcome here !

For seven years, O King, for seven,
My lover dear thou art !”
“ As many more, Señora,
I hold thee in my heart !”

While thus they stood and answered,
With many a word and sweet,
The good Cid on his charger
Came riding up the street.

“ Farewell, farewell, Señora,
I may not tarry here ;
For Bavioca’s pattering hoofs
Are sounding in my ear !”

Away the Moorman gallops off,
The Cid holds not aloof ;
For where the good mare strikes the ground,
Bavioca plants his hoof.

Spake the Cid unto his charger,
Ye will give his words each one :
“ Now shame be on the mother
That waits not for her son !”

Through bush and brake full seven times
He tracked her round and round ;
The nimble mare, so light of limb,
Passed onward with a bound !

A river lay before them,
A bark was on the stream ;
And when the Moorman saw it,
With joy his eyes did gleam !

“ Ho ! bring thy bark, good boatman,
And bring it quick to me ! ”
The boatman heard his shouting,
And rowed right lustily.

The Moorman leapt within it,
Nor made the least delay ;
And when the good Cid galloped up,
He saw him sail away.

Right angry was the Cid, I ween,
And fire was in his glance ;
And with the fury that he had
He launched at him his lance !

“ Pick up my lance, good son-in-law,
And keep it firm and fast ;
I'll maybe ask it back from thee
Ere many days are past.”

ROMANCE LXXVI.

THE CID'S LAST INSTRUCTIONS.

*Escobar XCI.
Sepulveda.*

THE Cid lay dying, slowly dying,
Two days would end his life ;
He bade them bring Ximena,
His weil-belovèd wife.

He called for Don Geronimo,
For Alvar Fañez too,
Bermudez and Gil Diaz,¹
His servant leal and true.

When all the five were gathered,
And stood around his bed,
He looked at them with loving eyes,
And thus he slowly said :

“ Right well ye know the tidings,
King Bucar is at hand,
With thirty kings and countless Moors,
To take from me this land.

My last commands I give you,
Hear now what I've to tell :
When the breath hath left this body,
I pray you wash it well.

And take the myrrh and balsam,
The Sultan's gift to me,
And from the head unto the feet
Anoint it lovingly.

And thou, my dear Ximena,
And all thy women here,
When I have gone and passed away,
Shed not a single tear ;

No sound of grief or wailing
Be heard within the hall ;
For if the Moors should learn my death,
Much evil may befall.

And when King Bucar marches
With all his proud array,
And plants his tents around the town,
Be joyful on that day.

Send every townsman to the walls,
As many as may be ;
And beat the drums and sound the horns,
With shoutings and with glee.

And when ye all are ready
To journey to Castile,
Send secret tidings to your men,
And keep the matter still.

Let not a single Moorman
In all the suburbs know ;
Collect your treasures every one,
In readiness to go.

Then saddle Baveica
With harness of the best ;
And place my body on his back
In seemly garments dressed ;

And fix it well and truly,
That it may firmly stand ;
And let my sword Tizona
Be held within my hand.

Let the Bishop Don Geronimo
Go forward at my side ;
And let the good Gil Diaz
My Baveica guide.

And thou, Pedro Bermudez,
Do thou my banner hold,
As thou hast nobly held it
In many a fight of old.

And thou, brave Alvar Fañez,
Go forth against the Moor,
For though his hosts be wondrous strong,
Thy victory is sure.

This boon hath Heaven granted
In answer to my prayer ;
Thou shalt in triumph leave the field,
With wealthy spoils and rare.

I leave until to-morrow
What more I have to say ;
And when to-morrow's sun has set,
I shall have passed away ! ”

¹ *Gil Diaz.* This man was a Moor much valued by the Cid, who made him Alcalde and entrusted him with the collection of tribute. He it was who made the lamentation for Valencia, as is recorded in this history. But having been in childhood captive amongst the Christians, the lessons he had learnt at that time came back upon his memory, and he surprised his master one day by announcing his conversion to the now victorious faith. Whereupon he was baptized by the Bishop Don Geronimo, his sponsors being Alvar Fañez, Pedro Bermudez, Martin Antolinez, and Doña Ximena.—See SOUTHEY, X. XVI.

ROMANCE LXXVII.

THE CID'S TESTAMENT.

*Michaelis CXCII.
Sepulveda.*

IN his chamber at Valencia,
On the fifteenth day of May,
Eleven hundred and thirty two,¹
The good Cid dying lay.

Ximena knelt beside him,
His friends around were still ;
And with a solemn voice he gave
His last command and will :

“ To San Pedro de Cardeña
Let my body be conveyed,
And at the great Apostle's shrine
All solemnly be laid.

I leave to my hidalgos,
Who served me with their best,
To some a thousand maravedis,
Five hundred to the rest.

To thee, my wife Ximena,
My wealth and lands I give ;
That with all fitting honour
Hereafter thou mayst live.

I charge my good Gil Diaz²
To serve thee ever well,
Within Cardeña's cloister,
Where thou art now to dwell.

Do thou, and the good Bishop,
And Alvar Fañez too,
And Pedro Bermudez, carry me there,
With every honour due!"

He prayed to have the Sacraments,
Since death was drawing nigh;
Devoutly he received them,
With many a heavy sigh.

The tears came streaming downward,
As there in bed he lay,
And called aloud on Jesus Christ
To be his strength and stay:

"To Thee belongs the power,
O Virgin Mary's Son!
To Thee the world is subject,
Its kingdoms every one!

Bestow on me Thy mercy,
Nor let my soul be lost;
But bear it safely to Thyself,
When I give up the ghost!"

¹ The year of the Cid's death is A.D. 1099. Spanish chronology is somewhat confusing, as up to the 14th century the Spaniards reckoned not from the birth of our Lord, but from B.C. 38, the year when Augustus assumed the Imperial dignity.

² *Gil Diaz*. Gil Diaz did his best endeavour to fulfil all that his lord

the Cid Ruy Diaz had commanded him, and to serve Doña Ximena and her companions truly and faithfully ; and this he did so well, that she was well pleased with his faithfulness. And Doña Ximena fulfilled all that the Cid had commanded her ; and every day she had masses performed for his soul, and appointed many vigils. . . . She was always by the body of the Cid, save only at meal times and at night, for then they would not permit her to tarry there save only when vigils were kept in honour of him.—SOUTHEY, XI. XV.

ROMANCE LXXVIII.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE CID.

Jardin de Amadores 1st part, Zaragoza, 1611.

Francisco Meige, Tesoro Escondido, Barcelona, 1626.

Michaelis CXC.

THE old and faded banner,
With many a triumph crowned,
That fluttered sadly in the breeze,
Gave forth a wailing sound ;

The tambour's fiery rattle
Struck sharply on the ear ;
The shrill notes of the clarions
Were echoing far and near ;

Within his palace chamber
Lay the good Cid Campeador,
A patient humble man he lay,
For Death was at his door.

He bade them bring the trophies
Of many a triumph past ;
He bade them bring his trusty brands,
Good comrades to the last ;

And when he saw them glistening,
He rose up in his bed,
And pressing them between his arms,
He thus with sorrow said :

“ Colada and Tizona !
Of all my swords the best,
That pierced through many a coat of mail,
And clove down many a crest ;

What will you do without me ?
Where shall I find an arm
To keep your shining honour bright,
That else may suffer harm ?

Now bring my gallant charger ! ”
He to his friends did say,
“ For I would Bavioca ¹ sec,
Before I go my way ! ”

As meek as is the meekest lamb
His noble steed did come ;
His large eyes on his master fell,
But sorrow kept him dumb.

“ My friend, 'tis time for parting,
Thou now must lose thy lord ;
I cannot give thee thy deserts,
But this be thy reward :

Great as my deeds shall be thy fame,
And stand for ever fast ! ”
He said no more ; one look he gave,
That look it was his last.

Bavieca. Moreover Gil Diaz took great delight in tending the horse Bavieca. . . . And from the day in which the dead body of the Cid was taken off his back, never man was suffered to bestride that horse. . . . There were afterwards many good and precious horses of his race, and peradventure are at this day. And this good horse lived two years and a half after the death of his master the Cid, and then he died also, having lived, according to the history, full forty years. And Gil Diaz buried him before the gate of the Monastery . . . and he planted two elms upon the grave. . . . And Gil Diaz gave order that when he died they should bury him by that good horse Bavieca, whom he had loved so well.—SOUTHEY, XI. XV.

ROMANCE LXXIX.

VICTORY OF THE CID AFTER HIS DEATH.

*Escobar XCVIII.
Sepulveda.*

COLD, cold in death Rodrigo lay,
The Cid of noble name ;
To do his master's last behest
The good Gil Diaz came.

He first embalmed the body,
And wondrous was the sight ;
The face retained its beauty,
With colour fresh and bright.

The eyes were wide and open,
And comely was the beard ;
Of death there were no tokens,
So life-like he appeared.

He placed a board behind the back,
And one upon the breast ;
And in his chair, both firm and straight,
He left the Cid to rest.

Twelve days were gone ; the men of war
Were ready for the fight ;
To chase King Buear from the land,
With all his men of might.

They saddled Bavioca,
And there at even-tide
They placed the dead Cid on his back,
As he was wont to ride.

With dress and hose and armlets
Of colours black and white,
He looked as he was wont to be
When harnessed as a Knight.

A shield, with waving proud device,
Did from his neck hang down ;
A helm of painted parchment
Was planted on his crown ;

It looked withal like burnished steel,
Wrought by a cunning hand ;
And with his arm upraised he held
Tizona, his good brand.

At dead of night, when all was still,
The silent march began ;
With stalwart Knights, four hundred strong,
Bermudez led the van ;

He rode in front, with banner spread,
The baggage came behind ;
To guard its precious treasures
Four hundred were assigned ;

Next came the body of the Cid
In midst of all the train ;
Upon his right the Bishop rode,
Gil Diaz held the rein.

A hundred noble Knights were round
To guard the honoured corse ;
Ximena followed with her maids,
And twice three hundred horse.

They seemed to be but twenty,
So silently they passed ;
And when they left the town behind,
The day was breaking fast.

Now first was Alvar Fañez
To hurry to the fight,
Against the power of Bucar
And all his men of might ;

When lo ! a swarthy Mooress
Rode up to strike a blow,
Of gallant mien, and cunning hand
To draw the Turkish bow ;

Her name it was Estrella,
For like a star she shot
Her shining darts that cleft the air,
And never swerved a jot.

A hundred sisters black as night
Rode onward in her train ;
They fought that day a gallant fight,
But died upon the plain.

Amazed stood Bucar and his Kings,
To see the Christian throng ;
Arrayed in shining robes, they seemed
Full seventy thousand strong.

But there was one of stately mien,
That towered above the rest ;
His charger white as driven snow,
A red cross on his breast.

A banner white was in his hand,
His falchion gleamed like fire ;
And as he rode the Moormen down,
He smote them in his ire.

A panic seized the Pagan ranks,
To fight they had no mind ;
King Bucar fled with all his Kings,
And left the field behind.

With hurry-scurry to their ships
They every man did flee ;
The Christians smote them hip and thigh,
And chased them to the sea.

Ten thousand 'mid the waters sank,
And many more were slain ;
The rest embarked, and hoisted sail,
And left the shores of Spain.

King Bucar found a safe retreat,
There died full twenty Kings ;
The Cid's men captured all their tents,
Their gold and precious things.

The poorest men grew wealthy then,
The rich were richer still ;
With merry hearts they took the road,
And journeyed to Castile.

Within Cardeña's cloister,
And in San Pedro's fane,
They laid the body of the Cid,
Who gave renown to Spain.

ROMANCE LXXX.

MIRACLE AT THE TOMB OF THE CID.

*Escobar Ci.
Sepulveda.*

To San Pedro de Cardeña
The Cid embalmed they bore ;
The victor never vanquished
By Christian or by Moor.

By King Alfonso's orders
They placed him on his seat ;
His fine and valiant figure
Arrayed in garments meet ;

Uncovered was his visage,
Majestic it appeared ;
And on his bosom rested
His long and hoary beard ;

And at his side was girded
Tizona, his good sword ;
He looked as he was wont to be,
A great and honoured lord.

For seven years he rested there,
And once a year at least,
For his soul that is in glory
They held a solemn feast.

It happened on a certain year,
When all the crowd had gone,
The church was empty, and the Cid
Sat in his chair alone ;

When slowly pacing up the aisle
There came a stranger Jew ;
And when his eyes beheld the sight,
Full great his wonder grew.

“ It is the Cid ! ” quoth he, “ the Cid,
By Moor and Christian feared ;
They say, that when a living man,
None ever touched his beard ;

But, by my faith, I'll pluck it now,
Dead men can never harm ;
I fain would see what he will do
When I stretch out my arm ! ”

But ere the fingers touched the beard,
The Cid, with sudden hand,
A span-length from its scabbard
Drew out his famous brand !

A mortal terror seized the Jew,
That chilled him to the core ;
And backward in his fright he fell
Half-dead upon the floor.

The folk that came, and saw him lie,
Poured water on his face ;
And when his senses came they asked,
What meant his woeful case :

And when they heard the wondrous tale,
They praised their God anew,
Whose power had saved the Christian Cid
From the foul touch of a Jew!

But the Jew he was an altered man,
A Christian he became ;
And when baptized, Diego Gil¹
They gave him for his name.

Within San Pedro's cloister
He passed a life of prayer ;
And like an honest Christian
His days he ended there.

¹ *Diego Gil.* After that day the body of the Cid remained in the same posture, for they never took his hand off the sword, nor changed his garments more, till it had been there ten years in all. And then the nose began to change colour.

After this the chronicle goes on to relate how it was buried in a vault before the high altar, beside the grave of Doña Ximena, and how Gil Diaz remained there, doing service to the graves of the two. After this faithful servant had died and had been buried beside Bavioca, Diego Gil remained in his place, doing the same service which he had done, till he departed also. And the history saith that though Gil Diaz was good, Diego Gil was even better.—SOUTHEY, XI. XVIII. XIX.

ROMANCE LXXXI.

DON SANCHO AT THE GRAVE OF THE CID.

Escobar CII.

DON SANCHO, named the Valiant,
For doughty deeds of war,
From out Castile with all his men
Marched onward to Navarre.

His troops were richly laden
With wealth and mighty spoil ;
None dared to face his potent arm
Upon Castilian soil.

Castilian flocks and chattels,
He took them as his prey ;
In triumph, rich, and happy,
He homeward rode that day.

Upon the march he halted,
And bade his squadrons ride
To San Pedro de Cardena,
For there he would abide.

The Abbot in his cloister,
Whose charge it was to guard
The holy body of the Cid,
The sudden tidings heard.

He formed a grave procession,
In sacred garments dressed :
And with the banner of the Cid
He went to meet his guest.

By seven and seven along the road
The royal squadron comes,
With waving plumes, and banner spread.
To the beating of the drums.

They fondly look upon their King,
With pride their bosoms swell :
With kindling glance his eyes behold
The banner he loves well.

The Abbot went to meet him,
His welcome kind to bring,
And falling on his bended knees,
He thus addressed the King :

“ O King,” he said, “ despise not
The words that thou shalt hear ;
Nor to the reason of my voice
Lend an unwilling ear :

For well thou knowest, noble King,
And all ye men of might,
That all your spoil is Christian spoil.
To take it is not right.

Nor is it right that Christian men
Should meet in bloody fray
Against each other on the field,
To plunder and to slay.

Far better that thou draw thy sword,
 Now stained with Christian blood,
 Against the Moors who overrun
 Our country like a flood.

Behold the banner of the Cid!
 Thou springest from his line;¹
 Before its hallowed presence
 Thy booty now resign!"

The King alighted from his horse
 When he the banner spied;
 And greeting it on bended knees,
 He thus with ardour cried:

"O great and mighty banner
 Of that most famous lord,
 Who was the bulwark of Castile,
 Of death the flaming sword!

Who made the Moormen tremble,
 As low their power he laid;
 Who smote King Bucar after death,
 And kings his vassals made.

With whom the Saints had converse,
 And gained from God that he
 Should be a warrior all his life,
 And never conquered be.

To thee, and now before thee,
 To whom they all pertain,
 I dedicate these spoils of war,
 To rest within this fane!"

With this he gave his orders
To set the prisoners free ;
And to the holy Abbot
The wealthy spoils gave he ;

Through love and reverence for the Cid
He gave them all away,
In token that, though dead and gone,
His name would live for aye !

¹ King Don Sancho of Navarre stated to the Abbot, according to the chronicle, that his father, Don Garcia, was the son of Doña Elvira, one of the Cid's daughters.—SOUTHEY, XI. XX.

HISTORICAL ROMANCES.

ROMANCE OF THE KING DON RODRIGO :

SHOWING HOW HE LOST THE KINGDOM OF SPAIN.¹

Silva de 1550.

Cancionero de Romance.

I.

THE winds were sadly moaning, the moon was on the
change,
The fishes they were gasping, the skies were wild and
strange,
'Twas then that Don Rodrigo beside La Cava slept,
Within a tent of splendour, with golden hangings deckt.

Three hundred cords of silver did hold it firm and free,
Within, a hundred maidens stood passing fair to see :
The fifty they were playing with finest harmonie,
The fifty they were singing with sweetest melodie.

A maid they called Fortuna uprose and thus she spake :
“ If thou sleepest, Don Rodrigo, I pray thee, now awake ;
Thine evil fate is on thee, thy kingdom it doth fall,
Thy people perish, and thy hosts are scattered one and
all,
Thy famous towns and cities fall in a single day,
And o'er thy forts and castles another lord bears sway.

What traitor hand hath done it? The news to thee I'll
 break,
 It is the Count Don Julian, and for his daughter's sake ;
 Because thou hast dishonoured her, and put her name
 to scorn,
 That this will cost thy life's blood, he with an oath hath
 sworn."

There came while thus she answered, a messenger to
 hand,
 Who told how Count Don Julian was ravishing the land ;
 Up started Don Rodrigo, his face with passion white,
 In haste he called his charger, and sallied to the fight :

But thousand foes are circling round, his valour has no
 play,
 His Captains fall, his people flee, and he has lost the
 day.

8

11.

The hosts of Don Rodrigo lost heart and fled away ;
 When in the eighth encounter his foes had won the day,
 Rodrigo seized his bridle, and from the camp did ride,
 He went alone and wretched, no man was by his side.

His horse grew worn and wearied, and scarce a step
 could stay,
 He let it wander where it would, by every open way :
 The King went on heart-broken, a prostrate man was he,
 Half-dead with thirst and hunger, 'twas pitiful to see ;
 So bloody-red was his attire,
 He seemed to be on fire.

His armour set with jewels was dented o'er and o'er ;
His sword was like a saw with the hackings that it bore :
His helmet it was battered, and drooped upon his head :
His face was furrowed over with toil and suffering dread.

He went to mount a hill-top, the highest he could see,
And there beheld his people, how they were forced to
flee ;
He marked how all his banners, and the standards of the
crown,
Were strewn along the country-side, and basely trampled
down.

He fain would see his Captains, but could not see a man :
The streams throughout the battlefield with bloody
currents ran ;
Soon as his eyes beheld it, his wretched heart gave way,
And weeping tears of bitterness he thus began to say :

“ I yesterday was King of Spain, to-day no King at all :
I yesterday had forts and towns, to-day robbed of them
all ;
I yesterday had servant-men, to-day they all have flown,
Nor have I now one battlement that I can call my own.

That fatal hour was cursèd, and cursèd was the day,
When I was born o'er such a realm to have the sovereign
sway,
Since with my fall I've lost it all, and in a single day.
O Death, why dost not hasten, to bear my spirit soon
From out this wretched body? I'd thank thee for the
boon ! ”

III.

Soon as the King Rodrigo the crown of Spain had lost,
He travelled on despairing where'er it pleased him
 most ;
He hied him to the mountains, the bleakest he could
 find,
The Moors who were pursuing he left them far behind.

A-feeding of his flocks there a shepherd he did see—
“ Good man, I pray thee tell me, what I shall ask of
 thee ;
If there be any village here, or any place of rest,
Where I can lay me down awhile, for I am sore
 distressed.”

To this the shepherd answered : “ In vain you'll seek
 around,
There's but a single Hermitage in all this desert ground,
There dwells a lonely hermit, who leads a life of prayer ; ”
The King was happy if he could but end his sad life
 there.

He humbly asked the shepherd, if aught to eat he had ;
The shepherd from his wallet drew forth a loaf of bread,
Therewith a piece of sun-dried meat,
And gave the King to eat.

The King he scarce could touch it, the bread was very
 black ;
The tears came downward flowing, he could not hold
 them back,
Remembering well the dishes sweet
That he was wont to eat.

Soon as his rest was over, he journeyed on his way,
The shepherd well directed him, lest he should go
astray ;
The King a chain did give him, a golden ring likewise,
Most rare and precious jewels, that he was wont to
prize.

The sun was beating on his head as he the road did
take,
At length he reached the Hermitage of which the
shepherd spake,
And first before the holy shrine he thanks to Heaven
gave,
Then went to seek the Hermit, a holy man and grave.

The Hermit asked him what he sought within this desert
place ;
The King to him gave answer, while tears ran down his
face :
“ I am the wretch Rodrigo, the King that used to be,
I've come to suffer penance in company with thee.

By Heaven and blessed Mary! deny me not, I pray.”
The Hermit in amazement to soothe him thus did say :
“ Thou certainly hast chosen the way most sure and
plain
To work out thy salvation, and Heaven's mercy gain.”

The Hermit God entreated that He to light would bring
The penance he should offer most fitting for the King.
One day at length did Heaven the revelation make :
To place him in a gloomy vault, and with a living
snake!

Soon as the King had heard it, nought better would he ask,
 But with a light and joyful heart to set him to the task ;
 He went where God had ordered, to end his life of shame :
 To him the holy Hermit upon the third day came :
 " Good King," he said, " is't well with thee,
 With thee, and with thy company ? "

" As yet it hath not touched me, God wills it not to be ;
 That soon my wretched life may end, Hermit, entreat
 for me."
 The Hermit wept and sorrowed, compassion in his soul,
 Whate'er he could he gave him to strengthen and
 console.

Again the Hermit sought the vault, to see if he were
 dead,
 But found him there absorbed in prayer with groanings
 loud and dread ;
 He questioned how it fared with him : " God sure hath
 heard my vow ; "
 Replied the King Rodrigo, " the snake doth eat me now !

It eats me in the very part that best deserves the fate,
 That was the cause of all my crime, and my misfortune
 great."
 The Hermit stooped to succour him ; he saw the good
 King die ;
 Thus ended Don Rodrigo ; his soul fled to the sky.

¹ See note, p. 141.

X THE SEVEN SONS OF LARA.

ROMANCE OF THE BASTARD MUDARRA.¹

Cancionero de Romances.

Silva de 1550.

A-HUNTING went the noble knight,
And Don Rodrigo he was hight,
Rodrigo, he of Lara ;
The noonday heat was very great,
Beneath a shady beech he sate,
And cursed the young Mudarra :
"Thou son of Moorish maid," quoth he,
"If I should lay my hands on thee,
Thou bastard of a cursèd race,
I'd tear thy heart from out its place."

Thus spoke the lordling in his pride.
A stranger youth came to his side,
And due obeisance made ;
"Sir Knight, God's blessing rest on thee,
Beneath the green and shady tree."
The Knight he bowed, and said :
"Good Squire, thy coming it is blest,
Pray sit thee down a while and rest !"
"Nay, good Sir Knight, before I go,
Thine honoured name I fain would know."

Then up and spake the Knight of fame :
"Tis Don Rodrigo is my name,

Rodrigo, I of Lara :
 My sister, Lady Sancha fair,
 Wedded Gonzalo, Lara's heir :
 My nephews were the youthful band,
 Whose fate is known through all the land,
 The seven sons of Lara ;
 I wait Mudarra in this glade,
 Son of the cursèd Moorish maid :
 If he were now before my sight,
 I'd tear his heart out to the light."

" If thou hast come from Lara's stem,
 And Don Rodrigo is thy name,
 Then I'm the young Mudarra ;
 Born of the Moorish renegade,
 Gonzalo's son by Moorish maid ;
 I am the Lady Sancha's heir,
 And these, they were my brothers fair,
 The seven sons of Lara :
 Their lives, O traitor, thou didst sell,
 In dark Arabiana's dell ;
 May God above be in my aid,
 And I will lay thee with the dead !"

" Wait here a space within this field,
 Till I shall bring my sword and shield,
 I'll fight with thee, Mudarra !"
 " The space thou gavest *them*, I'll give,
 One moment more thou hast to live ;
 Go, traitor, to thy doom below,
 My father's curse and Sancha's foe !"
 Struck home the young Mudarra.

¹ See note, p. 9.

PEDRO THE CRUEL.

ROMANCE OF QUEEN BLANCHE OF BOURBON. ¹

Cancionero de Romances 1550.

“LADY MARY of Padilla !
Gloom not with thine eyes at me ;
Though I wedded two times over,
’Twas alone for love of thee,
And my bitter hate to launch
At the Bourbon Lady Blanche.

I will bid them at Medina
Weave for me a banner good,
With her burning tears bespangled,
Purpled over with her blood ;
And this banner wrought for me,
Lady, ’tis a gift for thee.”

Quick he called Alonso Ortiz,
He, a baron bold and true :
“Hie thee straightway to Medina,
End the work I bade thee do.”

Boldly spake Alonso Ortiz :
“Far from me be such a thing :
He who slays his royal Lady
Is a traitor to his King.”

Wild with fury rose the Monarch,
 Forth into the hall he went,
 And a fierce and trusty bowman
 On the deadly errand sent.

When the Queen's abode he entered,
 There she knelt alone in prayer :
 As her sad eyes met the bowman's,
 Quick she saw that death was there :

"Thy last hour has come, my Lady,
 'Tis my royal lord's command ;
 Make thy peace at once with Heaven,
 For I cannot stay my hand."

"Friend," replied the royal lady,
 "This my death I pardon thee ;
 If the King hath so commanded,
 Do thy deadly work on me !"

Then her eyes she raised to Heaven,
 And to God for mercy prayed ;
 And the bowman's heart it trembled
 With the melting words she said :

"France, O France, my lovely country !
 O my Bourbon blood and name !
 Seventeen birthdays have I witnessed,
 And to-day the eighteenth came.

Never has my husband known me,
 Virgin am I, pure and whole ;
 O Castile ! what have I done thee ?
 There's no treason in my soul !

Heavy was the crown thou gavest,
Stained with blood and many a tear ;
But I'll wear a crown in Heaven,
Better far than any here ! ”

Thus she knelt, and thus she uttered,
And to Heaven for mercy cried ;
With his mace the bowman struck her,
And the noble lady died.

¹ The next thing proposed was to marry the King ; and to that purpose John de Roelas, Bishop of Burgos, and Alvar Garcia de Albornoz, a gentleman of Cuença, were sent ambassadors into France, to ask one of the six daughters of the Duke of Bourbon, the most powerful prince of the blood royal in France, which they should most approve of for the King. The Duke having showed them his daughters, they made choice of the Lady Blanch, and she was contracted to the King by proxy. This lady was blessed with all perfections of soul and body, but unfortunate in her marriage, which ought to have been the complement of all her felicity.—*MARIANA*, Book XVI. ch. viii.

The King was wholly governed by Doña Maria de Padilla and her kindred. Ch. ix.

Many nobles of Castile were ready to take up arms upon pretence of protecting Queen Blanch, which heightened the King's hatred towards her. It was said he caused her to be poisoned in the prison where he kept her. She was doubtless the most unfortunate Queen of Spain. The manner of her death is not so certain. Book XVII. ch. iii.

BOABDIL'S FAREWELL TO GRANADA.¹

Duran II. 1082.

WITHIN Granada's city there are sounds of woe and glee,
Some pray aloud to Mahomet, some bless the Trinity;
The Cross comes in with shouting, the Koran goes out
with scorn,
And the merry bell is chiming, where once they blew the
horn.

Where "Allah! Allah!" sounded, "Te Deum" now is
chaunted,
Castile and Aragon's proud flag waves where the Cres-
cent flaunted;
One King rides in with triumph, the other weeping
goes,
He tears his white beard in his grief, and tells aloud his
woes:

"O my city of Granada! that never had a peer,
The pride of every Moorish land, to all the Moslems
dear;
For seven hundred years has the crown been worn by
thee
Of the famous line of monarchs, that now must end
with me!

Thou wert the fruitful mother of a noble race of men,
Whose like the land saw not before, and ne'er may see
again :

Who loved to be the foremost in war and chivalry,
The bitter foemen of Castile, the scourge of Christendie !

Thou wert the happy mother of maidens bright with
charms,

Whose glance inflamed our cavaliers, and made them
strong in arms ;

For them the pride of Afric's sons were fain to cross
the sea,

For them they gained their battles all, to them they bowed
the knee.

Sure never braver, gentler Knights did ladies' colours
wear,

Nor live in nobler palaces, so costly and so rare ;

But now the race with all its grace must pass away with
thee !

For Mahomet has fallen here, who rules across the sea.

I see thy fields and meadows, thou Vega of renown,

But thy fragrant flowers are withered, thy stately trees
are down ;

O woe betide the luckless King that such a crown has
lost !

'Tis his to feel the bitter shame ; 'tis his to pay the
cost ;

No more to ride a horse of war, or rank amongst his
peers,

But live where none can see his shame, and end his life
in tears !”

Granada's King has left it for his bark upon the sea,
To sail across Gibraltar's strait, and on to Barbary.
The Queen is there to meet him, with anger in her eyes :
She grasps his trembling hands and gives her clamour to
the skies :

“ O luckless King and coward ! that only thinks to fly,
Who leaves Granada to its fate, and will not rather die :
Had I my will I'd slay thee now, although I be thy wife,
Who cannot keep a crown like this should scorn to keep
his life ! ”

¹ For an account of Boabdil and all his misfortunes, we cannot do better than refer our readers to the late Lord Lytton's fascinating romance, “ *Leila, or The Siege of Granada.* ”

ROMANCES
OF THE
CARLOVINGIAN CYCLE.

All the Romances relating to Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers of France, or Paladins (as they were called from their attendance at the Palace), have for their foundation the Chronicle falsely attributed to Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, who was a contemporary of that monarch, but in reality written by a monk of Barcelona in the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century. The Chronicle itself is a tissue of superstitious miracles, and has nothing of the chivalrous romance afterwards piled up around it by the Spanish troubadours and the great Italian poets. The Twelve Peers were supposed to have been appointed in imitation of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, and were chosen (twelve at a time) from a larger number. The Spanish legends differ essentially from the French and Italian. The most famous of the Paladins was Orlando (Don Roldan), nephew of the Emperor, who seems to be identical with the German Roland. The Spaniards have created a hero of their own, Bernardo del Carpio, who kills the invulnerable Orlando at Roncesvalles by hugging him in his arms!

ROMANCES
OF THE
CARLOVINGIAN CYCLE.

ROMANCES OF DON GAYFEROS.

Cancionero de Romances.

I.

WITHIN her tiring-chamber sat the Countess and her son,
With golden scissors in her hand, to trim his locks each
one ;
And as she trimmed his flowing hair, she told a tale of woe,
That made his boyish heart to beat, and made his tears
to flow :

“ God send thee soon a manly beard, and manly strength
to wield
A sword that like Orlando’s wins honour in the field ;
Thy father’s death thou must avenge, thou, son, and not
another,
A traitor pierced him to the heart, that he might wed thy
mother.

They made for me a wedding grand, God's blessing was
 not there,
 Though cloths of gold they cut for me, the Queen herself
 might wear."
 To this the young Gayferos said, no word did he forget :
 " By God above and Mary blessed, I will avenge thee yet!"

The Count within his palace heard the mother and the
 youth :
 " Peace, peace, thou lady Countess, thy mouth is void of
 truth :
 I did not slay thy noble lord, nor cause him to be slain,
 But for the falsehood of thy words thy son shall bear the
 pain."

He called the old squires of the house, and bade them
 straightway hie
 To seize the young Gayferos and lead him forth to die.
 It is a blot, a burning blot, the death he did command :
 " Cut off," he cried, " his stirrup-foot and eke his sabre-
 hand,
 And from the sockets pluck his eyes, no more to see the
 sun,
 And bring his heart and finger small to tell the deed is
 done."

At once they bore Gayferos off, they bore him off to death,
 And as they walked they whispering talked of the deed
 with bated breath ;
 " Now blessèd Mary be our help, and all the heavenly
 powers,
 If we the tender boy should slay, a villain's curse is ours."

While thus they walked, and thus they talked, not know-
ing what to do,
They saw their lady's little dog the woods come running
through :
At once they cried, " We'll kill the dog, it is the safer
plan,
And tear its heart from out its breast, and bear it to
Galvan ;

We'll cut the finger from the boy, to suit the Count's
command,"
And so they said and so they did, and maimed Gayferos'
hand.
" Now fly thee hence, Gayferos, this is no land for thee ;
If thou but reach thy Uncle's home, in safety thou shalt
be."

To Don Galvan the squires returned, to end their mission
dread,
They brought the heart and finger back, and swore the
boy was dead ;
Soon as the Countess knew it, the fatal deed she cursed,
The tears came gushing from her eyes, her heart was like
to burst.

Upon the way by night and day Gayferos travelled fast,
And reached by many a weary step his Uncle's home at
last.
" May God be with thee, Uncle mine ! " " Thou'rt wel-
come, Nephew dear ;
What joyful news hast thou to tell, what luck has brought
thee here ? "

“ O Uncle, ’tis no welcome news, but sad and full of pain,
 For Don Galvan in mighty wrath did doom me to be slain ;
 But ’tis not this I come to tell, it is no wrong of mine,
 The wrong that I would have thee right, in truth is also
 thine :

To take revenge upon the man that basely slew thy
 brother,
 And send to death the traitor vile that dared to wed my
 mother.”

“ Compose thyself, my Nephew, and spare thine angry
 breath,
 The time will come when we shall go to avenge my
 brother’s death.”

Within his Uncle’s home he lived for two long years and
 more,
 Until Gayferos thus began his Uncle to implore :

II.

“ COME, Uncle, let us leave this place, and take the road
 to Paris,
 And let us wear the pilgrim’s garb for fear our plan mis-
 carries ;
 For if Galvan should find us out, to death we’ll quickly go,
 So let us cover our silken robes with sorry weeds of woe ;

And in our hands the pilgrim’s staff, that we may pass as
 strangers,
 But underneath our trusty swords, to serve us in our
 dangers.”

In sackcloth dress, with palmer's staff, they travelled on
the way,
By night along the open roads, and through the woods
by day.

At length they came to Paris, to Paris that city fair,
But found its gates all locked and barred, no man might
enter there ;
In vain they coursed its battlements, full seven times
around ;
They tried again, and at the eighth a wicket gate they
found.

With wondering eyes they gazed and asked the passers-
by within,
But not for hospital they ask, nor for the strangers' inn ;
But for the noble palace, where the Countess used to stay.
And there within her chamber fine their humble court
they pay.

“ God save thee, noble Countess ! ” “ O pilgrims, welcome
ye ! ”

“ For pity's sake, O lady fair ! bestow thy charity.”

“ O pilgrims, God go with you ! I cannot give you cheer,
For the Count hath ta'en a pledge of me to lodge no
pilgrims here.”

“ O give us of thy charity ! nor fear to break thy vow,
For so they give Gayferos in the land where he is now.”
She sighed to hear Gayferos' name, and had the tables
spread,
And gave them of the ruddy wine, and of the wheaten
bread.

While thus they sat the Count arrived : "What meaneth
all this cheer ?
Have I not ordered thee of old to lodge no pilgrims
here ?"
With this he raised his hand aloft and smote her hard
and sore ;
Her little teeth dropped from her mouth and fell upon
the floor.

Outspoke the honest pilgrims, they spoke both firm and
free :
"The Countess hath not so deserved for her noble
courtesie."
"Peace, peace, ye prating pilgrims, and cease to inter-
fere ;
No right have ye to raise your tongues, for I am master
here."

On this Gayferos drew his sword, and dealt him such a
blow,
That the head from off his shoulders came tumbling
down below.
The Countess, sorrow in her face, looked on with great
dismay ;
"Now who be ye, ye pilgrims strange, that dare the
Count to slay ?"

Outspoke the pilgrim stranger who the daring deed had
done :
"I am Gayferos, lady dear, thine own, thine only son."
"It cannot be, there is no truth in what you now allege,
For his little finger and his heart I hold them still in
pledge."

“ As for the heart, sweet Mother, it is not mine, I fear :
 As for the finger, good and well, see, it is wanting here.”
 The Countess, when she heard it, embraced her gallant
 boy,
 The sorrow faded from her heart, her grief was turned
 to joy.

III.

SHOWING HOW DON GAYFEROS RELEASED HIS CAPTIVE
 WIFE FROM THE HANDS OF THE MOORS.

Cancionero de Romances. See Don Quixote, part ii. chap. 26.

WITHIN the royal palace-hall Gayferos sat one day,
 Sat playing at the checker-board, to while the time away :
 He held the dice within his hand, they were about to
 fall,
 When the Emperor Don Carlos came marching up the
 hall ;
 He stood aghast to see him thus sit playing at the game,
 And, taking speech, he spoke to him these bitter words
 of shame :

“ Gayferos, had you been as quick to arm you for the
 fray,
 As you have been to throw the dice, and at the tables
 play,
 Then had you gone to seek your wife enslaved by
 Moorish art ;
 She is the daughter of my house, it cuts me to the
 heart.

By many she was courted, but no one would she take,
She banished all her lovers, resigned them for your
sake :
She married you for love alone, 'tis love must set her free ;
Oh, had she been another's wife, no captive wife were
she ! ”

Gayferos listened to his words, they filled him with
dismay,
He started from the table, he had no heart to play ;
He would have seized it in his hands, and dashed it at
his feet,
Had not Guarinos been with him, the Admiral of the
fleet.
The palace echoed with his cries that Heaven itself
might hear,
For his uncle Don Orlando inquiring far and near ;
He found him in the palace-yard all ready armed to
ride,
The gallant Durandarte was standing by his side,
And near him Oliveros stood, with many cavaliers,
Of such as held the highest rank among the twelve
great peers.

Soon as Gayferos saw him, he thus his words addressed :
“ For God's sake, Uncle, I entreat, come grant me my
request,
To lend me now your noble steed, and of your arms
the best ;
For the Emperor has done me wrong, most grievous
wrong this day,
Has said that I'm not fit for arms, but only fit for play.

You know it well, my Uncle, you know my words are true,
That since I went to seek my wife no blame to me is due ;
Three years I wandered sadly, o'er mountain and through flood,
My only meat the red raw flesh, my only drink its blood ;
With heavy heart and bruised limbs, and bleeding feet unshod,
I travelled on by night and day along the weary road ;
Yet never could I find her, though I sought her far and near ;
Now she's in Sansueña, that famous town, I hear.
No horse have I, you know it well, and armour I have none,
For Montesinos borrowed them, and to the feast has gone,
To combat at the Tourney, in the realms of Hungarie ;
But without arms and without horse I cannot set her free.
O Uncle, lend me yours, I pray, 'tis all the boon I crave !”
Orlando looked him in the face, and thus his answer gave :

“ Be silent, Don Gayferos, such words beseem you not,
These seven years your captive wife has had to bear her lot.
I never saw you without horse, your arms were ever bright,
But now that you possess them not you're eager for the fight.

Within St. John of Lateran I took a firm oath there,
To lend my arms to no one, lest a coward should them
wear ;
My horse that bears a brave man now, a worse shall
never bear."

Gayferos listened to his words, with hand upon his sword,
And with a fierce and angry voice, he thus took up the
word :

" It seems to me, Orlando, that you ever wish me ill ;
Had another called me coward, his voice had now been
still.

No man shall do me wrong, while for vengeance I have
breath ;

If you had not been my Uncle, I'd have fought you to the
death."

The nobles that were standing by, rushed in between the
twain ;

But Don Orlando turned to him, and thus took speech
again :

" It seems to me, Gayferos, that your years are very few ;
You have heard the ancient proverb, you know it to be
true,

That he that loves you most will give the chastisement
that's due.

Had I reckoned you a false knight I'd have torn you from
my heart ;

But I know you to be true, so I made you feel the smart.
Then take my horse and armour, I give you them with
pride,

And if you wish for company, I'll travel by your side."

“ I thank you,” said Gayferos, “ for your noble courtesie,
But I wish to go alone, and alone to set her free,
No man shall henceforth ever give the coward’s name
to me.”

Orlando then gave orders to have his armour dressed,
He took the trappings from his horse, replaced them with
the best ;

Himself put on the armour, assisted him to mount,
And then Gayferos sallied forth, still brooding o’er the
affront.

Orlando grieved to see him, and the twelve peers every
one,

But most of all the Emperor, to see him start alone ;
But when he left the palace gates, and entered on the
street,

Orlando came to him and said with loving words and
sweet :

“ Hope for the best, my Nephew, and since you go alone,
Give me the sword that’s in your hand, and take instead
my own ;

And though two thousand Moors should come, ne’er turn
from them your face,

But give the reins unto your steed and trust his noble
race ;

For if perchance he meet his match he’ll stand both
firm and true,

And if they come in countless hosts he’ll bear you safely
through.”

On this Gayferos gave his sword, and took Orlando’s own,
And, putting spurs into his steed, he sallied from the
town.

On to the country of the Moors Gayferos travelled fast,
In eight short days the journey made that fifteen days
should last.

'Mid Sansueña's mountains his temper knew no bounds,
He told his sorrow to the winds that Heaven might hear
the sounds ;

He 'gan to curse the wine he drank, and eke the bread
cursed he,

The bread the Moors are wont to eat, not that of
Christendie ;

He cursed the noble lady who had borne an only son,
For if his foes should cut him down, to avenge him there
was none :

He cursed the cavalier who rode without a page in
sight,

For if his spur should tumble off, there was none to set
it right ;

He cursed the solitary tree that grew upon the plain,
Where all the birds of all the world to pull it down were
fain,

And left no branch and left no leaf to shield him in his
pain.

He, railing in this manner, to Sansueña made his way,
It fell upon a Friday, when the Moors keep holy day ;
The King Almanzor in the mosque was chaunting forth
his song,

With all the knights and noblemen, who formed the royal
throng.

Soon as he reached Sansueña, the town of his desire,
He looked about for some one there, of whom he might
inquire.

He saw a captive Christian upon the rampart walk ;
Soon as Gayferos spied him, he thus began to talk :
“ O Christian, God preserve thee, and set thee safe and
free,
The news that I would gladly learn, do not refuse to me ;
Whilst with the Moors conversing, hast thou ever heard
the name
Of any Christian lady here, of noble rank and fame ? ”

The captive listened to his words, his eyes were filled
with tears ;
“ So many griefs I have myself, few others reach my ears ;
By day the horses of the King I have to dress and keep,
By night they hold me prisoner within a dungeon deep ;
Full many noble Christian dames I know are kept in
thrall,
But one especially from France, who ranks above them
all ;
The King Almanzor treats her as his daughter born and
bred,
And many Moorish kings I know do seek with her to
wed ;
The nearest street you see, Sir Knight, will bring you to
the place,
Where at the palace windows you'll see them face to face.”

To the grand square of the city he found the nearest way,
And there he saw the palace where the King was wont to
stay ;
He raised his eyes aloft to view the spacious casements
there,
And there sat Melisenda, with the other ladies fair.

When Melisenda saw him, her tears began to fall,
Though not by dress nor visage did she know him then
at all ;
But the white arms he was wearing, and all his knight's
attire,
Brought back to mind the twelve peers, and the palace of
her sire,
Brought back the jousts and galas that were her chief
delight,
And with a sad and quivering voice she thus addressed
the knight :

“ For Heaven's sake, I beg, Sir Knight, that you will
come this way,
And be you Christian, be you Moor, deny me not, I
pray ;
I charge you with a message, you'll have a good reward,
That if, Sir Knight, you go to France, you'll hasten to my
lord,
And tell Gayferos that his wife hath sent this word by
thee,
It seems to her the time has come he ought to set her free.
No fear of fighting with the Moors can make him so
unkind,
But other loves perchance have driven my memory from
his mind,
For absent love by present love is scattered to the wind !

And tell him also, good Sir Knight, for token still more
dear,
That all his jousts and tourneys 'mid us are blazoned
here.

But should my humble messages but rouse Gayferos' ire,
Then go to Oliveros for Orlando to inquire,
Or send them to the powerful lord, the Emperor, my
 sire;
And say that in Sansueña a captive's life I dree,
And should they fail to free me now a Mooress I must be.
They'll have me wed the Moorish king that rules across
 the main,
And crown me Queen of seven kings o'er Moorish land
 to reign;
They wish me now to change my faith, and so it may be
 yet,
But the loves of Don Gayferos I never can forget."

Gayferos listened to her words, and quick this answer
 sent:
"Come, dry your tears, my Lady, you need not thus
 lament,
The message you have given now you may yourself
 present.
Within the realm of mighty France, Gayferos is my name,
I am a lord of Paris, that city of great fame;
My uncle is Orlando, my cousin Olivier,
And Melisenda's love alone has brought her true knight
 here!"
When Melisenda heard him speak, she knew at once the
 man,
Withdrew her from the window, and down the staircase
 ran,
Threw open wide the portal, and rushed into the square;
Gayferos clasped her in his arms and kissed her then and
 there.

Uprose at once a Moorish dog that was the Christians'
 guard,
 And gave a cry so loud and shrill that Heaven might
 have heard,
 And as the Moorman shouted, they closed and barred
 the town ;
 Gayferos coursed it seven times, but outlet there was none.
 The King Almanzor sallied forth in haste from mosque
 and prayer,
 He bade the trumpets sound the alarm, give forth a
 general blare ;
 He bade the knights around him arm, and to their horses
 flee ;
 So many Moors were clad in arms, it was a sight to see.

When Melisenda saw him thus a-hurrying far and near,
 She raised her voice and spoke aloud in words so sweet
 and clear :
 " O valiant Don Gayferos, let nothing you dismay,
 For gallant knights were surely born to face the evil
 day ;
 And if you live to escape from this, you will have much
 to say.
 Would to the God of Heaven, and the Virgin pure His
 mother,
 That you had now Orlando's horse, or yours were such
 another ;
 Within the royal palace I have often heard him say,
 That when surrounded by the Moors, and barred was
 every way,
 He tightened well the horse's girths, and gave the breast-
 bands play,

And without thought of mercy, struck the spurs into its
flanks,
And then the horse with giant strength will bound and
clear the ranks."

Gayferos listened to her words, alighted from its back,
He tightened well the horse's girths, and left the breast-
bands slack ;

Then, without foot in stirrup, he on his charger leapt,
While Melisenda sat behind, and close beside him crept ;
He drew her arm around his waist, to serve in time of
need,

And without thought of mercy, struck spurs into his
steed.

The Moors came on with serried ranks, from far and
near around,

The mighty clamour of their tongues did cause his horse
to bound ;

But when they wheeled in circles round, he gave the
reins their swing,

His charger made a nimble leap, and o'er their heads
did spring.

When King Almanzor saw it, the gates he bade them
clear,

And seven battalions of the Moors he sent into the rear.
On this Gayferos turned him, and looked on every side,
And saw how thousand raging Moors were circling far
and wide ;

He looked at Melisenda then, and spoke thus in her
sight :

" My Lady, do not take it ill, that you must now alight ;

Amid this great commotion we must with patience wait,
For the Moors are round about us, and their strength is
 very great ;
You wear no arms, my Lady, you have no cause to fight,
But I have arms, and good ones too, and now must use
 them right."

Alighting, Melisenda then betook herself to prayer,
Her knees she placed upon the ground, her hands were
 in the air ;
And while she raised her eyes aloft, and never ceased to
 pray,
Gayferos turned him to the foe, his charger to the fray.
When from the Moors retiring, he scarce a step would
 take ;
But when he turned to face them, with such fury did he
 break,
That the thunder of his charging did make the city
 quake.
Where'er the foe was thickest, he rushed with giant
 force,
And if Gayferos bravely fought, more bravely did his
 horse.
So many Moors were slaughtered, to count them were in
 vain,
The blood that spouted from their wounds did redden
 all the plain.

When King Almanzor saw it, a troubled man was he :
" O Allah, thou protect me ! Who can this stranger be ?
It should be Don Orlando, the enchanted paladin,
Or Reinaldos de Montalvan, that knight of valour keen,

Or Urgel de la Marcha, of strength and courage rare ;
No single man of all the Twelve such deeds as these
could dare."

Gayferos listened to his words, and answered right away :
"Peace, peace, O Moorish King! have done, you know
not what you say,
Full many knights there be in France as valiant quite as
they ;
For I myself am none of these, and if you ask my name,
I am a lord of Paris, that city of great fame,
I hail me from the land of France, my name is Don Gay-
feros,
My uncle is Orlando, and my cousin Oliveros !"
When King Almanzor heard him speak with such an
angry frown,
He gathered all the Moors he had, and marched into the
town.

Alone stood Don Gayferos, the fighting men were gone,
To seek for Melisenda, then, he galloped on and on ;
When Melisenda saw him come, with nimble foot she
sped,
And saw his arms, that once were white, bestained with
bloody red.
With quivering voice she thus did speak, her eyes were
filled with tears,
"For Heaven's sake, Gayferos, for Heaven's sake calm
my fears,
And if you have received a wound, the worst O let me
know,
For the Moors who were so many may have dealt a
deadly blow.

With my shift-sleeves I will bind it, and with my flowing
veil,
For I know the art of healing, and will cure it without
fail."

"O haste thee," said Gayferos, "do not thyself alarm,
For had the Moors been twice as strong, they could not
do me harm.

Orlando's is the horse I ride, his are the arms I wear ;
No knight who wears such arms as these, for danger
more need care.

Quick, quick to horse, my Lady, no time is to be lost ;
Before the Moors return again, the passes must be
crossed."

They started off ; a sorrel steed fair Melisenda bore,
And as they rode discoursed of loves, of loves and
nothing more ;

They had no terror of the Moors, they saw them not
again,

The joy of being side by side did lighten all their pain.
By night they travelled on the roads, and through the
woods by day,

They ate the wild green herbs, and drank the water by
the way ;

And when they reached the fields of France, set foot on
Christian ground,

There were no happier hearts, I trow, in all the country
round.

At the entrance of a mountain-pass, the outlet from a
plain,

They saw a knight in armour white come prancing on
again ;

Soon as Gayferos saw him, the blood rushed to his face,
And turning to his lady, said: "We here must wait a
space,
For yonder knight advancing is a grand and powerful
knight,
And be he Christian, be he Moor, he shall be forced to
fight;
Alight you then, my Lady, and take your place by me."
He took her gently by the hand, her tears were falling
free.

While the knights were fast advancing, they set their
armour right,
And made the lances and the shields all ready for the
fight.
The horses when they came in sight commenced at once
to neigh;
Gayferos straightway knew his horse, and to his wife did
say:
"Dismiss your fears, my Lady, and mount again your
steed,
For the horse that now approaches is mine in very deed:
I've given him many a barley meal, I'll give him many
more;
The arms too, if my sight be true, I've often worn
before;
The knight is Montesinos, who comes in quest of me,
He was absent from the city when I left to set you free."
It pleased Melisenda much that such the truth should be.

Soon as the Cousins greeted they knew each other well,
And leaping nimbly to the ground their tales began to
tell.

Soon as their talk was ended, they journeyed as before,
Discoursing as they went of loves, of loves and nothing
more.

On through the land of Christendom they journeyed day
by day ;

As many knights as crossed their path, did come their
court to pay,

And noble dames and maidens joined Melisenda on the
way.

They came in sight of Paris ere many days had flown,
The Emperor himself came forth full seven leagues from
town.

With him came Oliveros, and Orlando in his suite,
With him came Don Guarinos, the Admiral of the fleet,
With him came Don Belmudez, and the good old Don
Beltràn,

And of the twelve round-table knights there came full
many a man ;

The noble Lady Alda, Orlando's spouse, was there,
And the Lady Juliana, King Julian's daughter fair,
And high-born dames and damsels of rank and lineage
rare.

The Emperor his daughter kissed, and shed full many a
tear,

The tender words he said to her were passing sad to
hear.

The Twelve received Gayferos with thunders of acclaim,
And held him as the bravest knight within the ranks of
fame ;

Because he had released his wife from great captivité,
The feastings that they gave him then, they were a sight
to see.

MONTESINOS.

ROMANCE OF ROSA-FLORIDA.

X

Cancionero de Romances.

IN Castile there stands a Castle, and its name is Rosa-
florida,
'Tis the Castle they call Roca, and the fountain they call
Frida ;
Solid gold are its foundations, and its towers of silver fine ;
In the space 'twixt every turret there a sapphire stone
doth shine,
Shines as clear amid the night
As the sun in broad daylight.

In the Castle dwells a maiden, Rosa-florida is she ;
Seven Earls have sought to wed her, and three Dukes of
Normandie ;
Such her pride and her disdain, she has put them all to
flight,
For her love to Montesinos, love by hearsay not by sight.

Being so one night it happened, Rosa-florida groaned and
wept,
And her chamberlain he heard it in the chamber where
he slept,
“ Rosa-florida, what is this ? What is this, my Lady dear ?
Either thou art sick of loves, or becoming mad, I fear ! ”

“Neither am I sick of loves, nor becoming mad, perchance :

Take these letters now and bear them to the lovely land of France ;

Give them there to Montesinos, 'tis the thing I hold most dear,

Tell him he must come and see me, at the Easter time of year ;

This my body I will give him, none fairer in Castile, I know,

Be it not my lovely sister's, that with luring fire doth glow ;

And if more he ask of me, much more I will give him still,

I will give him seven castles, better none in all Castile.”

THE BATTLE OF RONCESVALLES.

DURANDARTE.

ROMANCE OF O BELERMA!

Cancionero de Romances.

“O BELERMA! O Belerma!
Thou wert born to give me pain;
Seven years I served thee truly,
Never could thy favour gain;
Though thou love me now I perish,
Perish on this battle-plain.

O my cousin Montesinos,
Bear in mind my old behest:
That when Death should take my body,
And my soul have gone to rest,

You my heart would straightway carry
Where Belerma then might be;
And would serve her well and truly
For the love you bear to me;

And would twice in every week
Bring my memory to her thought ;
And would bid her well remember
With what price her love I bought ;

And would give her all my lands,
Where I reigned as lord alone ;
For since now I lose herself,
All my wealth with her is gone.

Montesinos ! Montesinos !
What a thrust this lance hath made !
Now my arm is growing powerless,
And the hand that wields my blade.

All my wounds are wide and gaping,
And in streams my blood doth flow ;
All my lower parts are freezing,
And my heart is beating low ;
Never shall those eyes behold us,
That from France did see us go.

Now embrace me, Montesinos,
For my soul is taking flight,
And my voice is low and quivering,
And my eyes have lost their light.

I have given my last commands,
Act in all things in my stead.”
“ May the Lord in whom you trusted
Hear the words you now have said ! ”

Cold in death lay Durandarte,
Underneath a green beech-tree ;
Montesinos stood bewailing,
And his tears were falling free.

From his head he took the helmet,
From his side the sword unbound,
Made for him a sepulchre
With his dagger in the ground.

By the oath that he had given,
He the heart cut from his breast,
For to bear it to Belerma,
By his cousin's last request,
Words that he could not control
Now came gushing from his soul :

“ O my cousin Durandarte,
Cousin to my heart most dear,
Sword that never yet was conquered,
Valour high without a peer ;
He who slew you, O my cousin,
Wherefore did he leave me here ? ”

✧ THE BATTLE OF RONCESVALLES.

ROMANCE OF THE LADY ALDA.

Cancionero de Romances 1550.

IN Paris dwelt the lady fair, Orlando's promised bride,
Three hundred dames of honour there sat with her side
by side,
Of all the damsels in the land none fairer might ye
choose,
Alike they wore their silken robes, alike their broidered
shoes ;

Around a single board they sat, a single meal to share,
The Lady Alda sat alone, the fairest of the fair ;
A hundred wove the satin fine, a hundred spun the gold,
A hundred played the music sweet that cheered her
heart of old.

And while they touched the tuneful chords, their Lady
sunk to sleep,
And while she slept she dreamed a dream, made every
nerve to creep ;
With startled eyes she wakened up, her limbs they
quaked for fear,
And gave a cry so loud and shrill that all the town
might hear.

“O Lady Alda, what is this? what means this cry of fear?”

“O maidens, I have dreamed a dream will wring your hearts to hear :

Methought I stood upon a hill within a desert ground,
When lo! I saw a wild hawk fly from out the mountain
round.

An eagle strong was in pursuit, and sought to strike him
down,
The panting hawk a shelter sought beneath my silken
gown ;
The furious eagle dragged him forth, while loud the
hawk did shriek,
And stuck its claws into his plumes, and tore him with
its beak.”

“O Lady!” quoth her waiting maid, “this dream is plain
to me :

The wild hawk is thy noble spouse, who comes across the
sea ;
The eagle it is thou thyself, with whom he has to wed ;
The high hill is the holy Church, where the blessing
must be said.”

“If so it be, thou maiden sweet, a guerdon rich thou’lt
win ;”

But morning dawned and letters came, all blood without,
within ;

They told a tale, a dismal tale, that rang throughout the
palace,

That brave Orlando had been slain in the chase of
Roncesvalles.

THE BATTLE OF RONCESVALLES.

ROMANCE OF THE ADMIRAL GUARINOS.

Cancionero de Romances.

AT the chase of Roncesvalles, Frenchmen, bitter was
your fall,
There Don Carlos lost his honour, died the twelve peers
one and all ;
There they captured Don Guarinos, he the Admiral of
the seas,
Seven Moorish kings were round him, like a swarm of
angry bees.

Seven times they drew the lot, who should have the
noble knight ;
Seven times Marlotes won it, seized his prize with great
delight,
For he prized him better far, to give lustre to his crown,
Than the kingdom of Arabia, and its city of renown.

“ Now by Allah, Don Guarinos, would you but become a
Moor,
Riches you shall have in plenty, though you now be
wondrous poor ;
Both my daughters I will give you, one to dress and
deck you fine.

And the fairer one to wed you, and upon your breast
recline.
All Arabia and its city I will give you as her dower,
And if more you wish to ask, more by far is in your
power."

When Guarinos heard the offer, firm his answer was
expressed :
"Now may God in Heaven forbid it, and His mother
Mary blessed,
Moorish faith shall ne'er be mine, I'm a Christian born
and bred,
I've a lovely bride in France, 'tis with her I mean to
wed."

Like a fury rose Marlotes, thrust him in a dungeon
drear,
Gyves were fastened on his hands, never more to grasp
the spear,
Water flowed up to his hips, ne'er to press his charger's
seat,
Seven loads of iron bound him, from the shoulder to
the feet.

Days are passing, days are coming, seven years have
come and gone,
Now arrives the gladsome feast, 'tis the morning of St.
John ;
Then the Christians cull the cypress, myrtle decks the
Moorish doors,
And the Jews they scatter rushes to adorn the festive
floors.

Now Marlotes in his glee bids the Moors a joust prepare,
Bids them rear a massive pile, towering grandly in the
air :

Then the Moors they launch their spears, now a shout
and then a laugh,
Hurls the one, and hurls the other, but they reach it not
by half.

King Marlotes marks the contest, and a furious man is
he,

Curses all the Moors about him, and proclaims the stern
decree :

“ Let the infants have no suck, let the grown-up eat no
crust,
Till that high and mighty pile shall be levelled with the
dust.”

Don Guarinos in his prison hears the clamour and the
jest :

“ Now may God in Heaven be with me, and His mother
Mary blessed,
Either 'tis the King's fair daughter, whom they carry to
be wed,
Or the feast has come again when to punishment I'm
led.”

Then the jailer standing to him turned, and thus he
said :

“ 'Tis no daughter of the King, whom they carry to be
wed,
Neither has the day arrived, day of punishment you fear,
'Tis the great feast of St. John, when the merry have
good cheer ;

King Marlotes in his glee bade them rear a building
high,
Such its grandeur and its height that it reacheth to the
sky ;
All the Moors have launched their spears, none can bring
it to the ground ;
King Marlotes in his fury hath decreed the country
round :
“ ‘ That the infants have no suck, that the grown-up eat
no crust,
Till that high and mighty pile shall be levelled with the
dust.’ ”

Up and answered Don Guarinos to the jailer at his side :
“ Give me now my noble steed that of old I used to
ride,
Give me now my shining arms that of old I used to
wear,
Give me now my sturdy lance that of old I used to
bear,
And that building I will level, though it reach the very
sky ;
If I fail to keep my promise, as a false knight let me
die.”

In amazement stood the jailer, looked his prisoner in
the face :
“ Seven years have you been captive, seven years within
this place,
Not a man a year could bear it, not a man I ever knew,
Yet you boast of strength and vigour such a mighty feat
to do.

But have courage, O Guarinos, for in me no friend
you lack,
To the King I'll bear your message, and will bring his
answer back."
Forth in haste the jailer went, whispered in Marlotes' ear,
"News, O King, I have to give you, would you but
consent to hear ;

For my prisoner hath boasted, standing at my very side :
Give him but the noble steed that of old he used to
ride,
Give him but the shining arms, that of old he used to
wear,
He would bring yon building down, towering proudly in
the air.'"

Cried Marlotes when he heard it : " Bring the captive to
my side,
With my eyes I would behold how the boastful knight
can ride ;
Let them fetch his ancient steed from the waggon in the
field,
Let them buckle on his armour, battered helm and rusty
shield."

Laughed and jeered the Moorish monarch, when the
champion sallied forth,
" See the lofty pile, Sir Knight, canst thou make it kiss
the earth ?"
Charged in fury Don Guarinos, dark and fearsome was
his frown,
Like a thunderbolt he struck it, with a crash it tumbled
down.

When the raging Moors had seen it, fierce they swarmed
around the knight,
But Guarinos like a giant braced him for the fearful
fight ;
On they came with banners flying, fit to hide the noon-
day sun,
But Guarinos never flinched till the deadly work was
done.

Ne'er so furious was his charge, ne'er so fatal was his
lance,
Through their ranks he hews a pathway, onward to the
land of France.

MOORISH AND FRONTIER
ROMANCES.

MOORISH AND FRONTIER ROMANCES.

SUSPIRA POR ANTEQUERA.

MOORISH BALLAD ON THE LOSS OF ANTEQUERA.

Timoneda.

IN Antequera sighed the Moor,
Granada's King was sad ;
But 'twas not for the town itself,
Far better towns he had.

He sighed but for a Moorish maid,
That lived a captive there,
With bonnie face and rosy cheeks,
The fairest of the fair.

Her sixteenth year had come and gone,
Her seventeenth now smiled ;
More than his eyes he loved her well,
Had loved her from a child.

To see her thus in stranger hands,
Whose power he could not shake,
Made thousand sighs escape the King,
As if his heart would break ;

His words were mingled with the tears
That down his cheeks did roll :
“ Alas ! Narcissa of my life,
Narcissa of my soul !

I've sent thee letters full of love,
That burns within my heart,
Red with the wounds that pain my breast,
Pierced with a golden dart.

Thou gavest me this answer sad :
That writing could not save—
Then Almeria I will give
To be thy ransom brave.

Oh what are towns and lands to me ?
My soul in prison lies ;
I'll leave Granada's throne and crown,
If less will not suffice.

To Antequera I will go,
And take a captive's place,
If but to live where thou dost live,
And look upon thy face.”

X ABENAMAR. ✓

MOORISH ROMANCES.

Perez de Hita.

Wolf and Hofmann I. 78. a.

“ ABENAMAR, Abenamar,
Moor of Moors, and man of worth !
On the day when thou wert cradled,
There were signs in heaven and earth.

Hushed in slumber was the ocean,
And the moon was at its full ;
Never Moor should tell a falsehood,
Whom the lucky planets rule.”

Up and spoke the Moorish Ancient,
Listen to the words he said :
“ I will tell the truth, my lord,
Though it cost me now my head :

I'm the son of Moorish father,
Of a Christian captive born ;
Well she nursed me, well she taught me,
Lying words to hold in scorn.

Well she nursed me, well she taught me,
When I was a tender youth ;
Ask me, King, and I will answer,
Nothing will I tell but truth."

"Abenamar, Abenamar,
With thy words my heart is won !
Tell me what these castles are,
Shining grandly in the sun !"

"That, my lord, is the Alhambra,
This the Moorish Mosque apart,
And the rest the Alixares,
Wrought and carved with wondrous art.

For the Moor who did the labour
Had a hundred crowns a day ;
And each day he shirked the labour
Had a hundred crowns to pay.

Yonder stands the Generalife,
Ne'er was garden half so grand ;
And below, the tower Bermeja,
Stronger none in all the land."

Up and spake the good King John,
To the Moor he thus replied :
"Art thou willing, O Granada,
I will woo thee for my bride,
Cordova shall be thy dowry,
And Sevilla by its side."

“I'm no widow, good King John,
I am still a wedded wife ;
And the Moor, who is my husband,
Loves me better than his life !”

ROMANCE

✕

OF THE MOORISH KING WHO LOST ALHAMA.

Perez de Hita.

SLOWLY rode the Moorish Monarch through Granada's
city great,
From the bastion of Elvira to the Bibarambla gate.
Alas for my Alhama !

Letters brought the fatal tidings, that Alhama had been
ta'en ;
In the fire he tossed the letters, bid the messenger be
slain.
Alas for my Alhama !

From his mule he quick alighted, rode on horseback
through the town,
Up the Zacatin he galloped, at the Alhambra lighted
down.
Alas for my Alhama !

Through the palace rang his summons, all his people
gathered round ;
Bade his martial trumpets blare, bade his silver clarions
sound.
Alas for my Alhama !

Bade them beat his drums of war, sounding forth the
dread alarm,
Through the Vega and Granada, summoning the Moors
to arm.

Alas for my Alhama !

When the Moors had heard the clamour calling to the
bloody fight,
One by one, and two by two, forth they come in all
their might.

Alas for my Alhama !

Then spake out a Moorish Ancient, these the words he
had to say,
“Why this summons, O my King, why this summons to
the fray ?”

Alas for my Alhama !

“Friends, it is a new disaster meets us to our bitter cost :
By the Christians’ fierce assault, proud Alhama we have
lost.

Alas for my Alhama !”

Then spake out a grave Alfaqui, with dishevelled beard
and grey,
“Well it serves thee, noble King, and will serve for many
a day !

Alas for my Alhama !

Thou hast slain the Abencerrages, fair Granada’s flower
and pride,
And from Cordova hast gathered base deserters to thy
side.

Alas for my Alhama !

For this deed thou well deservest yet to bear a double
pain,
That Granada taken should be, thou and thine in battle
slain."

Alas for my Alhama !

ROMANCE OF THE MOORISH KING
AND THE RENEGADE.

Cancionero de Romances. Silva de 1550. Timoneda.

FROM Almeria to Granada
The Moorish King did ride,
And thrice a hundred Moorish Knights
Went prancing by his side.

At times they sported with the lance,
And then at gallantrie ;
And of his mistress and her charms,
Each one was boasting free ;
When out there spake a Renegade,
In Seville born was he :

“ Ye all have vaunted yours, my lords,
And now I'll speak of mine :
Her face so fair and ruddy bright
Like morning sun doth shine.”

On this outspoke the Moorish King,
His words were passing free :
“ A lovely mistress such as this
Belongs of right to me.”

“I'll give her thee, my noble King,
If thou my life wilt spare.”
“Present her now,” replied the King,
“And I will grant thy prayer.”

He drew a medal from his breast,
The Virgin Mary's face ;
The King grew pale to see it,
And turned him from the place :

“Away with him ! This scoffing dog
To Almeria bear ;
Bestow him in a dungeon deep,
To live his life out there !”

THE FUNERAL OF CELIN AUDALLA.

Depping. Romancero Castellano.

THROUGH the gateway of the Vega
Ride the Moors at dead of night,
Clad in robes of deepest mourning,
'Tis a sad and fearful sight ;
In their midst they bear a coffin,
Torches cast a lurid light :
“’Reft of light and love together,
Whither goes poor Celin, whither ?”

’Twas but yesterday he tilted
With the knights of high renown,
When a fierce and furious Moorman
Without reason struck him down ;
Tears were flowing in Granada,
Loved was he by all the town :
“’Reft of life and love together,
Whither goes poor Celin, whither ?”

March behind him all his vassals,
And an agèd seer and wise ;
All his sisters four are round him,
Tears are streaming from their eyes ;

And the tambour's solemn beating
Mingles with their sobs and cries :
" 'Reft of life and love together,
Whither goes our Celin, whither ? "

Deep in sorrow stand the Moormen
As they see the funeral go ;
Hoarse and quivering are their voices,
Though their sound be hushed and low.
Hark ! from every Moor and Mooress
Comes the throbbing cry of woe :
" 'Reft of life and love together,
Whither goes poor Celin, whither ? "

Breaks the ranks an ancient Mooress,
She had nursed him when a child,
Tears her hair and beats her bosom,
Crying out in accents wild :
" Tell me, all ye standers-by,
Whither goes my darling child ?—
Life and love and all together,
Whither goes my Celin, whither ? "

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

MOORISH ROMANCE.

Perez de Hita. Wolf and Hofmann I. 93.

AROUND the walls of Santa Fè beleaguering lines were
laid,
And countless tents were pitched behind of silk and gold
brocade ;
Full many a Duke and Count were there, the noblest in
the land,
And Captains bold, that swelled the host of good King
Ferdinand ;
They all were men of valour proved, and now had drawn
the sword,
To win Granada's kingdom fair in battle for their lord.

One morning at the hour of nine, there came a Moor in
sight,
Who rode upon a charger black, with many a speck of
white ;
And, strange to see, its nostrils twain were severed under-
neath,
The Moor had trained it thus to bite the Christians with
its teeth.

The Moor was clad in vesture fine, of scarlet, white, and
 blue,
 And underneath his flowing robes a coat of armour true ;
 He bore a double-headed lance of temper wondrous
 keen,
 And buckler of the buffalo hide, the finest Fez had seen.

Upon his horse's tail there hung, by way of bitter jest,
 The blessèd Mary's rosary, such scorn was in his breast.
 Soon as he reached the martial tents he spake out bold
 and free :
 " Now who will be the hardy Knight that dares to fight
 with me ?

Come one, come two, come three or four, it matters not
 a jot,
 Or let the Captain of the youths, he is a man of note ;
 Let Count de Cabra sally forth, in war a potent name,
 Or Gonzalo Fernandez, whom Cordova doth claim ;

Or let brave Martin Galindo, a soldier few can touch,
 Or the brave Portocarrero, whom Palma honours much ;
 Or else Don Manuel de Leòn, the first of daring men,
 Who boldly snatched his lady's glove out from the lions'
 den.

Or if they shrink, let Ferdinand, the good King, sally
 forth ;
 I'll cause him soon to understand what Moorish might is
 worth."
 The Cavaliers around the King the fierce defiance heard,
 And each was burning to be first the Moorish Knight to
 beard.

Then up rose Garcilaso, a gallant youth of grace,
 And begged permission of the King the pagan foe to
 face ;
 " O Garcilaso, thou art young, too young for such a
 feat,
 It needs a stronger arm than thine this raging Moor to
 meet."

Away went Garcilaso, all angry and confused,
 To think the King before the camp his prayer had
 refused ;
 He went to gird his armour on, his plan he kept con-
 cealed,
 And mounted on his coal-black steed he sallied to the
 field.

In dark disguise he went his way, no man his errand
 guessed,
 And when he reached the battle-ground he thus the
 Moor addressed :
 " Now wilt thou see, thou caitiff Moor, that good King
 Ferdinand
 Has hosts of valiant Cavaliers thy prowess to with-
 stand ;

I am the youngest of them all, and come by his desire"—
 The Moor looked down upon the youth, and said with
 scornful ire :
 " I am not wont to take the field to fight with beardless
 boys ;
 Return, rash lad, and tell the King to send a better
 choice !"

Then Garcilaso, mad with rage, put spurs into his steed,
 And straight against the scoffing Moor he launched with
 all his speed :
 The Moor, who saw him coming fast, round in a circle
 wheeled,
 And then commenced a furious fight all round the tilting-
 field.

Though Garcilaso was a youth, he fought with valour
 true,
 And pierced his foe beneath the arm, and sent his lance
 right through.
 The Moor he staggered on his seat, and on the field fell
 dead ;
 The youth alighted from his horse, and severed off his
 head.

He placed it on his saddle-bow. From the horse's tail he
 tore
 The blessèd Mary's rosary, dishonoured by the Moor ;
 He fell upon his bended knees, and kissed it long and
 loud,
 And placed it on his lance's point, to serve as pennon
 proud.

He seized the Moorish charger, and with the spoils of
 war
 He hastened to the royal camp ; they saw him from
 afar :
 The lords and nobles every one received him with
 applause,
 They held him as a gallant Knight to fight in such a
 cause.

He knelt before the King and Queen ; they gave him
honour meet,
And marvelled much that such a youth should do so
grand a feat.
'Twas in Granada's Vega that thus he won his fame,
And Garcilaso de la Vega thereafter was his name.

THE TRIBUTE OF A HUNDRED MAIDENS.

Duran l. 617.

WITHIN Ramiro's palace
A solemn Council sate—
The King with all his grandees,
Grave matters to debate.

When lo! a sprightly maiden,
As radiant as the sun,
Marched up the hall before them all,
And asked the leave of none.

Her robes were white and glistening,
Most comely to behold;
And down her shoulders rippled
Her locks of shining gold.

The Ancients looked and wondered,
She looked at them as well,
And while they all kept silence,
Her tale she 'gan to tell:

“O King Ramiro, pardon
My bold intrusion now;
For I'll give thee better counsel
Than any here, I trow.

I may not call thee Christian King,
I cannot with good grace ;
Methinks I see the Moor peep out
Behind thy Spanish face.

For Moor is he who does for Moors
A base, unchristian thing ;
Who gives a hundred Spanish maids
Each year to please their King.

'Twould be a finer action
To set thy realm on fire,
Than let it slowly bleed to death
At any Moor's desire.

Or if they must have tribute,
Then send as many men ;
Through very fear they will not wish
To have the same again.

But if thou give them maidens,
Each one of all the train
May bear five lusty sons or six
To swell the foes of Spain.

'Tis well to leave thy men at home,
Their spirit is but poor,
To raise up daughters for the use
And pleasure of the Moor.

But if they shrink from battle,
Then tell them every one,
They'll have to fight the maidens yet
For the wrong that they have done.

And, by my troth, we'll conquer too,
For, as the matter stands,
Thy women have the manly hearts,
Thy men but women's hands."

And some made merry ; but the King,
A troubled man was he,
He vowed a vow that he would die,
Or set his kingdom free !

He sent a speedy summons
To all his men of might ;
The glorious Santiago
Went with them to the fight.

They met the fierce Almanzor,
And beat his forces down ;
The King gave freedom to Castile,
And to himself renown.

THE PALMER.

Duran l. 292.

WHEN I sallied forth from Burgos,
I was happy as the May ;
When I rode on to Valladolid,
I was merry all the way.

But I met a holy Palmer,
And he stopped me for to say :
“ Why ridest thou so merrily ?
Thou child of sorrow, stay !

My heart for thee is bleeding,
It is a bitter day ;
For thy lady-love is lying,
Cold, cold in the clay !

I met her bier advancing,
And black was the array :
I heard the friars chanting,
I sang as sad as they.

Seven noble Counts were round it.
Their solemn dues to pay ;
A thousand knights did follow
In mourning all the way.

I heard her damsels wailing,
I heard what they did say :
“ ‘ Alas ! alas for the Cavalier
Who hath lost his love this day ! ’ ”

The Palmer's tale was ended,
My senses went away ;
Twelve weary hours passed o'er me
As on the ground I lay.

I went to see her sepulchre,
And sobbing there did pray :
“ Let me rest with thee, dear lady ;
Let me rest with thee alway ! ”

But a voice so sad and tender
From out the grave did say :
“ Live, live, my darling lover,
Though thy love hath passed away !

God give thee luck in battles,
And another love some day ;
For my heart for thee is aching,
Though my bed be in the clay ! ”

GALERISTAS DE ESPAÑA.

Duran, Romancero General. Vol. II. 1808.

TAKE to your oars,
Seamen of Spain !
Bring me my lover
Across the main !
Captive he's lying
Amongst the Moors ;
Seamen of Spain,
Take to your oars !

As round your galley
The billows roll,
Wild thoughts are swelling
Within my soul ;
Hoist up the sail,
Fresh is the breeze ;
Bring me my lover
Across the seas !

Tho' cold be the water,
And chill winds blow,
My love's fire burneth
While falls the snow ;

Cleave through the billows,
Fly with the breeze ;
Bring me my lover
Across the seas !

Dark rocks are frowning,
The risk is great
To thread the pass
Of the narrow strait ;
God will assist ye,
Go with the breeze ;
Bring me my lover
Across the seas !

The winter is over,
No time to wait,
On through the pass
Of the narrow strait !
God bless the galley,
And bless the breeze,
That bring my lover
Across the seas !

ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY,
PHILOSOPHY, AND LOVE.

ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY, PHILOSOPHY, AND LOVE.

O VALENCIA! O VALENCIA!

ROMANCE OF THE MOORISH KING.

*Traditional ; published by Mila y Fontanals.
Wolf and Hofmann II. 129.*

“ O VALENCIA! O Valencia!
Valiant city of renown,
Once the Moor he was thy master,
Now thou art a Christian town.

Soon again upon thy ramparts
Shall the Moorish tongue be heard ;
Soon the Christian King I'll capture,
And cut off his royal beard.

And the Queen, his spouse, I'll bear her
To my home, a slave for life ;
And her young and comely daughter
I will cherish as my wife.”

God be thanked, the Christian monarch
Heard the Moor and all he said ;
Hied him to his daughter's chamber,
Where she lay asleep in bed.

“ O my daughter, loved and cherished,
O my life, and heart's desire !
Wake thee up, and in a moment
Dress thee in thy best attire !

Hie thee to the Moorish monarch,
And with words his heart beguile ! ”
“ Welcome, bonnie maiden, tell me
Wherefore hast thou ceased to smile ? ”

“ O my father fights in battle,
And my mother stays in bed,
And my blithesome elder brother
On the field is lying dead. ”

“ Tell me now, thou bonnie maiden,
Why this sound so rude and coarse ? ”
“ 'Tis the pages of my father,
And they dress and feed his horse. ”

“ Tell me now, thou bonnie maiden,
Why this clash and beat of drum ? ”
“ 'Tis the pages of my father,
Homeward from the field they come. ”

Scarce an hour has hurried over,
And the Moor they bind with chains ;
“ Tell me now, thou bonnie maiden,
What my doom, and what my pains ? ”

“ Moor, the doom that thou deservest
Is among the flames to die,
And thine ashes to be scattered
To the fiercest winds that fly ! ”

ROMANCE OF THE AVENGING CHILDE.

Canc. de Romances.
Silva de 1550.

HE comes, he comes, the avenging Childe, with a fierce
halloo and loud,
And he gallops along on his plunging steed, as swift as
a stormy cloud ;
He gathers his mantle around his arm, his face is a face
to fear,
And he holds in his hand, as he gallops along, the shaft
of his hunting spear.

'Tis a right good spear, with a point so sharp, the
toughest ploughshare naight pierce,
For seven times o'er was it tempered fine in the blood
of a dragon fierce,
And seven times o'er was it whetted keen, till it shone
with a deadly glance,
For its steel was wrought in the finest forge, in the realm
of mighty France.

Its shaft was made of the Aragon wood, as straight as
the straightest stalk,
And he polished the steel, as he galloped along, on the
wings of his hunting hawk ;

“Don Quadros, thou traitor vile, beware! I'll slay thee
where thou dost stand,
At the judgment seat, by the Emperor's side, with the
rod of power in his hand.”

Seven times he thought: Shall I strike or no? At the
eighth he launched the spear;
It glanced by the breast of the traitor vile to the Emperor
standing near;
Like lightning it passed through his mantle fine, and the
silken robes he wore;
So swift was the blow, that it fell below, and stuck in the
red-tiled floor.

The Emperor spoke from his judgment seat, and a furious
man was he:

“Thou traitor Childe, hast thou thrown thy spear, hast
thou aimed its point at me?”

“I cry thee mercy, my royal liege, no villainous plot had I,
For I aimed at the heart of Quadros there, that traitor of
deepest dye.

Seven brothers had I, he slaughtered them all, and I,
I stand alone;

But I'll fight him to death for the cruel deed, and here
at the foot of the throne.”

Don Quadros had troops of friends around, the avenging
Childe had none,

Save the Emperor's daughter, a maiden fair, and she was
the only one;

She leadeth them down to the lists of war, bids the
martial trumpets sound;

On their steeds they dash with a mighty crash, Don
Quadros bites the ground.

The Childe alights, and with one fell blow he severs the
traitor's head ;
On the point of his spear it was borne aloft, at the
Emperor's feet was laid.
The Infanta smiled on the daring Childe, and her smile
was sweet and bland ;
The King judged right the avenging Knight, and gave
him his daughter's hand.

THE LAY OF THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

Cancionero de Romances. Silva de 1550.

“ I WEEN it is the month of May, with its bright and
beaming skies,
When the lark is gaily singing, and the nightingale re-
plies ;
When the lads and lassies wander forth, their tales of love
to tell ;
While I, most sad and sorrowful, must haunt this dreary
cell.

The day from night I cannot tell ; both would be one
to me,
Had I not had a birdie sweet, to sing to me on the tree.
An archer with his fatal bow one morning shot him dead :
It was a cruel, cruel shot, God’s curse be on his head !

My life has lost its light now, for my birdie sweet I lack ;
My raven locks are white now, and flowing down my
back ;
My beard so long and shaggy might o’er the table spread,
And my finger-nails so sharp might serve to cut my bread.

If the King hath done the deed, to do it is his right ;
If the gaoler be the culprit, I call him a knavish wight.

O came there here but a speaking bird, his coming I
would hail,
I care not what, a lightsome lark, or thrush, or nightin-
gale.

But let him be by ladies bred, and wise in birdie's lore,
For he must take my message safe to my winsome
Leonore ;
And bid her send a pasty grand, no salmon nor trout
for me,
But a noiseless file and a sharpened pike are both therein
to be—

A file to cut my irons through, a pike for the turret
strong"—
The doors fly wide, his fetters fall, for the King has heard
his song.

THE LAY OF THE ENCHANTED LADY.

Cancionero de Romances.

THE Cavalier a-hunting went, and hunted all the day,
His hounds were worn and wearied out, his falcon went
 astray ;
He sat him down beneath an oak, an oak of wondrous
 height,
And as he sat and rested there, he saw a wondrous sight ;

For there upon a lofty branch, amid the foliage green,
There perched a maid, whose beauty rare no mortal eyes
 had seen ;
The clustering hair that crowned her head fell rippling
 down below,
Her eyes shone out like burning suns and made the
 forest glow.

“ Fear not, Sir Knight, nor let the sight thine eyes with
 horror fill,
For I'm the daughter of the King and Queen of all
 Castile ;
Seven witches they enchanted me when in my nurse's
 arms,
To keep me here for seven years they brewed their hellish
 charms ;

To-night the seven years are gone, or with the rising sun ;
For God's sake stay with me this night, until the spell
 be done ;
And bear me safely to thy home, I'll be thy loving wife,
Or if thou wilt, thy dearest friend, to serve thee all my
 life."

" I'll come, sweet maid, at early morn, I cannot stay to-
 night,
I go to ask my mother dear to counsel what is right."
" Now shame on thee, false cavalier, thy courtesy is small,
To leave a lonely maiden here and night about to fall."

At break of day he rode in haste, to free the maiden fair,
He went to find the wondrous oak, but not an oak was
 there ;
He sought for her, and called for her, through all the
 forest glade,
When lo ! advancing he beheld a stately cavalcade :

A troop of gallant Knights and Lords came prancing o'er
 the green,
And in the midst the lady rode majestic as a queen.

The Knight had scarcely seen her, when down he fell as
 dead,
And when his senses came again, these fatal words he
 said :
" The Knight who such a prize has lost, has honour lost
 and fame,"
With that he fell upon his sword, and died for very shame.

7

ROSA FRESCA, ROSA FRESCA.

Can. gen. de Toledo, 1527. Can. de Rom. Silva de 1550.

“ BONNIE rose, bonnie rose,
 Rose of love and joy!
 When I held thee in my arms,
 I was but a boy;
 Now my heart is all aglow,
 But I cannot have thee, no!”

“ ’Twas thy fault alone, my friend,
 ’Twas no fault of mine;
 Thou didst send thy servant to me
 With a letter fine;
 But it was of no avail,
 For I heard another tale!

I heard that in Leòn already
 Thou hadst there a bride;
 A winsome wife, with bonnie bairns
 Running at her side!”

“ He who told thee that, Señora,
 Did not tell the truth;
 Nor in Castile nor in Leòn
 Have I been since my youth;
 Since I was a simple boy,
 Dreaming not of love or joy!”

FORTE-FRIDA, FORTE-FRIDA.

Duran, Romancero General.

FOUNTAIN fresh, fountain fresh,
 Fountain fresh and bright,
Where the merry birdies all
 Come for their delight ;
All except the turtle-dove,
She has lost her mate and love !

Came that way the nightingale,
 Deep in every wile,
And he whispered in her ear
 Words so full of guile :
“ Art thou willing, lady dove,
I will be thy mate and love ! ”

Get thee gone, thou traitor vile,
 Base deceitful lover,
Nor on leafy branch I perch,
 Nor amid the clover ;
Though the waters brightly beam,
Liefer mine the drumly stream !

I would have no husband, no,
 I would have no child ;
’Tis so long since I have loved,
 Long since I have smiled ;

Quit my sight, thou fair and false,
 Bird of treachery !
I'll not be thy light-o'-love,
 No, nor marry thee ! ”

ROMANCE OF MORIANA AND THE
MOOR GALVÀN.

Codex of the sixteenth century. Timoneda. Silva de Romances.

IN the tower sat Moriana
With the Moor Galvàn at play,
Sat playing at the checker-board
To while the time away.

With every game the Moor lost,
He lost a city brave ;
Whenever Moriana lost,
Her hand to kiss she gave.

The Moor he sunk to slumber
In midst of his delight ;
When through the lofty mountains
There came a stranger knight.

He came with tears and groaning,
With bleeding feet and bare ;
For the loves of Moriana,
King Morian's daughter fair.

The Moors had ta'en her captive
One morning of St. John,
While gathering flowers and roses
In her father's fields alone.

When Moriana saw him,
At a glance she knew him well ;
Her tears fell fast and faster,
And on the Moor's face fell.

With fear the Moor upstarted,
And thus began to say :
"What means it, O my lady,
What gives you such dismay?

If my Moors have made you angry,
I'll cause them to be slain ;
If your damsels have offended,
I'll make them smart with pain ;
Or if the Christians grieve thee,
Their lives I'll march to gain.

My dress it is my armour,
My rest it is the fight,
My bed the barren rocks,
My sleep a watch at night."

"The Moors they have not angered me,
I would not have them slain ;
Nor have my maids offended,
I would not give them pain ;
Nor would I have the Christians
By you in battle ta'en.

I'll tell what deeply moves me,
I'll tell the truth to you ;
For coming through the mountains
I see a knight in view ;
It is my spouse, I know it,
My dear, my lover true."

The Moor his hand uplifted,
And smote her on the face ;
The blood o'er all her white teeth
Came flowing down apace.

He bade his watchmen seize her,
And there upon the spot
Where first she saw her lover,
To let her life's blood out.

When there she cried : " A Christian, I
With my life's blood do part,
Because I told my true loves
For the husband of my heart."

MI PADRE ERA DE RONDA.

Cancionero de Romances. Silva de 1550. Timoneda.

My father was of Ronda,
My mother of Antequera ;
The Moors they led me captive
To Xeres de la Frontera ;
'Twas just between the peace and war,
To sell me dear they led me far.

In the market seven days I stood,
God wot but they were many ;
But not a Moor or Mooress there
Would bid for me a penny.

For gold doubloons twice fifty told,
A Moorish dog then bought me ;
He bore me off unto his house,
And put a chain about me.

A drudging life he made me lead,
No rest he gave nor parley ;
By day I had to cut the grass,
By night to grind the barley.

He put a bridle in my mouth,
No meat at all he found me ;
My hair he twisted in a knot,
And then in irons bound me.

But, God be thanked, his mistress fair
Was kindlier than her betters ;
For when the Moor a-hunting went,
She took away my fetters.

She bade me sit upon her lap,
She combed my hair so finely ;
I did my best to please her well,
She treated me so kindly.

She sent me to my ain countrie,
With gold doubloons twice fifty ;
And so it pleased the God of Heaven
That I am here in safety.

ROMANCE OF DON GARCIA.

Cancionero de Romances. Silva de 1550.

DON GARCIA paced the Castle walls, his grief he could
not smother,
One hand did hold his golden shafts, his bow was in the
other ;
He cursed his evil fortune, that had brought him to this
day,
And as he walked he muttered, to give his sorrow play :

“ The King he trained me from a boy, still fit for love
and war,
He gave me horse and armour, the best of things that
are,
He gave the Lady Mary to be my loving spouse,
He gave a hundred damsels to tend her in the house.

He gave Ureña's Castle to be her wedding dower,
He gave a hundred Cavaliers to watch and keep the tower ;
He sent me bread, he sent me wine, he sent me water
sweet ;
The Castle then did nothing lack that man could drink
or eat.

But alack ! the Moors beleaguered me, one morning of
St. John,
And still they hold the siege as close, though seven years
are gone ;
My men they die of hunger, they cannot hold out long ;
I place the dead armed on the walls, that the Moors may
think us strong.

Our stores are all exhausted, we have the worst to dread ;
For all the Castle doth contain is one small loaf of
bread ;
And if I give it to the boys, for my wife what shall
remain ?
Or if, O wretch, I eat it, my men may well complain."

He breaks the loaf in pieces four, and hurls them from
the walls ;
One fragment strikes the royal tent, and at the King's
feet falls :
" O Allah ! sorrow to my Moors, with rage they well may
stamp,
When the leavings of yon Castle are sent to feed our
camp."
He bids the trumpets sound retreat, through all the
country round,
And having raised the weary siege, he marches from the
ground.

THE LADY AND THE LIONS.

ROMANCE OF DON MANUEL DE LEÒN.

Codex of the sixteenth century.
Duran, Romancero General.
Timoneda.

IT is Don Manuel de Leòn,
A knight of noble name,
And he has done a deed at Court
Shall hand him down to fame.

'Tis Lady Anna de Mendoza,
With whom he had to do,
A lady she of rank and worth,
And thus the matter grew :

She wandered through the palace halls,
The evening feast was done,
And ladies fair were by her side,
And gay knights many a one.

Within a spacious gallery
They stood with looks amazed,
For down into the lions' den
The Lady Anna gazed.

So did they all with fluttering hearts,
To see the lions four ;
Such fearful heads, such powerful limbs,
And such an angry roar !

The lady fair let fall her glove,
It was with wily art,
For she would prove the gallant knight
Who had the boldest heart.

“My glove has fallen!” she exclaimed,
“And sore against my will;”
She cast around a burning glance,
Made every heart to thrill:

“Now who will be the gallant knight,
For honour or for love,
Who dares to face the lions four,
And bring me back my glove?”

My word of honour here I pledge,
Good luck shall him befall,
I'll hold him as the bravest knight,
And love him best of all!”

Don Manuel hears the taunting words.
A knight of honour true,
And while the rest with shame decline,
He dares the deed to do.

He from his girdle plucks his sword,
His mantle round his arm,
And enters straight the lions' den,
Nor shows the least alarm.

The lions look with glaring eyne,
But ne'er a muscle move;
He passes scatheless through the gate,
And bears away the glove.

He mounts the stairs with hasty stride,
His wrath he cannot smother,
With one hand he presents the glove,
And smites her with the other :

“Take, take the glove, and never more
In such a worthless strife,
Dare ask a gentleman to risk
His honour or his life.

And if perchance the knights around
Should think the deed ill-done,
Then to the field as knights should do,
And fight me one by one !”

“Stir not a step !” the lady cried,
“Enough of proof we have
That thou, Don Manuel de Leòn,
Art bravest of the brave ;

And if, Sir Knight, thou be content,
To be thy wife I'm glad,
For well I like a gallant man
Who dares to smite the bad.

The old refrain is very true,
I know it to my cost,
That he who loves you best of all
Will oft chastise you most !”

To see with what a manful heart
She bore his angry stroke,
To see with what a winsome grace
And dignity she spoke,

The knight was charmed and much content,
And hastened to her side,
He took her hands, and kissed her cheek,
And won his noble bride.

ROMANCES OF SIR LANCELOT.

"Nunca fuera caballero."

Cancionero de Romances.

NEVER was a gallant knight
Served by damosel or dame
As the good Sir Lancelot,
When from Britain forth he came.

Ladies took his armour off,
Damsels waited on his steed,
And the Lady Quintañoña
Poured him out the foaming mead.

Sweet and fair Queen Guinivere
Took him to her secret bower,
Being in the better humour,
That she had not slept an hour ;

There the Queen with beating breast
Told her sorrow in his ear :
"Lancelot, Sir Lancelot !
Hadst thou but been sooner here !

Never had that shameless knight
Said to me the words he said :
That in spite of thee, Señor,
He would come to me in bed ! "

Furious rose Sir Lancelot,
Armed himself with double speed ;
To his lady bade adieu,
Took the road upon his steed.

Underneath a shady pine
There he found the knight he sought ;
First they couched and broke the lance,
Then with battle-axe they fought.

Lancelot with heavy stroke
Laid the caitiff on the green ;
Cut his head from off his shoulders,
Fairer stroke was never seen.
Homeward rode Sir Lancelot ;
“ Welcome, welcome ! ” quoth the Queen.

✓ SIR LANCELOT AND THE WHITE-FOOT
DEER.

“ *Tres hijuelos avia el rey.*”

Cancionero de Romances.

THREE tender striplings had the King,
Three striplings and no more ;
And for the wrath he bore to them
He cursed them loud and sore.

The first of them became a deer,
The next a dog turned he,
The last he turned a Moorish man,
And sailed across the sea !

Upon a time Sir Lancelot
Among the dames did play ;
“ Sir Knight,” quoth she, the boldest one,
“ Be on your guard this day !

For were't my luck to wed with thee,
And thine to wed with me,
I'd ask the bonnie white-foot deer
As wedding-gift from thee ! ”

“ With all my heart, my lady fair,
I'd bring him safely here,
Gif I but knew the far countrie
Where herds that bonnie deer ! ”

Sir Lancelot he rode along
For many a weary day ;
His boots hung at his saddle-bow,
And all to hunt the prey.

He clambered up among the hills,
And there he found a cell,
Where far from any living man
An Eremite did dwell.

“ God keep thee ! ” quoth the Eremite,
“ Thou’rt welcome here to me ;
And by the boots thou bearest there,
A huntsman thou may’st be.”

“ Now tell to me, good Eremite,
Thou holy man austere,
Now tell to me where I may find
The bonnie white-foot deer.”

“ Come take thy rest with me, my son,
Until the night hath flown ;
I’ll tell thee all that I have seen,
And all that I have known.”

And as they talked the live-long night,
And whiled the time with cheer,
There passed, two hours before the light,
The bonnie white-foot deer ;

And with him seven lions, and
A lioness with young ;
Full seven counts had she laid low,
And many a knight and strong.

“ Wherever be thy home, my son,
God shield thee with His arm !
Whoever sent thee here this day
Had thought to do thee harm !

Shame, Lady Quintañona, shame,
Hell-fire thy portion be !
If such a brave and gallant knight
Should lose his life for thee ! ”

ROMANCE OF COUNT ARNALDOS.

*Cancionero de Romances.
MS. of the sixteenth century.*

O NEVER on the ocean wide
Has such a vision shone,
As Count Arnaldos wondering spied
One morning of St. John.

O'er hill and dale he tracked the game,
With falcon on his hand,
When lo! a noble galley came
Right steering for the land.

Its anchors were of beaten gold,
Its sails of satin strong,
And at the helm a sailor bold,
Who sang a wondrous song.

The sea was hushed into a sleep,
The winds they ceased to blow,
The fishes in the ocean deep
Swam upward from below;

The birds that winged their flight along,
Were charmed as they passed;
They felt the glamour of the song
And lighted on the mast.

Arnaldos cried : " Thou sailor bold,
O teach to me that song !"
The sailor's words were very cold,
Nor was his answer long :
" I cannot teach that song to thee
Unless thou go with me."

ON MONEY.

FROM THE POEMS OF THE ARCIPRESTE DE HITÁ.

Sanchez, vol. iv. p. 76.

O MONEY meikle doth, and in luvè hath meikle fame,
It maketh the rogue a worthy wight, a carle of honest
name,
It giveth a glib tongue to the dumb, snell feet unto the
lame,
And he who lacketh both his hands will clutch it all the
same.

A man may be a gawkie loon, and eke a hirnless brute,
But Money makes him gentleman, and learnt clerk to
boot ;
For as his money-bags do swell, so waxeth his repute ;
But he whose purse has naught intill't, must wear a
beggar's suit.

With Money in thy fist thou need'st never lack a friend,
The Pope will give his benison, and a happy life thou'lt
spend,
Thou may'st buy a seat in paradise, and life withouten
end ;
Where Money trickleth plenteouslie there blessings do
descend.

I saw within the Court of Rome, of sanctitie the post,
 That Money was in great regard, and heaps of friends
 could boast,
 That a' were warstlin' to be first to honour it the most,
 And curchit laigh, and kneelit down, as if before the
 Host.

It maketh Priors, Bishops, and Abbots to arise,
 Archbishops, Doctors, Patriarchs, and Potentates likewise,
 It giveth Clerics without lair the dignities they prize,
 It turneth falsitie to truth, and changeth truth to lies.

It giveth many Clergymen their orders and vocation,
 Monks too, and Nonnes, and holy folk of every clan and
 station ;
 By dint of Money they can pass a good examination ;
 But to the poor 'tis only said, that they lack education.

O many a sentence it hath passed, and meikle wrong
 made right,
 And many skeely Advocates thereby for their living fight,
 In pleading causes that are bad, and threeping black is
 white,
 And crimes thereby are hushit up, and keepit out of
 sight.

O Money has the power to break the stiefest iron found,
 It draweth bolts and fileth chains that keep the captive
 bound.
 To him who hath no Money the passing-bell may sound,
 But Money worketh wonders, and ruleth the world right
 round.

What marvels great can Money do when scattered by the
 knave,
 I've seen it save a villain's life, more guilty than the
 lave,
 I've seen it send a farmer's man to the felon's grave,
 O many a soul it murdereth, and many it doth save!

It robbeth the poor of house and vines, their bairns with
 hunger cry,
 It rooteth out their warm heart-stones, makes all their
 chat lilly,
 Through all the land it lepreous rich doth travel far and
 nigh,
 Where'er the yellow gold doth clink, there twinkleth
 every eye.

It maketh many a belted knight of any hoer ye please,
 To rancorous loons, the titles myeth of Nobles or
 Grandees,
 The farmer-carrum goethy all with Money take their
 cees,
 And nowadays they knit its hands upon their bended
 knees.

O Money dwelleth in mansions great, the finest in the
 land,
 With turrets high and painted halls, most beautiful and
 grand:
 The Castles and the wide estates are all at its com-
 mand,
 They owe to Money what they are, and with it fall or
 stand.

It feedeth on the daintiest meats, in courses manifold ;
It dresseth in the richest stuffs, in vestments trimmed
 with gold ;
It weareth heaps of glittering gems with shameless face
 and bold,
And flaunts in equipages gay, of costliness untold.

How many Monks with solemn face have I heard un-
 awares
Denounce the curse of Money, and all its gins and snares ;
And yet for Money they dispense from fasting and its
 cares,
Grant pardons, absolutions, and also say long prayers.

The Monks before the people do Money well revile,
And yet within their convent chests they hoard up many
 a pile ;
They pick it up where'er they can, and live in a goodly
 style,
And ne'er a magpie nor a thrush has so many a trick
 and wile.

They hasten aye to serve their God, the Friars and Cleries
 boast,
When they see that a wealthy man is about to yield the
 ghost,
When they hear his monies clinking, to be theirs at any
 cost,
And fight and wrangle among themselves, who shall bear
 off the most.

The Friars, Monks, and Clericals no Money take, not they,
 But know right well to give the wink at division of the prey ;
 Their serving-men they ready stand to carry their share away ;
 What need have they of treasurers, if they're poor men,
 as they say ?

They eager wait till the man be dead, to see who most shall win,
 They mutter their paternosters, and make an ominous din,
 Like corbies on the ass, digging their beaks into its skin,
 To-morrow we shall have him, he is ours both out and in.

All women of the world, and every Lady high,
 For Money and Money's worth among themselves do vie.
 I never saw a damsel fair content with povertie ;
 Where the wealth is very great, there is great nobilitie.

O Money is a Provost and Judge of sterling weight,
 A Councillor the shrewdest, and a subtle Advocate ;
 A Constable and Bailiff of importance very great ;
 Of all officers that be, 'tis the mightiest in the state.

In brief I say to thee, at Money do not frown,
 It is the world's strong lever to turn it upside down,
 It maketh the clown a master, the master a glarish clown,
 Of all things in the present age it hath the most renown.

To the world and all its customs it giveth a shaking rude ;
 A woman very covetous becometh a wheedler shrewd ;

For Money and for jewels will do what she never should,
For giving will break the hardest stones, and will fell the
toughest wood.

It pulleth down stone-walls, and layeth turrets low ;
It is a magic medicine to cure our griefs and woe ;
It maketh the captive slave into a freeman grow ;
But he who nothing hath to give, his mare it will not go.

All matters that are grave, it maketh light to bear ;
In fine be free and generous in giving me what's fair ;
And be it much or little, do not refuse thy share,
Nor pay me off with scurvy jests, if the Money be not
there.

If neither much nor little can from thy purse be wrung,
With good words at least be free, they never away are
flung ;
Who hath no honey in the pot, let him have it on the
tongue ;
The Merchant who doth business thus, can never far go
wrong.

If thou knowest any instrument, or a sprightly tune canst
play,
If thou knowest or canst venture upon a merry lay,
Then sound it forth at times in an honest place and way,
Where the lasses laugh and listen : I have nothing more
to say.

THE EAR-RINGS.

WHAT ails the bonnie maiden,
What grief hath she to tell?
What grief, but that her ear-rings
Have dropped into the well!
“Alas, my golden ear-rings!
Three months this very day
My darling lover gave them,
When he went far away.

He meant them to be padlocks,
That I might never hear
What other stranger lovers
Should whisper in mine ear!
I dropped them as I washed me,
But he will think it shame;
He'll say I'm but a woman,
And all women are the same!

He'll say I was so restless
With locks so true as these,
And wished false keys to turn about
As often as I please,
That I might flirt and chatter
With any lad that came;
He'll say I'm but a woman,
And all women are the same!

He'll say I was so idle,
And so I did not care
To go to mass on Sundays,
On Thursdays to the fair ;
He'll say my love so tender
Hath falsehood for its name ;
He'll say I'm but a woman,
And all women are the same !

He'll say to me : ' False maiden,
O, traitress that thou art,
The pins from thy *cofia*
Go pricking through my heart !'
If such and such he tells me,
I'll tell him to his shame,
That, though I'm but a woman,
We are not all the same !

I'll say that I love better
His jacket green of skin,
Than all the coats of Marquises,
Though broidered out and in !
I'll tell him that his first love
Hath still an honest name ;
That, though I'm but a woman,
We are not all the same !

I'll say, be not too hasty,
For rolling time will show
If all my loving speeches
Be very truth or no.

I give thee leave to scorn me,
My only love and true,
If I should ever turn and change
As other women do!"

MI NIÑA.

Duran, Romancero General II. 1811.

THOU happy vale of Tormes,
 Grow rich with sunny showers ;
For my little maiden cometh,
 She comes to gather flowers !

Let mirth be in thy forest,
 And wealth upon thy plain ;
Let all thy fragrant meadows
 Burst forth to life again,
With the ruddy pink and iris,
 All fresh with summer showers ;
For my little maiden cometh,
 She comes to gather flowers !

Let all thy grasses glisten
 With pearly drops of dew ;
Let all thy gardens sparkle
 With gems of every hue ;
The sun drive forth his chariot,
 With all the rosy hours ;
For my little maiden cometh,
 She comes to gather flowers !

Bend, bend your heads, ye bushes,
 Beneath the gentle gales ;
Pipe forth from every thicket,
 Ye tuneful nightingales ;
To greet the day that dawneth,
 And gladden all the bowers ;
For my little maiden cometh,
 She comes to gather flowers !

EL AMOR ESQUIVO.

Romancero General, 1809.

O MOTHER mine, 'tis Cupid,
The boy of wiles and laughter ;
He teases me and pleases me,
He runs, and I run after.
'Twas but the other Sunday
I saw a pair of eyes,
With glance of other countries,
With light from other skies ;
For like the fabled serpents
They fixed me with their charm,
And while I looked and wondered,
They pierced me to my harm.
O Mother mine, entreat him,
The little boy implore,
With his deadly bow and arrows
To shoot at me no more !

My mind was once untroubled,
And peaceful was my breast ;
But strange things flit across them,
And I cannot, cannot rest.

I feel a cloud of darkness
Hang o'er me like a pall ;
My brain is full of folly,
And I cannot think at all.
My rebel neck is bending,
Is bending very low,
Before the cruel urchin,
His quiver and his bow.
O Mother mine, entreat him,
The little boy implore,
With his deadly bow and arrows
To shoot at me no more !

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

JUANA hath a froward way,
And most when I'm in sorrow ;
For when I sigh and say : To-day !
She smiles and says : To-morrow !

If I be glad then she is sad,
And sings if I be fretful ;
If I protest I love her best,
She tells me I am hateful !
Sure, ne'er was woman so inhuman,
I can but die of sorrow ;
For when I sigh and say : To-day !
She smiles and says : To-morrow !

If I look up to see her face,
She quickly droops her eyes ;
If I look down to suit her case,
She stares right at the skies ;
It pains me so whichever way,
My life is one long sorrow ;
For I may sigh and say : To-day !
She smiles and says : To-morrow !

If I divine that she is mine,
She chides me for my folly ;
If I entreat for favours sweet,
She gives me melancholy ;

'Twill be my death this froward way,
But she will never sorrow ;
For when I sigh and say : 'To-day !
She smiles and says : 'To-morrow !

LOVE AND DEATH.

Depping Collection.

DEATH and Cupid chanced to meet,
On a day when they were roaming,
At a wayside country inn,
After sunset, in the gloaming.
Cupid he was bound for Seville,
Death was marching to Madrid,
Both with knapsacks on their shoulders,
Where their wicked wares were hid.

Seemed to me that they were fleeing
From the clutches of the law,
For the couple gained a living
Dealing death on all they saw.
Cupid slyly glanced at Death
As they sat around the board,
Marvelled at her ugly visage,
Shook his merry sides and roared.

“Madam,” quoth he, “’tis so rude
To behave in such a way ;
But, in sooth, so fair a fright
I’ve not seen for many a day.”
Death, whose cheeks grew red and fiery,
Put an arrow in her bow ;
Cupid put in his another,
And to combat they would go.

Quick the landlord slipped between them
 As they scowled on one another,
 Made them swear eternal friendship,
 Bade them sit and sup together.
 In the kitchen, by the ingle,
 They were fain to lay them down,
 For no bed was in the tavern,
 And the landlord he had none.

They their arrows, bows, and quivers,
 Gave into Marina's care,
 She, a buxom wench who waited
 On the guests who harboured there.
 On the morrow at the dawning,
 Cupid started from the floor,
 Bade the landlord fetch his arms,
 Broke his fast and paid his score.

'Twas the arms of Death the landlord
 In his haste to Cupid brought,
 Cupid flung them on his shoulder,
 Took the road, and gave no thought.
 Death rose up a little after,
 Sour, and limp, and woe-begone,
 Took at once the arms of Cupid,
 Shouldered them and wandered on.

From that very day to this,
 Cupid's shafts no more revive;
 Youths who feel his fatal arrows
 Pass not over twenty-five.

And, 'tis stranger still, the old ones,
Whom Death's arrows used to slay,
When they feel the shafts of Cupid,
Gain a new life and a gay.

What a world, so topsy-turvy !
What a change in people's lives !
Cupid giving life destroys,
Death destroying life revives !

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

Up, girls, to pluck the trefoil,
This morning of St. John!
Up, girls, to pluck the trefoil,
Before the day be gone!

Rise up while yet the dawn
Is gilding every lawn,
And o'er the meadows sweet
Trip with your merry feet;
Cull flowers of every hue,
All wet with morning dew;
Weave garlands bright as May,
To make your dresses gay;
For Cupid weave a chaplet,
To place his brows upon;
Up, girls, to pluck the trefoil,
Before the day be gone!

Rise up to see the morning
With light the hills adorning,
And hear the birdies soon
Ring out their merry tune;
And by the fountain pass,
That shines like silver glass,
And see its waters gleam
Where strikes the sunny beam:

The air is fresh and balmy,
'Tis pleasure to look on ;
Up, girls, and pluck the trefoil,
Before the day be gone !

The rose ye there will get,
And lovely violet ;
The jasmin sweet and white,
And iris purple bright ;
The ruddy pink as well,
Beside the true blue-bell ;
Ye may pluck the bonnie broom,
With wealth of yellow bloom,
And all the thousand flowers
That e'er the sun shone on ;
Up, girls, and pluck the trefoil,
Before the day be gone !

MY COTTAGE.

I.

FAR down the valley there
Stands my little cot ;
Apple-trees are blooming
Round the happy spot ;
While up and down the branches
Hop a merry crew
Of little birds that chirrup there
All the morning through.

Near my cottage door-step
A sweet burnie flows ;
Its waters are as limpid
And fresh as the snows ;
While round my window-lattice,
Twining me a bower,
The creeping-plants are climbing,
And sweet passion-flower.

Yet one thing is wanting there,
And sadly I pine,
To see a face of heaven there
As sunny as thine.

Bonnie highland lassie!
Tell me, wilt thou not
Leave thy gloomy mountains,
And come to my cot?

II.

Those eyes of heaven tell thee,
And tell thee with truth,
That love is all the glory
And crown of thy youth.
Then hie thee to the valley,
And there wilt thou see
What love so pure as mine is
Keeps in store for thee.

The mountain girls thy comrades
Will envy thy lot,
When tripping down to church there
They see thee in thy cot.
They'll think the gloomy mountains,
Where proudly they roam,
Are barren rocks when matched with
Thy sweet lowland home.

A paradise of beauty
Thy bridal home should be;
So I'll make my little cottage
That paradise to thee!
Then be mine, highland lassie;
Tell me, wilt thou not
Leave thy gloomy mountains,
And come to my cot?

A MAY MORNING.

I.

It fell upon a morning
In the merry month of May,
That up and down these valleys
I wandered on my way.
The merry birds were singing
To greet the sunny beam,
The lilies shed their odours
Beside the running stream.
Close by a little fountain
That shone like silver glass,
I met a country maiden,
A bonnie shepherd lass.
Her tresses they were golden,
Her eyes of azure blue,
Her cheeks like blushing roses,
Her teeth of pearly hue.
She had but fifteen summers,
And I loved her then and there,
As she washed her snow-white fingers,
And combed her golden hair.

II.

“God keep thee, lovely maiden,”
I said with lowly bow,
“God keep thee and thy beauty
As fresh and fair as now.
I’ve brought thee from the meadows
The sweetest flowers of Spring ;
Thyself a rose of beauty,
Their charms to thine I bring.”
“I like them not, young master,”
Replied the maiden free ;
“The flowers that God hath given me
Are flowers enough for me.”
“Who told thee that thou hadst them ?
Who told thee thou wert fair ?”
“The country lads have told me so,
And the crystal fountain there.”
Half-smiling and half-frowning
Thus spoke the maiden fair,
As she washed her snow-white fingers,
And combed her golden hair.

III.

“If the flowers thou wilt not have, girl,
Then come and stroll with me ;
We’ll sit and talk of love, girl,
Beneath yon branching tree.”

“ But that doth please me less, sir,
For our *padre* takes such pains
To guard lest simple maidens
Should stroll with roving swains.”
Thus spoke the country maiden,
And her heart I could not gain ;
Though I made a thousand promises,
My vows were all in vain.
And so I left in sorrow,
And filled with sighs the grove,
For the sake of the cruel maiden,
Who would not heed my love ;
But half-smiling and half-frowning
Sat by the fountain fair,
To wash her snow-white fingers,
And comb her golden hair.

IV.

Again I see these valleys,
Again I tread the plain :
But my heart within is aching
With long-remembered pain.
The flowers have lost their odours,
The song of birds is done,
The stream runs dark and drumly,
A cloud is on the sun.
I turn to see the fountain
Where I met the maiden fair ;
I hear its waters flowing,
But I see no maiden there.

For days and days I lingered,
And weeks had come and gone ;
The fountain bubbled near me
For ever on and on.
But ah ! my lovely shepherdess
No longer wanders there,
To wash her snow-white fingers,
And comb her golden hair.

LAMENT FOR A LADY

ON HER ENTRY INTO A CONVENT.

SONNET.

THIS long-drawn day, by dismal shades defiled,
 (Which with a black stone I would mark for aye !)
Is worthy counterpart of that first day
Which gave me life, if life it may be styled ;
Then, prophet-like, my wailings as a child
 Boded the advent of its cheerless ray,
And while I live, with me it still shall stay
As one wherein no dreams of joy have smiled.
Hateful to me, let it be hateful quite
 To heaven, and to the earth for evermore,
For then sank Galatea from my sight ;
Among the murky nights, sooth, let it score,
And may it never bring a deed to light
 That Fame shall garner in her wealthy store !

Lufercio de Argensola.

SONNET.

IMAGE of Death, whose terrors we await,
O cruel sleep, fill not my breast with dread
Of seeing cut in twain that narrow thread,
The only comfort of my adverse fate.
Seek out some tyrant's home and battled gate,
Its jasper halls, its roof with gold bespread ;
Or some rich miser in his narrow bed,
And wake him up, all shivering with sweat.
Let one behold the mob with frantic might
Burst through his bolted doors with bounding vault
Or secret steel of faithless slave unbarred ;
The other see his rich hoards brought to light
By knavish key, or murderous assault ;
And leave to love his glories unimpaired.

Lupercio de Argensola.

TO A LADY,

WHOM HE KNEW AS A LOVELY MAIDEN, AND AFTER-
WARDS MET AS THE LOVELIEST OF WIVES.

IF Love, from out the feathers of his nest,
 Enchained my heart, what will he do to-day,
 When from thine eyes, O Lady sweet as May,
He flies full-armoured, yet withal undressed?
The asp, that stung me 'mid the violets blest,
 Still lurks to-day amid the lilies gay;
 As fair Aurora thou hadst equal sway
As now when, Sun full-orbed, thou stand'st confessed.
I'd greet thy light with voice of doleful sound,
 As tender nightingale in prison strait
 Trills forth his wailings, but with dulcet tone;
I'd say that I have seen thy brow becrowned
 With rays, and that thy beauty great
 Doth make the birds to sing, and men to mourn.

Gongora.

TO A ROSE.

SONNET.

BORN yesterday, to-morrow wilt thou die?
Who gave thee life for such a short career?
To live so little, shinest thou so clear?
To turn to nought, dost show such bravery?
If thy vain beauty raise thy pride too high,
Soon shalt thou see it fade and disappear;
The very cause of such a death and near
Within thy beauty's self doth hidden lie.
When thou art plucked by some strong hand at last,
A law that rules the fields, beyond all strife,
Then art thou doomed, and with the first rude breath.
O bloom not, lest some tyrant seize thee fast,
Delay thy budding to prolong thy life,
Thy quickened being will but speed thy death.

Gongora.

TO PISUERGA,

A RIVER WHICH SKIRTS THE WALLS OF VALLADOLID.

PISUERGA swears, as gentleman irate,
That he turns crimson, and for very shame
That Esquëva should acquaintance claim,
As forth he goes to greet the Douro great ;
For Esquëva is a grimy mate ;
(For this some favourite's wife is much to blame !)
In rounding corners he goes limping lame,
And so his course is ever long and late ;
When to Simanca's bridge approach the pair,
Pisuerga shudders, not with eoward soul,
For a strait bridge may cause the Sea dismay ;
But not one doit doth Esquevilla care,
And little wonder, for his waters roll
Through eyelids narrower far, and every day.

Gongora.

BURLESQUE ROMANCE.

THIS to my lords the poets : Unmask me now these
faces,
Unmuffle me these Moorish men, and eke these dancing
Graces !
The deuce take Celindaja, short shriving to Gazul,
Send back these tawdry fopperies unto their lord the
fool !
For Dame Maria only wants to see how Dame Juana
Can dance a Spanish galliard, the gallantest of any !
Don Pedro too and Roderick would like some better
flames,
And learn who be these dancing men, and who these
dancing dames !
My Lord Alcalde also begs to know who Abenamar
may be,
The Adulees, and Abdallahs, the Aliatar and Zegri ;
And what may be Celinda's rank, what Guadalara's
breeding,
And who these Moors and Mooresses, that dance at
every wedding !

To give ye merry Easter I'll make my meaning plain,
Mayhap it never struck ye, we have Christians here in
Spain !

Mayhap, as do the heretics anent our holy faith,
 Ye think that our baptismal names can only bring us
 skaith ;
 Know ye of any peoples, or Persian, Goth, or Ottoman,
 Who sing our heroes' prowess? And if ye answer : " Not
 a man ! "

Then tell me why ye blazon theirs, and make the first
 advances,
 And let these Moorish gentry there play havoc with our
 lances !
 And cover all our honest folk with flaunting *alquizèles*,
 And spatter all the Moors with praise, which but a lying
 tale is !

There's Fatima, Xarifa too, who figs and raisins sells us,
 They dance in the Alhambra, as wise Hernandez tells us ;
 These Aliatars, who sit and weave their mats of palms
 and grasses,
 This Almadan who cabbage plants, he vaunts their
 furious passes !
 This Arbolan who digs the ditch, and with his very soul
 in't,
 For a handful of coarse meal, and a penny with a hole
 in't,
 Another rascal seizes, and at the early hours
 Bestrides him on a steed beclad with green and silver
 flowers !
 This Zegri who with asses twain goes lazily for water,
 Another bruiser paints him fine, a-tilting with great
 slaughter ;
 Of Muza tossing pancakes, a third cries : " Stand aside,
 And see the captain of the canes, the gallant Muza ride ! "

Ye leave a brave Bernardo, the saviour of our Spain,
Who filled the Moors with terror, and France with mortal
pain ;

Ye leave a Cid Campeador, a Lara's chief, Ordoñez,
A valiant Arias Gonzalo, his son, more famous none is ;
A Gonzalo Fernandez, my country's pride and light,
As potent in his potent name as was his sword in fight ;
And all those famous heroes who merit glorious fame,
Who at Granada's conquest achieved a deathless name !
And these your whiffing ballads will chaunt these Moorish
crews,

Who up at the Alhambra wear out their beggar's shoes !
If so ye must have names to sing, the matter short to cut,
Go seek them in the shady woods, or in the shepherd's
hut ;

Or mid the Gallic banners, or mid the Roman host,
At Carthage or Saguntium, or Numancia bravely lost.

But hold thee now, my soaring pen, take not so wild a
flight,
It little boots to bandy words with folly in its might !

Gongora.

ON THE VIOLENT DEATH
OF THE CONDE DE VILLAMEDIANA BY AN
UNKNOWN HAND.

"Mentidero de Madrid."

1. "TATTLE-ALLEY of Madrid,
Tell us, pray, who slew the Count?"
2. "No one knows, nor is it hid!"
1. "Leave off riddles, and recount!"
2. "Some affirm the Cid did do it,
Taking him for Count Lozano,
Silly babble, as all may know;
But if Truth be no betrayer,
'Tis Vellido was the slayer—
Sovereign impulse drove him to it!"

Gongora.

The battlements of the retiring wall of the Convent of San Filipo, now demolished, formed the promenade of the fashionable idlers and scandal-mongers in the time of Cervantes. It was approached by two spacious flights of steps, hence its name, *Las Gradass de San Filipo*; its common and more appropriate title was *El Mentidero* (Lie-walk, or Tattle-alley). The Puerta del Sol, which occupies part of the site of the demolished convent, serves the same purpose at the present day.

J. Y. G.

GONGORA'S LIFE-MOTTO.

LET us stick to what is good,
Flee the false and lying rabble ;
Live at peace, as wise men should,
Suffer much, and little babble.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

To hell the Thracian Orpheus went,
He went to seek his wife below ;
To worser place he could not go,
Nor on a worserr errand bent.
He sung before the congregation,
With awe and wonderment he filled them ;
Yet, sooth, 'twas not his song that thrilled them,
It was his strange infatuation.
To Pluto's rage it lent the fuel,
And with a vigour most inhuman
He gave him back the wished-for woman,
He knew no punishment more cruel.
Though to his arms he'd not refuse her,
In payment of the grudge he owed him,
Yet for his wondrous song he showed him
A short and easy way to lose her.

Quevedo.

FROM ARTIEDA.

BENEATH the Lord of Delos' burning heat
Spring little poets from the putrid pool,
With such agility, 'tis quite a treat ;
And marvellous it is, beyond all rule,
To see a comedy writ by some wight,
Whom yesterday Minerva put to school ;
Since his invention is but wind outright,
In eight short days, or in less space of time,
The mode and matter are in keeping quite ;
Oh ! how his aims with those of Horace chime,
When out of fevered dreams that shun the day,
He fills his note-book with his dismal rhyme ;
I've galleys seen skim o'er the desert wave,
And half-a-dozen horsemen panting ride
From Cyprus' channel to Palermo's bay ;
The Persian Empire placed the Alps beside,
And Famagousta planted in Biscay,
And Germany depicted strait and wide ;
In such like things Heredia doth play
To suit the humour of a friend of his,
Who writes a comedy in half a day.

A SPANISH CHRISTMAS CAROL.

*In Spain Christmas Eve is called Noche-Buena, the Good-Night
of the year.*

I.

UP, Bellman, to the turret,
And peal a merry chime ;
For angels bright hold feast to-night
With men of every clime.
The winds of Guadarrama
Adown the chimney wail ;
The snows fall on the mountains,
And whiten hill and dale.

They fall upon my cottage,
And blanch its red-tiled roof ;
But to-night my little cottage
Is wind and weather proof.
For the vine-log blazes brightly
Upon the hearth below,
And a jar of choicest vintage
Is toasting in the glow.

So let the cold wind whistle,
And the snows fall as they may,
I fear nor wind nor weather,
They cause me no dismay ;

For the red wine glows within me,
And without the fire burns bright ;
Good wine and fire are sparkling
On every hearth this night.

Up, Bellman, to the turret,
And a flowing bumper take ;
And smite the bells with all your might,
Until the cord shall break.
Sound forth the glad hosanna,
That heaven and earth shall hear ;
For this night of merry Christmas
Is the Good-Night of the year.

II.

O Blessed Virgin Mary,
Our hope and mother dear !
How throbs with joy the nation's heart,
Thy festival is here !
Now Peace descends from Heaven,
Goodwill on earth doth reign ;
This joyful news thy Son hath given,
The purchase of thy pain.

This night the weary prodigal
No longer seeks to roam,
But turns with love and penitence
To find his father's home.
He comes ; the doors wide open fly,
And welcome beams from eye to eye.

This night the banished exile,
Cast on a foreign strand,
Feels in his dead heart glowing
The love of Fatherland ;
He sends his blessing on the breeze,
He breathes a prayer across the seas.

From every humble cottage,
From every mansion high,
The wreaths of smoke are curling
In circles to the sky.
They bear to Heaven the praises
That sound from door to door,
'Neath the roof-tree of the rich man,
By the table of the poor.

Come, Bellman, mount the turret,
And sound a peal of mirth,
And mingle thy hosannas
With the praises of the earth.
What prophets sung and longed for
We celebrate with cheer,
For this night of merry Christmas
Is the Good-Night of the year.

III.

Of worldly gear I have my share,
Thank God, for He is kind ;
I've store of health, enough of wealth,
Withal a tranquil mind ;

Then pour the glowing nectar out,
 And drink with song and chorus,
 We'll raise the cup, and pledge the toast
 Our fathers drank before us :
 "To all this night a merry greeting,
 And many, many a happy meeting !"

Thus pledged my honoured father,
 Who lies beneath the sod ;
 Thus pledged my sainted mother,
 Who resteth now in God.
 Alas ! I dare not pledge it,
 For here I sit alone—
 The remnant of our family,
 All broken up and gone ;
 For death hath ta'en our strength and pride,
 The rest are scattered far and wide.

O would that I could people
 My lonely hearth once more,
 And see them sit as once they sat
 In happy days of yore !
 Upon the left my father,
 My mother on my right ;
 My sisters fair and brothers dear,
 All beaming in my sight ;
 And over all—the angel's wing,
 With love and mercy hovering.

Down, Bellman, from the turret,
 I feel an icy breath—
 Exchange the peal of glory
 For the sullen toll of death !

For to me this night has ended
In sadness and in fear ;
Though 'tis true, 'tis merry Christmas,
And the Good-Night of the year !

FROM ST. THERESA.

I AM not moved, my God, to love Thee so,
By that fair heaven which Thou hast promised me ;
Nor am I moved to fear offending Thee,
By terror of that dreaded hell below :
Thou movest me, my God ; my heart doth glow
To see Thee nailed upon that shameful tree,
To see Thy body wounded piteously,
To see Thee die with agonising throe ;
Thy love, in sooth, doth move me in such wise,
That if there were no heaven, my love would burn,
And if there were no hell, my will would bow ;
I love Thee not for hopes beyond the skies,
For did my every hope to nothing turn,
I'd love Thee still, as I do love Thee now.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

LINES WRITTEN IN A POCKET-BOOK.

THOU daring pencil, have a care,
A lady's love lies hidden there !
Touch not its pages virgin-white,
Save thou hast something good to write ;
All mean and vulgar things eschew,
Search for the beautiful and true ;
And, since thou art not over-wise,
Go, gather wisdom from her eyes ;
So shall thy thoughts, whate'er their drift,
Be worthy of her Christmas-gift !

Christmas, 1830.

EDINBURGH AND MADRID.

A PLEA FOR A BETTER MEMORIAL TO CERVANTES.

Written on the Plaza de las Cortes.

To thee, Cervantes, Spain more glory true
Owes than to monarch, priest, or statesman vain ;
More wealth than ever o'er the Spanish main
Her stately galleons brought from far Peru !
A true-born son of thine in him we view,
Our Wizard of the North, whose teeming brain
Did make poor Scotland rich, and struck the vein
Which drained the Old World, to enrich the New !
Scott sits a king beneath his Gothic shrine,
And proud Edina guards the sculptured stone ;
Can grand Madrid afford no kinglier throne
For thee to grace, whose works she deems divine ?
O soul sublime ! O name without a blot !
Receive this tribute from a kindly Scot.

LONDON AND MADRID.—1604-1605.

FROM two great minds two madmen drew their birth,
Seers rather, who on this our human stage
Have held men's hearts enthralled from age to age,
Now thrilled with horror, now convulsed with mirth.
The Danish Prince, whose mind the woes of earth
Unhinged, and touched the brain with finest rage ;
The Spanish Don, whose soul the knightly page
With follies fired, to brighten many a hearth ;
Hamlet and Quixote ! Names that will not die
While those of Shakespeare and Cervantes live ;
While Life and light with Death and darkness strive,
And Truth in arms confronts the rampant Lie !
Grand teachers both ! We welcome in the twain
The power of England and the wit of Spain !

L'ENVOY.

THE tale of tales is told, nor told amiss ;
The barber, scholar, priest, with grace retire,
And fair Toboso's Queen ; the Knight and Squire
Have fought their latest fight, and sleep in bliss.
When shall be told another tale like this ?
Not till some fearless soul shall seize the lyre
Of Don Miguèl, and with Cervantic fire
Shall tell to our age what he told to his ;
With prophet's zeal shall face the mad, sad time,
And wisely scourge the follies of mankind ;
With homely wit shall stir the homely mind,
And make the common things of Earth sublime ;
With all-embracing charity shall move
A listening world to laughter and to love.

MAGGIE'S AWA'!

THE winter is wi' us, sae cutting an' keen,
There is frost on the trees, there is snaw on the green,
The birds winna sing, and the flowers winna blow,
An' my heart's gettin' dowie, for Maggie's awa'!

My room it is cosie, an' bricht is the fire,
I've nocht to compleen o', an' nocht to desire:
There is warmth on the ingle, an' licht in the ha',
But it disna seem cheerie, for Maggie's awa'!

I tak' to my books, an' I tak' to my pen,
I scribble, an' glower at the stories ye ken;
But my thochts gang alee, an' my wit is but sma',
They are a' tapsalteerie, for Maggie's awa'!

The nichts they are eerie, for where and O where
Is the sweet bonnie lassie that filled the arm-chair?
Wi' her knittin', an' chattin', an' daffin' an' a',
The hours ran like minutes—but Maggie's awa'!

O Gracie the merry, an' Aggie the wise,
Are ye no gettin' tired o' your pilgrim's disguise?
I grudge ye nae pastime, nor pleasure ava',
I grudge only *ae* thing—that Maggie's awa'!

Then saddle your pownies, and stir up your men,
Gang scourin' o'er mountain, an' trampin' in glen !
See a' that ye can—then hame be your track ;
Ye'll a' get your blessings—when Maggie comes back !

March 12, 1883.

WAITING FOR MAGGIE'S LETTER.

THE winds they howl like fractious weans,
The storm is beating on the panes,
The sleet is driving fast and furious—
In month of May the fact is curious ;
It might be finer, might be wetter ;
I'm wearyin' sair for Maggie's letter.

I sit and shiver by the fire ;
I glower and stare until I tire ;
I tak' to books, I tak' to papers ;
I pace the room wi' sundry capers ;
Oh, I'll be waur afore I'm better,
For where, O where is Maggie's letter ?

Oh, has the steamer left the bay ?
Or has it foundered on the way ?
Or has the engine, wi' its funnel,
Been swallowed up in some dark tunnel ?
Or has the postman lost his bag ?
Or ta'en to drink, or ta'en to lag ?
I'd like to gi'e him an upsetter
For keepin' back my Maggie's letter !

O Maggie, lassie, where be ye ?
Upon the land or on the sea ?

Careerin' through the eerie passes,
Or climbin' up the steep Parnassus?
Where'er ye be, ye are my debtor,
I'd like to ask ye, where's my letter?

O Gracie sweet, and Aggie fair,
Your pownies' backs must now be sair!
Gi'e up your gallivantin' spree,
And bring my Maggie back to me.
I want to see her, want to pet her,
That's better far than ony letter!

May 12, 1883.

TOUT VA BIEN !

Written on Receipt of a Telegram from Aigion (Vostitza).

THERE came a message from my love,
It came as on the wings of dove ;
Along the land, across the sea,
Its happy tidings flashed to me.
It brought me hope, it gave me cheer,
It told me all I longed to hear ;
Sure never did the lightning dart
Three sweeter words to lover's heart :

Tout va bien ! Tout va bien !

My love is in the land of Greece,
Oh, when shall all her wanderings cease ?
She sends me flowers from hill and plain,
From fabled well and classic fane ;
She sends me letters full of charm,
That stir my heart, and keep it warm ;
But these, her latest words and best,
Are more to me than all the rest :

Tout va bien ! Tout va bien !

Oh, Margarita, dear as ever,
No distant lands our hearts can sever !
I feel her presence and her power
In kindly word or fragrant flower.

What shall I give her when I meet her?
 With what sweet welcome shall I greet her?
 I'll stoop and whisper in her ear
 The very words she sent me here :

Tout va bien ! Tout va bien !

Ye jocund birds, whose little throats
 Trill out such merry silvery notes,
 Say, have ye heard good news to-day,
 To make your song so blithe and gay?
 Methinks ye chant to my content
 The words my loving wanderer sent.
 Oh, sing again that sweet refrain,
 It stirs my heart, it sooths my brain :

Tout va bien ! Tout va bien !

She is coming back across the sea,
 She is coming back to home and me,
 With brighter eye and browner cheek,
 With less of Scotch and more of Greek,
 With brimming stores of ancient art,
 And a power of love within her heart :
 She is coming back across the sea.
 She is coming back to home and me :
 Sing out again with greater glee :

Tout va bien ! Tout va bien !

TO MRS. GUSTAV PLAUT.

Sent to her with a copy of Cervantes' " Journey to Parnassus."

WITHIN this book, I know it well,
Lies hid the heart of Don Miguèl,
The wit and humour of the Sage,
Who charms the world from age to age.

To grasp the truth beneath the wit
Demands a nature that is fit ;
A heart to feel, an eye to see,
A fancy steeped in poësie ;
A spirit gentle as his own,
That thirsts for good—and good alone.

Let not my Scottish tongue offend,
If I should tell my German friend,
Thou hast a nature such as this ;
And thou wilt find what others miss.

BADEN-BADEN, *September 24, 1883.*



T H E P O E T R Y O F T H E
“D O N Q U I X O T E”
O F D O N M I G U E L D E
C E R V A N T E S S A A V E D R A
D O N E I N T O E N G L I S H
B Y J . Y . G .
S C O T U S

1873.

LAUDATORY SONNETS

SUPPOSED TO BE UTTERED BY THE OLD CHAMPIONS
OF CHIVALRY.

URGANDA THE DISGUISED TO THE BOOK OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

O BOOK, if so thou hast a mind
To rise and rank amongst the good,
No simpleton will ever find
Thou dost not work with fingers shrewd ;
But if thou cook a kind of fare
That not for every mome is fit,
Be sure that fools will nibble there
Who cannot relish it one bit,
However well their nails they bite
To show they're dilettanti quite.

If it be true, as has been said,
"Who sits beneath a goodly tree
Will surely find a goodly shade,"
Thy kindly star now offers thee

Here in Béjar a royal tree,
 Whose fruit are princes of the state,
 Their chief a duke of high degree,
 Our modern Alexander great.
 Come to its shade ; lay by thy cares,
 For fortune favours him who dares.

Thou'lt have to tell the adventurous fate
 Of that Manchegan noble knight,
 Whose brain, by poring long and late
 O'er idle books, was muddled quite.
 Fair ladies, arms, and cavaliers
 Set all his senses by the ears ;
 A puling lover in the guise
 Of an Orlando Furioso,
 By strength of arm he won the prize—
 Fair Dulcinea del Toboso.

On thy escutcheon do not grave
 Devices strange and indiscreet ;
 When picture-cards are all we have,
 We brag with points that court defeat.
 If thou come forth with modest bow,
 No witting will be heard to call :
 " Lo ! Alvaro de Luna now,
 Or Carthaginian Hannibal,
 Or else King Francis, he in Spain,
 Is railing at his fate again."

Since Heaven's will hath kept thee back
 From turning out a classic Don,
 Like Juan Latino, he the black,
 Leave thou Latinity alone.

Deal not in philosophic phrase,
Nor plague us with thy pointless wit,
Lest one who apeth learned ways,
But understands them not a whit,
Should pucker up his mouth and cry,
“What mean your flowers to such as I?”

Mix not in things of other men,
Or neighbours' lives too closely scan ;
What comes not straight within thy ken,
Pass by—it is the wiser plan ;
For foolish words at random said,
Fall often on the jester's head.
So give thy days and nights to this—
To gain alone an honest fame ;
For he who prints what stupid is
Consigns it to undying blame.

Take warning in these homely tones :
That if thy house be made of glass,
It is not wise to gather stones
To pelt thy neighbours as they pass.
Compose such works as thoughtful men
May ponder over with delight ;
For he who labours with his pen,
And drags his papers to the light,
Mere idle girls to entertain,
Writes for the foolish and the vain !

*AMADIS OF GAUL TO DON QUIXOTE DE
LA MANCHA.*

SONNET.

THOU who hast copied all that life of sighs
 I spent, when absent and in hopeless case,
 Upon the *Peña Pobre's* rugged face,
 Reduced from mirth to penitential guise ;
 Thou whose sole drink was hoarded in thine eyes,
 And flowed, though saltish, yet in streams apace ;
 Who, scorning silver, tin, and copper base,
 Didst on the ground eat what the ground supplies ;
 Live thou secure that, while the ages last—
 At least, so long as the bright charioteer,
 Apollo, drives his steeds in the fourth sphere—
 Thy clear renown of valour shall stand fast ;
 Thy land in all lands shall as first be known ;
 Thy learned author stand on earth alone.

*DON BELIANIS OF GREECE TO DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.*

SONNET.

I CUT, and thrust, and clove, more said and did,
 Than errant knight before, howe'er defiant ;
 Was dexterous, arrogant, and self-reliant,
 Thousands of wrongs avenged, myriads undid.

I wrought achievements that all fame outbid ;
 In love was ever courteous and compliant,
 Held as the merest pigmy every giant,
 And sought the world of all distress to rid.
 I kept Dame Fortune prostrate at my feet,
 Made Opportunity my servant good,
 And dragged her by the forelock where I would ;
 But, though in arms I've had success complete,
 And made the Crescent tremble at my will,
 Thy deeds, great Quixote, I do envy still.

THE LADY ORIANA TO DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

SONNET.

FAIR Dulcinea ! O that I had got,
 For greater comfort and for sweeter gain,
 My Miraflores to Toboso ta'en,
 I'd barter London for thy village cot !
 O might I wear thy colours, share thy lot,
 In soul and body feel thy passion's pain,
 And see thy famous knight, by thee made vain,
 Rush to some hopeless combat on the spot !
 O might I but as chastely take my flight
 From my lord Amadis, as thou hast done
 From thy Don Quixote, gentleman polite
 Then would I envied be, and envy none ;
 No more be sad, but happy without measure,
 No reckoning pay, and yet have all the pleasure !

*GANDALIN, SQUIRE OF AMADIS OF GAUL, TO
SANCHO PANZA, SQUIRE OF DON QUIXOTE.*

SONNET.

HAIL, famous man! good Fortune's favourite son,
 Who, when she bound thee to the trade of squire,
 Made matters all so pleasantly transpire
 That all thou didst was well and wisely done.
 The spade and hoe, methinks, are now at one
 With errant enterprise; and plain attire
 And squirish speech rebuke the proud desire
 That fain would spurn the moon, and beard the sun.
 I envy thee thine ass and name, I vow;
 Thy saddle-bags I envy thee as well,
 That of thy prudent care and foresight tell.
 Hail, once again, O Sancho! goodman thou!
 Our Spanish Ovid gives thee grace unique,
 Thy hand he kisses while he smites thy cheek!

*FROM DEBONNAIR, A POET OF MINGLED FAT
AND LEANNESS, TO SANCIO PANZA AND ROZI-
NANTE.*

TO SANCIO PANZA.

I'm Sancho Panza, squire by right
 To Don Quixote, La Mancha's knight;
 I took to flight, and beat retreat
 To live the life of one discreet,
 Like taciturn Villadiego,

Whose sum of bliss it was to find
 A spot retired and to his mind ;
 'Tis Celestina tells us so—
 A book divine, I humbly take it,
 Were human things in it less naked.

TO ROZINANTE.

I'M Rozinante, steed of fame,
 Great Bavioca's grandson I ;
 Into one Quixote's power I came
 For sin of being lean and dry.
 A coupled race I idly ran,
 But never by the merest span
 Did I my barley ever miss ;
 From cunning Lazarillo this
 I cribbed, and left him but the straw
 Through which the blind man's wine to draw.

*ORLANDO FURIOSO TO DON QUIXOTE DE
 LA MANCHA.*

SONNET.

IF peer thou art not, yet no peer thou hast
 Who might'st be peer 'mong thousand peers that be ;
 Live where thou wilt, thy like thou'lt never see,
 Unconquered conqueror, victor to the last !
 I am Orlando, Quixote, who, outcast

By fair Angelica, did cross the sea,
 And on Fame's altars offered recklessly
 That strength at which oblivion stands aghast.
 I cannot be thine equal ; 'tis thy due,
 Befitting well thy prowess and thy fame,
 Although thy brain like mine be all aflame :
 Rather may'st thou be mine, if thou subdue
 Proud Moor and Scythian fierce ; since now we're
 styled
 Equals in love, and equally beguiled.

*THE KNIGHT OF PHOEBUS TO DON QUIXOTE
 DE LA MANCHA.*

SONNET.

My sword at no time might with thine compare,
 O Spanish Phoebus, pink of courtesy !
 Nor yet my hand with thy proud chivalry,
 Though East and West its thunders smote the air.
 I slighted empires ; and the monarch's chair
 The ruddy East in vain did offer me ;
 I left them all, her sovereign face to see,
 Claridiana's, my Aurora fair.
 I loved her in a rare and wondrous way,
 And, absent in disgrace, the fiends of hell
 Quaked at my arm and bowed beneath its spell ;
 But, Gothic Quixote, thou'lt, till time's last day,
 Through Dulcinea, shine before all eyes,
 And she through thee, most famous, chaste, and wise.

*FROM SOLISDAN TO DON QUIXOTE DE
LA MANCHA.*

SONNET.

MAYHAP, Sir Quixote, follies fly apace
 Through every crevice of thy tumbled brain ;
 Yet on thy memory none shall fix a stain ;
 No man art thou of actions vile and base.
 Thy noble doings are thy chiefest grace ;
 Wrongs hast thou righted, and hast succoured pain,
 Though thousand times belaboured might and main
 By captive rogues and many a miscreant race.
 But if thy Dulcinea, sweet and fair,
 Her causeless anger still against thee shows,
 And gives no sympathy in all thy woes :
 In such sad case, be this thy comfort rare,
 That Sancho had no pander's art to move her ;
 He blockhead, she a prude, and thou no lover.

*A DIALOGUE BETWEEN BAVIECA AND
ROZINANTE.*

SONNET.

B. How comes it, Rozinante, thou'rt so lean ?
 R. Because I work so much and have no meat.
 B. Hast thou no barley, then, and straw to eat ?
 R. My master gives me not a mouthful e'en.

- B. Hold, sir! thy manners are exceeding mean,
 With tongue of ass thy master to maltreat.
- R. He is an ass himself from crown to feet;
 Behold him when in love, then is it seen.
- B. Is love so stupid, then? R. It is no wise affair.
- B. Thou'rt metaphysical! R. Because I live on air.
- B. Thou might'st abuse the squire. R. 'Tis true, I
 grant ye,
 But what's the use on him to vent mine ire,
 Since both the master and factotum squire
 Are just as arrant screws as Rozinante?

“ Donde estar, señora mía ! ”

(PART I., CH. V.)

WHERE tarriest thou, my lady?
 While I am sore distraught:
 Thou know'st it not, my lady,
 Or thou art false and naught.

ANTONIO'S SONG IN PRAISE OF OLALLA.

SUNG AT THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE GOATHERDS NEAR
 THE PUERTO LAPICHE.

(PART I., CH. XI.)

ME thou lov'st, I know, Olalla,
 Though thou hast not told me so,
 Though thine eyes, Love's silent tell-tales,
 Will not answer yes or no.

Me thou lov'st, I swear, Olalla ;
For I know thee to be wise,
And no love was ever luckless
That was shown without disguise.

True it is, and I confess it,
Thou hast given me many a hint
That thy heart can be as iron,
And thy white breast like a flint.

Yet, what time thine honest harshness
And thy chidings most did goad me,
I have seen Hope's garment flutter,
Though the hem was all she showed me.

Though I'm constant, like the falcon
Quick to seize the tempting lure,
Yet my love hangs not on favours,
And thy frowns it can endure.

Love, they say, is kin to kindness ;
So that kindly look of thine
Tells me that my love will prosper,
And the boon I ask be mine.

If an honest service rendered
Makes a niggard soul be free,
Not a few that I have tendered
Plead on my behalf with thee.

That full many a time and often
I have made a gallant show—
Worn my Sunday suit on Monday—
Thou must have remarked, I know.

Love and finery together
 Jog along the self-same way ;
 So before thine eyes I've ever
 Striven to be grand and gay.

I say nothing of the dances,
 Of the serenades I know,
 That have kept thee nightly waking,
 Till the early cock did crow.

I say nothing of the praises
 I have heaped upon thy beauty—
 All the girls were wild with envy,
 Though I only did my duty.

She of Berrocal, Teresa,
 When she heard me, roundly swore :
 " Fool ! you think you woo an angel ;
 'Tis a monkey you adore.

She may thank her borrowed ringlets,
 And her gew-gaws, one and all,
 And her charms so sweetly painted—
 Love into the snare might fall."

On the spot the lie I gave her ;
 She became my bitter foe,
 Sent her cousin to defy me—
 What I did to him you know.

As an honest man I woo thee,
 Not to cover thee with shame,
 Not to treat thee like a wanton—
 Better is my simple aim.

For the Church has cords to bind us,
 Knots of silk, so strong and nice.
 Put thy neck within the yoke there,
 Mine will follow in a trice.

If not, by the saints I swear it,
 By the holiest that have been,
 Ne'er to leave these hills behind me,
 Save to be a Capuchin.

*CHRYSOSTOM'S DESPAIRING INVECTIVE AGAINST
 MARCELLA.*

FOUND AMONGST HIS PAPERS AFTER HIS DEATH, AND
 RECITED BY VIVALDO AT HIS BURIAL.

(PART I., CH. XIV.)

SINCE 'tis thy wish, O cruel, men should publish
 From tongue to tongue, from this to every nation,
 The stern persistence of thy bitter rigour,
 Then do I call on hell itself to furnish
 To my sad breast a sound of lamentation,
 That shall the sweet use of my voice disfigure :
 And, seconding my will, which now gains vigour
 To tell my sorrow and thy cruel action,
 Forth of my fearsome voice shall flow the accent,
 And of my wretched bowels many a fragment
 Shall go to swell the horrible distraction.
 Then listen thou, and give an ear unfailing,
 Not to concerted sound, but to the wailing
 That from my bosom's depths in wild profusion,
 Stirred up by inward frenzy without measure,
 Flows for my pleasure and for thy confusion.

The roaring of the lion, and the dismal
 Howling of the fierce wolf; the scaly, craven
 Serpent's dread hissing, and the awful groaning
 Of some weird monster housed in depths abysmal;
 The hoarse prophetic croaking of the raven;
 Athwart the restless sea, the wind's wild moaning;
 The mad bellowing of the bull o'erthrown in
 The frantic strife; the cooing, low, heart-breaking
 Of the lone turtle-dove; the dreary whining
 Of the sad widowed owl;—all these, combining
 With the whole sooty squadron's hellish shrieking,
 Rush out together with my spirit doleful,
 Mingling in one vast sound, so fell and woeful,
 That shakes the senses to their very centre;
 So vast my pains, 'tis madness to repress them,
 And to express them I must on strange means venture.

Neither the yellow sands of Father Tagus,
 Nor the green olives of the famous Betis,
 Shall hear the echoes of such dismal uproar;
 But there, 'mid beetling cliffs and gloomy gorges,
 My bitter lamentation, as it meet is,
 With a dead tongue, but living words, shall outpour;
 Or in dark dells, or on the arid seashore,
 Where breaks no human footstep the deep slumbers;
 Or where the sun for ever hides his lustre;
 Or there, among the venomous broods that cluster
 On the Nile's level banks in swarming numbers;
 So that while, 'mid the deserts wild and dreary,
 The rude, hoarse echoes, of my pains grown weary,
 Thine unexampled cruelty reiterate,
 Making amends for my existence shattered,
 Through the world scattered they shall reverberate.

Scorn's wound is mortal ; and one slight suspicion,
 Be it or true or false, prostrates the spirit ;
 Jealousy kills, and with a stroke more sudden ;
 Long absence dooms the life to slow perdition ;
 No firm hope of a happier life has merit
 The keen dread of forgetfulness to deaden—
 In all of them most certain death lies hidden.
 Yet I live on (O miracle amazing),
 Jealous, disdain'd, and absent, left to languish
 In sure suspicions, fraught with mortal anguish,
 And clean forgotten, while my flame is blazing ;
 And, while my bitter pangs are ever near me,
 No ray of hope darts through the gloom to cheer me.
 Nor care I, in my sullen wrath, about it ;
 Nay swear, to push my quarrel to extremity,
 To all eternity to live without it.

May one perchance within the self-same instant
 Both hope and fear ? Or were it well to do it,
 Being the grounds of fear so overbearing ?
 What matters it, if jealousy be rampant,
 To shut these eyes of mine, when I must view it
 Through thousand wounds within my breast wide-staring ?
 Who would not open with a hand unsparing
 The gates to dire distrust, when all apparent
 He sees disdain uncovered, and suspicion
 Changed into patent fact—(oh, sad transition!)—
 And limpid truth become a lie transparent ?
 Fiercest of tyrants, thou in love's dominion,
 O Jealousy ! my hands with irons pinion ;
 Give me, Disdain, a cord of twisted rushes !
 But woe is me ! with what a cruel victory
 Thy living memory the suffering crushes.

At length I die ; and since no hope's afforded,
 In death or life, of happier condition,
 I'll rooted stand in this my phantasy :
 He who loves well, I'll say, is well rewarded ;
 His soul is freest who has made submission
 Deepest to love's old-fangled tyranny ;
 I'll say that she, my constant enemy,
 Retains a soul as lovely as her face is ;
 That her forgetfulness springs from my folly ;
 That by his very woes and melancholy
 Love builds his empire on the firmest basis.
 With such conclusions, and a cord's assistance,
 Short'ning my narrow limit of existence—
 Most bitter issue of her scornful quarrel—
 I'll give the winds my body and my spirit,
 Never to inherit or palm or laurel.

Thou who with such unreason art the reason
 That forces me to end, nowise unwilling,
 The weary life abhorrent to my spirit !
 Right well thou know'st, by many a proof in season,
 By this wound in my heart my life's blood spilling,
 Thy cruel stroke, how joyfully I bear it ;
 So peradventure, should'st thou think I merit
 That thy most lovely eyes in their clear heaven
 Should at my death be dimmed, spare me this pleasure ;
 No wish have I that for my heart's rich treasure,
 By thee despoiled, atonement should be given ;
 Nay, let thy laughter in this hour so fatal
 Show that my fate has been thy festival.
 'Tis weak to give thee this advice unbidden,
 For well I know 'twill but increase thy glory,
 That my life's story has an end so sudden.

The hour has struck. Up from the depths abysmal
 Let Tantalus come forth with dire thirst panting,
 And Sisyphus roll up his stone of terror ;
 Let Ticius bring his vulture ; nor the dismal
 Ixion with his ruthless wheel be wanting,
 Nor the dread sisters with their endless labour ;
 And all combined transfer their deadly horror
 Into my breast, and with low voice, and sighing—
 If so much grace to such a wretch be granted—
 Let mournful obsequies by them be chanted
 Over my body, stark and shroudless lying ;
 And let the infernal porter, gaunt, three-headed,
 With thousand monsters and chimeras dreaded,
 The shrill and dolorous counter-strain deliver ;
 Methinks no better style or pomp funereal
 Befits the burial of a wretched lover !

O song of Desperation, do not grieve thee
 When my too sad companionship shall leave thee ;
 Nay, since the cause that gave thee birth has hurried
 From my misfortune to augment her gladness,
 Be free from sadness, even when thou'rt buried !

CHRYSOSTOM'S EPITAPH.

“ *Yace aqui de un amator.*”

HERE lies of a fond, loving swain,
 The wretched stiffened corse ;
 He lived a shepherd's life, was slain
 By Love's relentless force.

A scornful fair one's cruelty
His hapless life did end.
By deeds like these Love's tyranny
His empire doth extend.

SONNET

FOUND BY DON QUIXOTE IN THE POCKET-BOOK OF
CARDENIO.

(PART I., CH. XXIII.)

EITHER Love's knowledge is a thing in vain,
His cruelty too great, or woes like these
Are far too slight his vigour to appease,
Since he condemns me to yet keener pain.
If Love's a god, then 'tis presumption plain
He must know everything; and reason sees
No god can cruel be. Who, then, decrees
The matchless woe I worship and sustain?
O Chloe! if I say 'tis thou, I lie;
For no such ill from so much good can flow,
Nor such perdition from a heaven so pure.
One thing is certain, I am doomed to die;
For, when the cause of ill no man can know,
A miracle alone can work a cure.

DON QUIXOTE'S PENITENTIAL SONG

CHAUNTED IN THE HEART OF THE SIERRA MORENA
DURING THE ABSENCE OF SANCHE PANZA ON AN
EMBASSY TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS DULCINEA DEL
TOBOSO.

(PART I., CH. XXVI.)

I.

YE trees, and herbs, and bushes all,
That grow within this pleasant site,
So great, and green, and hugely tall!
If in my pangs ye've no delight,
List to my holy wails that fall;
Let my loud groanings din you not,
Though truly terrible they be, ah!
For, with his tears to pay his scot,
Don Quixote mourned upon this spot
The absence of his Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

II.

This is the place to which did fly
The lovingest and truest wight,
And from his lady hid did lie,
And fell into a woeful plight,
Without his knowing whence or why;
Love kept him ever on the trot—
No rest from such an imp as he, ah!—
And so, with tears might fill a pot,
Don Quixote mourned upon this spot
The absence of his Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

III.

While 'mongst these rocks, with bitter mind
 He sought to cool his wild desires,
 While cursing there his fate unkind
 (For 'mid the crags and 'mid the briars
 The wretch could naught but sorrow find),
 Love scourged him with his heaviest knot—
 No smooth nor gentle thong had he, ah!—
 And, smiting wild his noddle hot,
 Don Quixote mourned upon this spot
 The absence of his Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

STANZAS

SUNG BY CARDENIO IN THE SIERRA MORENA DURING HIS
 MADNESS ON ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS OF LUCINDA.

(PART I., CH. XXVII.)

“*Quien menoscaba mis bienes?*”

I.

Who makes my happiness to wane?
Disdain.
 Who stirreth up my pain to frenzy?
'Tis Jealousy.
 Who gives sharp trial to my patience?
'Tis Absence.
 In such a case, to ease my sorrow,
 No charm sufficient can I borrow;
 Since Hope may war, but wars in vain,
 With Absence, Jealousy, Disdain.

SONNET.

BY CARDENIO.

(PART I., CH. XXVII.)

“ Santa Amistad, que con ligeras alas.”

O HOLY Friendship! who on wings of light
 Hast sped with joy to find a welcome rest
 In empyrean halls among the blest,
 Leaving thy semblance in this world of sight;
 Thence at thy warning we discern aright
 Untruth, in veil of thine translucent dressed,
 Through which at times there looms a face unblest,
 With zealous show of good, all good to blight.

O Friendship! leave thy heaven, or not allow
 That base Deceit thy livery should wear,
 Breeding distrust amongst the sons of men;
 For if thy counterfeits thou drive not now
 From out the world, Discord will riot there,
 And ancient Chaos visit earth again.

SONGS AND SONNETS

FROM THE NOVEL OF THE “CURIOSO IMPERTINENTE.”

(PART I., CH. XXXIII.)

“ Crece el dolor, y crece la verguenza.”

THE pain grows greater, and withal the shame,
 In Peter's bosom with the rising sun;
 And though no eye regards, yet all the same
 He mourns with shame the sin which he hath done.

For men of manly hearts themselves will blame,
 Although to mark their errors there be none ;
 Soon as they sin shame has immediate birth,
 Though there be none to see but heaven and earth.

“ Es de vidrio la muger.”

WOMEN'S nature is of glass ;
 But to proof thou must not go,
 Whether it will break or no :
 Everything may come to pass.
 Chances are 'twill break in twain ;
 'Twould more prudence then betoken,
 To preserve from being broken
 What thou canst not mend again.
 This hath reason for its ground,
 For all men of sense agree :
 Where on earth the Danaës be,
 Showers of gold will aye be found.

“ Busco en la muerte la vida.”

LIFE in death I fain would find,
 Health among the feebler kind,
 Liberty in prison strait,
 Exit from a barrèd gate,
 Loyalty in traitor's mind ;
 But my fate, which, ever grave,

Never grants the good I crave,
 Joins, with Heaven, to decree :
 Since I seek what cannot be,
 What can be I shall not have.

SONNETS

ADDRESSED BY LOTHARIO TO CAMILLA, WIFE OF ANSELMO,
 UNDER THE TITLE OF CHLORIS. "CURIOSO IMPERTI-
 NENTE."

(PART I., CH. XXXIV.)

I.

"En el silencio de la noche."

WRAPPED in the silence of the night's repose,
 When sweetest slumber lights on mortal eyes,
 I give to Chloris and the listless skies
 The poor recital of my wealthy woes ;
 And at what time the sun uprising goes
 To pass the eastern rosy gates, I rise,
 And with a quivering voice and heavy sighs,
 Forth of my breast my ancient quarrel flows ;
 Still faster fall my tears, my groans redouble,
 What time the sun from out his starry seat
 Sends rays direct upon our trembling sphere ;
 Returns the night, returns my tale of trouble ;
 But from this mortal strife there's no retreat,
 All heaven is deaf, and Chloris will not hear.

II.

“ Yo sè que muero, y si no soy creido.”

I KNOW that death is near. If thou believ'st not me,
 Death is more certain still; for at thy feet
 I'd rather lay me dead, thou tyrant sweet,
 Than e'er repent of having worshipped thee.
 In dark Oblivion's den I'd rather be,
 Bereft of life, and fame, and favour meet;
 Then in my open breast, with grace complete,
 Thy lovely face engraven wouldst thou see.
 I keep this relic for the dismal state
 To which my quarrel hurries me so fast—
 Thy very cruelty stirs up its might.
 Woe to the man who sails, the sport of fate,
 On trackless seas, beneath a sky o'ercast,
 No pole-star guiding and no port in sight!

SONNETS

COMPOSED BY DON PEDRO DE AGUILAR DURING HIS
 CAPTIVITY AT TUNIS. “HISTORIA DEL CAUTIVO.”

(PART I., CH. XL.)

I.

STYLED “LA GOLETA.”

“ Almas dichosas, que del mortal velo.”

O HAPPY spirits who, betimes set free
 From mortal robes of flesh, have upward sped,
 By deeds of worth, above earth's lowly bed,
 To better climes above the heavens that be!

What manly strength could do in war did ye,
 Enflamed with noble rage, by honour led ;
 And with your own and hostile blood dyed red
 The sandy soil, and stained the neighbouring sea.
 'Twas not your valour failed ; 'twas ebbing life
 Unnerved those arms that to the latest breath
 Maintained the fight, and vanquished won the prize ;
 And this your mournful fall in the dire strife,
 'Twixt wall and sword, has gained for you, by death,
 Fame in the world, and glory in the skies.

II.

STYLED "EL FUERTE."

"De entre esta tierra esteril derribada."

FROM out this sterile land, whose every space
 Is strewn with shattered tower or ruined mound,
 Three thousand soldiers' holy spirits found
 A happy exit to a better place.
 They fought a hopeless fight, true to their race ;
 With powerful arms they dealt their blows around,
 Till, few and weak, they fell upon the ground,
 And to the sword surrendered life with grace.
 And this the soil that keeps, as in a prison,
 From long past ages to the present year,
 A thousand sad and doleful memories ;
 Yet from its stony bosom ne'er have risen
 Such noble spirits to the heavens clear,
 Nor has it held such stalwart frames as these.

THE MULETEER'S SONGS,

IN WHICH DON LUIS SERENADES HIS MISTRESS, DOÑA CLARA, BY NIGHT AT THE VENTA, IN THE DISGUISE OF A MULETEER.

(PART I., CH. XLIII.)

I.

“Marinero soy de Amor.”

A SAILOR I on love's deep sea,
Of all its waves the sport,
I sail, though not a hope there be
Of reaching any port.

My only guide a distant star
On which I gaze with awe,
More beauteous and resplendent far
Than Palinurus saw.

I know not where its rays shall lead;
I sail without a plan,
With careless heart, yet careful heed
Its brilliant light to scan.

But there be clouds that close it round
When I would see it clear:
'Those cold reserves without a bound,
That modesty severe.

O Clara, bright and shining star,
For whose sweet light I sigh!
If thou thy light from me debar,
That moment I shall die!

II.

“ Dulce esperanza mia.”

SWEET hope of mine, that, breaking through
 The impenetrable wilderness of briars,
 Dost tread the path both firm and true
 That leads thee to the home of thy desires :
 Let not the vision thee dismay,
 Though death should track each footstep of thy way.

No sluggish soul shall e'er attain
 To honoured triumphs or to victory's crown ;
 Nor he the heights of bliss shall gain
 Who never steels his heart to fortune's frown,
 But tamely from the struggle flees,
 And lulls his senses on the lap of ease.

It stands to reason, 'tis but just,
 That Love his glories should most dearly vend,
 Since richest treasures are but dust
 Compared with Love's delights, that know no end ;
 For plain it is without disguise
 That what costs little we but little prize.

How often does a lover true
 Aspire to things impossible, and win ?
 So, though the love I have in view
 Has mighty obstacles without, within,
 To me I trust it will be given
 To rise at length from earth and conquer heaven

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA,

A VILLAGE OF LA MANCHA, ON THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.
HOC SCRIPSERUNT.

(PART I., CH. LII.)

MONICONGO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,

ON THE BURIAL OF DON QUIXOTE.

THE frantic Brain, that made La Mancha gay
With richer spoils than Jason brought to Crete ;
The Wit, whose weather-vane was incomplete,
And showed its sharp end where its broad should play ;
The Arm, that from Gaëta to Cathay
Did pass with mighty force on pinions fleet ;
The Muse, the oddest and the most discreet
That ever graved on brass distracted lay ;
He who, of love and gallantry the sum,
Led all the Amadis by the neck,
And kept the puny Galaors in check,
And all the Belianises struck dumb ;
He, who with Rozinante stumbled on,
Lies buried here beneath this frozen stone.

PANIAGUADO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,

IN LAUDEM DULCINEÆ DEL TOBOSO.

SHE, whom thou seest with rough and rosy face,
With towering breasts, and bright and sprightly mien,
Is Dulcinea, famed Toboso's queen,
Who in great Quixote's heart held chiefest place ;

For her dear sake he up and down did pace
 The great Black Mountain, and the field, I ween,
 Of Montiel; on to the plains so green
 Of Aranjuez; footsore, in dismal case:
 'Twas Rozinante's fault. O star unkind!
 That shone so weird on this Manchegan dame,
 And this unconquered knight! While young in fame,
 She, dying, left her loveliness behind;
 And he, whose name is writ on marble blocks,
 Could not escape Love's passion, rage and shocks.

CAPRICHOSO, WITTIEST ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,

IN PRAISE OF ROZINANTE, CHARGER OF DON
 QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

UPON that hardened trunk so proudly lying,
 Where Mars with bloody feet hath left his stain,
 The mad Manchegan, fever in his brain,
 With matchless vigour sets his standard flying:
 He hangs his armour up, and sword defying,
 With which he shatters, rends, and cleaves in twain:
 New prowess this; but art invents with pain
 New style, for this new Paladin undying.
 Her Amadis may be the pride of Gaul,
 By whose brave progeny illustrious Greece
 Gains thousand triumphs, sees her fame increase;
 But now doth Quixote in Bellona's hall
 Receive the crown, and proud La Mancha sees

Her hero stand unmatched in Greece or Gaul ;
 O'er fame like his Oblivion casts no pall,
 Since gallant Rozinante swells its stores,
 Outstrips the Bayards and the Brilliadors.

BURLADOR, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,

TO SANCHO PANZA.

THIS Sancho Panza is in stature lowly,
 But great in valour ; miracle most clear !
 The simplest squire, and eke the most sincere
 The world e'er saw, I swear by all that's holy ;
 An earl he might have been, but was not wholly ;
 For why, the spitfires of an age severe
 Conspired to thwart him in his grand career—
 Even in an ass we pardon not such folly.
 On such he rode (excuse me if I lie),
 The meekest squire behind the meekest roadster,
 Hight Rozinante, and behind his master.
 Vain hopes of men ! that soar up to the sky,
 Ye promise rest and blessings without number,
 But die away in gloom, in smoke, in slumber !

CACHIDIABLO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,

ON THE BURIAL OF DON QUIXOTE.

Epitaph.

UNDERNEATH there lies a knight,
 Badly errant, sadly battered ;
 Rozinante bore his weight
 Here or there, it little mattered.

Sancho Panza, rude and crusty,
 By his side is also laid ;
 Never squire more true and trusty
 Exercised the squirely trade.

DEL QUITOC, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA.

ON THE BURIAL OF DULCINEA DEL TOROSO.

DULCINEA rests below ;
 Though a buxom lass, I trow,
 Dust and ashes is she now :
 Horrid death hath made her so.

She was born of chastest race,
 Bore the marks of gentle dame,
 Was the mighty Quixote's flame,
 And the glory of her place.

FROM AN ELEGY ON A BROTHER OF THE DUKE OF ALVA,
BY GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

(PART II., CH. VI.)

THROUGH thorny paths like these we wander on,
To Immortality's exalted seat,
Where none who shun the suffering share the throne.

SONNET

ADDRESSED TO CASILDEA DE VANDALIA BY THE BACHELOR
SAMPSON CARRASCO, IN THE DISGUISE OF THE
"CABALLERO DEL BOSQUE."

(PART II., CH. XII.)

"Dadme señora, un termino que siga."

O LADY, give me now thy will to know,
And fix the settled path I have to tread;
Thy will to mine for ever shall be wed,
In every point I'll strict obedience show.
If 'tis thy wish that I to death should go,
My grief unuttered, look on me as dead;
If thou wouldst have it strangely told instead,
Then Love himself shall tell the tale of woe.
A prey to opposites I stand confessed,
Like wax as soft, like diamond as hard;
The laws of Love I hold in high regard,
And, weak or strong, I offer thee this breed;
Engrave, imprint upon it, all thy will,
While ages roll I swear to keep it still.

*DON QUIXOTE'S ADDRESS TO THE TOBOSAN
STONE ƷARS.*

(PART II., CH. XVIII.)

O PLEDGES sweet, that bring to mind my woe,
Sweet, ay, and joyful when God willed it so!

PRIZE POEM

BY DON LORENZO, SON OF DON DIEGO DE MIRANDA,
STUDENT OF SALAMANCA, RECITED WITH GREAT
ÉCLAT BY DON QUIXOTE.

(PART II., CH. XVIII.)

“ Si mi fue tornasse a es.”

WERE I now but as before,
I could hope for nothing more,
Would the happy time were here
Of what shall by-and-by appear.

All things here are fleeting fast;
So the happiness has passed
Fortune gave me once a day,
Without stint and without stay;
All her favours now have ceased;
Fortune, 'tis an age at least
Since thou saw'st me at thy feet—
Are we doomed no more to meet?
Oh, the happiness in store,
Were I now but as before.

I desire no other pleasure,
Other glory, other treasure,

Other triumph, other palm ;
 Give me but the pleasing calm
 I possessed in days of yore.
 Fortune, turn to me once more !
 Let the magic of thy name
 Soothe the rigour of my flame,
 Come at once, come as before—
I could hope for nothing more.

'Things impossible I ask ;
 For 'twould be a hopeless task
 For the greatest power on earth
 To give Time a second birth
 When it once hath fled by.
 Time doth run and Time doth fly,
 But it never turneth back ;
 And those men do wisdom lack
 Who exclaim, in accents drear,
Would the happy time were here !

Life to me is far from cheering,
 Sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing ;
 'Tis but Death in thin disguise.
 'Twould be better, 'twould be wise,
 Dying now to finish pain,
 Death to me would be a gain ;
 But it is not, nor can be,
 For, on second thoughts, I see
 Life has still a wholesome fear
Of what shall by-and-by appear.

SONNET

ON THE TRAGICAL END OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE,
 RECITED BY THE SALAMANCA STUDENT, AND WARMLY
 APPLAUDED BY DON QUIXOTE.

(PART II., CH. XVIII.)

“El muro rompe la doucella hermosa.”

Now breaks the wall that maid exceeding fair
 Who cleft bold Pyramus's heart in twain ;
 Love starts from Cyprus, and proceeds amain
 To view the rent so narrow and so rare.
 There silence speaks ; because no voice will dare
 To pass so strait a strait, or dares in vain ;
 Their souls likewise ; for Love is ever fain
 To smooth the way in every hard affair.
 Desire bursts every bound, and with the blunder
 Of that imprudent virgin there befell
 Death for her pleasure. What a tale to tell !
 For both, at one fell swoop (portentous wonder),
 Kills them, entombs them, makes them live in story,
 One cruel sword, one sepulchre, one glory !

SONGS FROM THE MASQUE PLAYED AT
 CAMACHO'S WEDDING.

CUPID.

(PART II., CH. XX.)

“Yo soy el Dios poderoso.”

I AM the god of powerful hand
 In the air and on the land,

'Mid the wide and swelling deep,
 And whatever hell doth keep
 In its dungeon dark and steep ;
 What is fear I never knew ;
 All I wish for, that I do,
 Though impossible to view ;
 Turn the possible to use,
 Bid, forbid, and bind and loose.

INTEREST.

“ Soy quien puede mas que Amor.”

LOVE is great, but I am greater,
 I myself am Love's creator ;
 Scion of the noblest birth
 Heaven ever sent to earth,
 Widest known, of highest worth.
 I am Interest, 'tis true
 Few know with me what to do ;
 Do without me still more few ;
 I am thine, be what I may,
 Thine for ever and a day.

POESY.

“ En dulcissimos conceitos.”

BEAMING with conceits most pretty,
 Lofty, grave, and passing witty,
 Ever-radiant Poesy
 Sends her soul, fair one, to thee,
 Wreathed with many a dainty ditty.

FROM DON QUIXOTE.

If my forwardness, perchance,
Do not make thee look askance,
I thy praises will advance ;
Raise thine envied fortune soon
'Bove the circle of the moon.

LIBERALITY.

“ *Llaman Liberalidad.* ”

I, TRUE Liberality,
Keep the mean of both extremes—
Reckless prodigality,
And its contrast, which beseems
Heart of basest quality ;
But to-day, to honour thee,
I'll be prodigal and free :
Honoured vice, if vice it be,
Fitting well the lover's part,
Who in giving shows his heart. ;

SONG OF THE RECRUIT.

(PART II., CH. XXIV.)

“ *A la guerra me lleva.* ”

'Tis poverty, my greatest curse,
Which drives me to the war ;
If I had money in my purse,
I would not go so far.

(PART II., CH. XXVII.)

*“No rebuznaron envalde.
El uno y otro alcalde.”*

HERE it was our neighbour bailiffs twain
Each to other brayed, nor brayed in vain.

MERLIN'S ADDRESS

AT THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN IN THE GROUNDS OF THE
DUCAL PALACE, UNFOLDING THE SIMPLE MEANS FOR
THE DISENCHANTMENT OF DULCINEA, TO THE UN-
UTTERABLE HORROR OF SANCHO PANZA.

(PART II., CH. XXXV.)

“Yo soy Merlin, aquel que en las historias.”

“I MERLIN am, of whom the legends old
Affirm I had the devil for my sire—
A lie which passed for truth in olden times—
Prince of the magic art, monarch, and sole
Embodiment of Zoroastric lore,
Determined foeman of the times and ages
That fain with envious fingers would efface
The grand achievements of the brave knights-errant,
For whom I had and have a vast affection.
'Tis true the enchanters, wizards, and magicians
Are most of aspect rough, uncouth, and fearsome ;
But I am tender, bland, and loving kind,
And full of great goodwill to all mankind.

“Within the murky caves of gloomy Dis,
Where I was seated with my soul absorbed
In tracing mystic signs and lines rhomboidal,
There pierced the doleful accents of the fair .

And peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.
I knew of her enchantment and ill luck,
Her transformation from a gentle dame
To a coarse country wench. With pity moved,
I shut my spirit up within the womb
Of this most grim and fierce anatomy,
And, having thumbed a hundred thousand tomes
Of this my science weird and diabolic,
I come to give the remedy you require
For grief so great, calamity so dire.

“O thou, the pride and pink of such as wear
Their martial coats of steel and diamond,
Light, lanthorn, sign-post, Polar star, and guide
Of such as, shunning sloth and downy beds,
Do train themselves by wear and tear stupendous
To use and exercise of bloody arms—
To thee, I say, O man beyond all praise,
To thee, most valiant and most wise Don Quixote,
Crown of La Mancha, and the star of Spain,
That to recover to her first estate
The matchless Dulcinea del Toboso,
It is imperative that Sancho there,
Thy squire, should on his brawny buttocks twain,
Bared to the heavens, give with his own hand
Three thousand lashes, and three hundred more,
With force to sting, smart, and exasperate ;
So have decreed the authors of her plight ;
For this, my masters, have I come to-night.”

SONGS

IN THE STORY OF THE COUNTESS TRIFALDI.

(PART II., CH. XXXVIII.)

“ De la dulce mi enemiga.”

FROM my sweet enemy doth come
 A wound which through my soul doth thrill ;
 She bids me bear it but be dumb,
 And this is keener torment still.

“ Ven, muerte, tan escondida.”

DEATH, when thou com'st, such means employ
 That I thy coming may not know,
 Lest dying give me so much joy
 That ebbing life again shall flow.

ALTISIDORA'S SERENADE,

SUNG IN THE GARDEN OF THE DUCAL CASTLE, UNDER THE
BEDROOM WINDOW OF DON QUIXOTE.

(PART II., CH. XLIV.)

“ O tu, que estas en tu lecho.”

THOU, in bed so snug reposing,
 Twixt the sheets of holland fine,
 Stretched at ease and soundly dozing
 All the night till morning shine !

Cavalier more gay and gallant
Never did La Mancha hold,
Fairer, purer than a talent
Of the best Arabian gold.

Listen to a maid in mourning,
Small in fortune, large in size,
In whose breast a fire is burning,
Kindled by thy two bright eyes.

Wild adventurous trade thou pliest,
Strange mishaps are all thy gain ;
Givest wounds, and yet deniest
Wherewithal to ease the pain !

Tell me, youth of strength unmeasured
(Heaven shield its daring child!),
Wert thou reared in Lybian desert,
Or in Jaca's mountains wild?

Say did serpent's milk provide thee,
Or did wild woods for thy curse
In their shaggy bosoms hide thee,
Or were mountains rude thy nurse?

Well might Dulcinea vaunt her,
Strapping damsel, plump and sound,
That her charms had tamed a panther,
Made a tiger bite the ground.

So her name shall ring in stanza,
From Xarama to Henares,
From Pisuerga to Arlanza,
Tagus' banks to Manzanares !

Had I but her happy lot,
I would give a sum untold—
Even my gayest petticoat
With its fringes all of gold.

Would that I were now beside thee,
Or at least beside thy bed,
I would make thy hair so tidy,
Brush the dandruff from thy head.

Such an honour would too high be,
Let me rather kiss thy feet ;
For a maiden such as I be
That would be a boon complete.

Oh, what lovely coifs I'd weave thee,
Socks of silver thread so fine ;
Damask breeches I would give thee,
Holland mantles quite divine !

Pearls of colours all the rarest,
Big as nuts, thy heart to wile ;
Since they are by far the rarest,
People call them nonpareil.

Look not from thy rock Tarpeian
On the fire which gives me pain ;
Nero of the world Manchegan,
Do not make it blaze again !

I'm a girl, a tender chicken,
Fifteen barely do I score ;
On my conscience and by Heaven,
Fourteen, and but three months more.

I'm not lame, nor am I silly,
 Faulty thou'lt in nothing find me ;
 Locks as fresh as any lily
 Sweep the very ground behind me.

Though my wide mouth might be fitter,
 And my nose too flatly lies,
 All my teeth like topaz glitter,
 And my beauty scales the skies.

And my voice, if thou wilt listen,
 'Tis so sweet, it is no croaker ;
 And I have a disposition
 Something less than mediocre.

Charms like these, all charms excelling,
 Are thy spoils, and many more-a !
 I'm a damsel of this dwelling,
 And my name's Altisidora.

DON QUIXOTE'S SONG,

CHAUNTED FROM HIS BEDROOM WINDOW "CON UNA VOZ
 RONQUILLA AUNQUE ENTONADA," INTENDED AS A
 CURE FOR ALTISIDORA'S PASSION.

(PART II., CH. XLVI.)

"Suelen las fuerzas de Amor."

WHEN Love's forces are united
 To unhinge a woman's mind,
 Careless ease, and idle living,
 Are the instruments they find.

Only knitting, working, toiling
In the things the house requires,
Are specifics 'gainst the poison
Of the amorous desires.

Maidens who would fain be married
Prudent are in all their ways ;
Modesty's their richest dower,
Purity their highest praise.

Cavaliers who gaily swagger,
Courtiers in the palace bred,
With the light and free make merry,
Only with the modest wed.

Certain loves have but a dawning,
Such as wayfarers put on ;
Haste at once to their declining,
Parting comes and they are gone.

Loves which flit about at random
Stamp no image on the mind ;
Come to-day, and gone to-morrow,
Leaving not a trace behind.

Picture on a picture painted
Doth not brook a single glance ;
Where a former beauty reigneth
There the second has no chance.

On my soul, a spotless tablet,
Beams my Dulcinea's face,
Painted there in such a fashion
Nothing earthly can efface.

This is chief of lover's virtues,
 Constancy which never dies ;
 Love therewith works all his wonders,
 Keeps the field, and wins the prize !

ALTISIDORA'S MOCK INVECTIVE,

HURLED AT DON QUIXOTE AT THE MOMENT OF HIS
 DEPARTURE FROM THE DUCAL CASTLE.

(PART II., CIL. LVII.)

" Escucha, mal caballero."

LISTEN, knight of knights the vilest,
 Give thy reins a little rest ;
 Cease to gall the wretched withers
 Of thine ill-conditioned beast !
 Traitor, 'tis no biting serpent
 Makes thee to thy charger leap ;
 See, 'tis but a frisky lambkin,
 Far too young to be a sheep !
 Horrid monster ! Thou hast jilted
 Fairest damsel e'er was seen
 With Diana on the mountains,
 Or with Venus on the green !
 Vireno the cruel, Æneas the flying !
 Barabbas stick to thee, living or dying !

Thou art bearing—impious burden !—
 In thy grasping, clutching claws,
 Quivering heart of lowly maiden,
 Loving-kind as ever was :

Thou art bearing off three kerchiefs,
 Garters too from legs I know,
 Soft and smooth as purest marbles,
 Be they black or white as snow ;
 Thou art bearing sighs two thousand,
 Which, if charged with glowing fire,
 Would two thousand Troys set blazing,
 If two thousand Troys there were !
 Vireno the cruel, Æneas the flying !
 Barabbas stick to thee, living or dying !

For thy squire there, simple Sancho,
 Make his bowels tough as fell,
 That enchanted Dulcinea
 Still may dree the wizard's spell ;
 Let the poor thing pine and suffer
 For the crime that's in thy heart,
 In this country side the righteous
 Sometimes for the sinners smart ;
 Let the best of thy adventures
 Bring thee but a mess of troubles,
 Let thy pastimes change to sorrows,
 And thy fancies burst like bubbles ;
 Vireno the cruel, Æneas the flying !
 Barabbas stick to thee, living or dying !

From Sevilla to Marchena
 Thee as traitor may they brand ;
 From Granada on to Loja,
 London town to English land.
 When thou playest at *reinado*,
 At *primera*, or at whist,

Ne'er an ace, and ne'er a seven,
 Ne'er a king be in thy fist :
 When thy stinging corns thou parest,
 May the cuts and blood perplex thee ;
 When thy raging teeth thou drawest,
 May the stumps remain to vex thee ;
 Vireno the cruel, Æneas the flying !
 Barabbas stick to thee, living or dying !

THE LAST DOLEFUL DITTY OF DON QUIXOTE,

SUNG NOT LONG AFTER HIS DISCOMFITURE BY THE
 "CABALLERO DE LA BLANCA LUNA," AND AFTER
 BEING OVERRUN BY THE SWINE IN THE WOODS NEAR
 BARCELONA.

(PART II., CH. LXVIII.)

"Amor, quando yo pienso."

O LOVE, what time thy pangs do stun
 My heart with great and grievous blows,
 With reckless speed to death I run,
 In haste to end my fearful woes.

But when I reach the wished-for goal,
 The haven in my sea of troubles,
 I feel such joy throughout my soul
 That life comes back, my strength redoubles.

Thus living takes away my life,
 And dying gives me back my breath ;
 O strange condition ! curious strife !
 Which hovers thus 'twixt life and death.

“Nadie las mueva.”

LET none but he these arms remove
Who dares Orlando's strength to prove.

ALTISIDORA'S DIRGE,

SUNG AT HER MOCK FUNERAL IN THE DUKE'S CASTLE.

(PART II., CH. LXIX.)

“Entanto que en si vuelve Altisidora.”

TILL fair Altisidora lives again,
Slain by Don Quixote's most inhuman spleen ;
And till the court of Fairyland is fain
To deck its dames in robes of sombre sheen ;
And till the maidens in my lady's train
In finery of serge and baize are seen ;
I'll sing the fair one's fate, till all shall know it,
With higher harp than did the Thracian poet.

But think not 'tis alone while life shall last,
That this sad office I will undertake ;
Though in my mouth my dead tongue freezes fast,
My voice shall sound melodious for thy sake ;
And when my soul its prison walls hath passed,
And freely skims across the Stygian lake,
Thy beauty's praise shall ring from it, and cause
The waters of forgetfulness to pause.

PROVERB.

WHEN scolding runs highest
 Forgiveness is nighest.

DON QUIXOTE'S EPITAPH.

(PART II., CH. LXXIV.)

THE doughty knight that lies beneath
 Reached valour's height by dint of strife,
 For death, that triumphed in his death,
 Achieved no triumph o'er his life.

The world he scorned, and fain would purge,
 Was both its scarecrow and its scourge,
 And had this luck beyond all rule—
 To die a sage and live a fool.

STANZA

TAKEN FROM AN OLD ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF GRANADA
 BEGINNING THUS: "ESTANDO EL REY DON FER-
 NANDO," AND APPLIED BY CERVANTES TO HIS IMI-
 TATORS.

"*Tate, tate, follonzicos.*"

HANDS off: nor touch a single thing,
 Ye cullions base, begone!
 This enterprise, my noble king,
 Is mine, and mine alone.

NOTE ON PEDRO GRULLO.

MANY strange things were foretold
By the prophecies of old :
They foretold that in our day
What God wills would have its way ;
Feathered things would take to flight ;
Footed things would walk upright ;
And, to put us in a fix,
Two times three would make up six.

NOTE ON SALAZAR.

YESTERDAY it came to pass
Salazar went to the glass,
Saw unscared an ugly phiz ;
'Twas his wife's—it was not his.

Vide Pellicer, tom. v. 313, 314.

URGANDA THE UNKNOWN,

TO THE BOOK OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

I.

O Book, if it be thy inten—
To rise and rank among the goo—
"Twill not be said by any foo—
Thy fingers are not tipped with sen—
But if thou cook what is not mean—
To please the taste of every boo—
Thou'lt find it handled by a broo—
Of silly folk, of high preten—
Who bite their nails, and look askan—
To show that they are diletan—

II.

If it be true, as saith the stan—
"Who to a goodly tree repai—
Will surely find a goodly sha—"
Here in Bejar thy lucky plan—
Presents a royal tree and gran—
Whose fruit are princes of the Sta—
Their chief, a Duke of noble na—
A second, mighty Alexan—
Come to its shade without a ca—
For Fortune favoureth the bra—

III.

Thou hast to tell the adventurous fea—
 Of that Manchegan knight and no—
 Whose wits were turned out of doo—
 By dint of much and idle rea—
 Arms, ladies fair, and cavalie—
 Inflamed his brain in such a mo—
 That like Orlando furio—
 Transformed into a lover swee—
 By strength of arms he reached the goa—
 Fair Dulcinea del Tobo—

IV.

Engrave not thou upon thy shie—
 Devices strange and hiero—
 When picture-cards are all we ha—
 We brag with points that court defea—
 If in the preface thou be mee—
 Thou'lt hear exclaim no blatant foo—
 "Behold! Don Alvaro de Lu—
 Or Hannibal the Carthagi—
 Or else King Francis, he in Spai—
 Is railing at his doleful fa—"

V.

Since Heaven's wisdom hath refu—
 To turn thee out a Classici—
 Like that black linguist, Juan Lati—
 Be chary of the Latin mu—

Launch not at us thy biting hu—
 Nor din us with philosophi—
 Lest one, who careth not a whi—
 For learnèd ways or literatu—
 Should twist his mouth, and give a shrie—
 “What mean to me your flowers of spee—”

VI.

Of others' lives make no pala—
 Nor peer into thy neighbour's hou—
 What comes not straight into accou—
 Pass by ; it is the wiser pla—
 For foolish words at random ca—
 Fall often on the jester's crow—
 So burn the lamp, and strain thy pow—
 To gain good fame throughout the la—
 For he who prints a stupid boo—
 Consigns it to eternal doo—

VII.

Take warning from the ancient pro—
 That if thy house be made of gla—
 It is a most imprudent pla—
 To pelt the passers-by with sto—
 Compose such works as men of no—
 May pleasure find in every pa—
 For he who takes his pen in ha—
 And brings to light a portly vo—
 Mere idle damsels to amu—
 Writes for the silly and the stu—

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

SEHNSUCHT.

O how happy were my feeling,
 Could I but an outlet find
From the bottom of this valley,
 Blasted with the cutting wind!
There I spy the heavenly mountains,
 Ever fresh and ever fair,
Had I but an eagle's pinions,
 I would speed me swiftly there!

Hark! I hear harmonious music,
 Sweetest tones of heavenly calm;
And the gentle winds are bearing
 On their wings the scented balm!
Golden fruits, the air perfuming,
 Sparkle 'mid the leafy trees;
And the flowers, which there are blooming,
 Never feel the winter's breeze!

There, amid eternal sunshine,
 O how sweet the moments steal,
And the breeze on every summit,
 How refreshing must it feel!

But I fear the darksome river,
That between doth restless roll ;
Rough and foaming are its billows,
And sad terror fills my soul.

On its waves a barque is tossing,
But, alas ! the steersman fails ;
Merrily in, and never waver !
Full and swelling are its sails.
Faith and Hope be thy companions,
For the gods they lend no hand ;
But a miracle can bear thee
To that beauteous wonder-land !

—SCHILLER.

SONGS OF MIRZA-SCHAFFY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH
VON BODENSTEDT.

ZULEIKA.

I.

IN the blue arch of Heaven the angels are bright,
And sweet are the roses, the garden's delight,
And fair is the light of the radiant sun ;
But of these I can liken Zuleika to none.

For Love never visits an angel's breast,
And thorns prickle sharp when the rose is pressed,
And night overshadows the light of the sun ;
So of these I can liken Zuleika to none.

Though I search all creation around and above,
No match can I find for Zuleika, my love ;
She is charming, and stings not, but loves ever on,
She is likest herself, I can match her with none.

II.

THE maidens love to hear me sing,
Their hearts with joy o'erflowing,
For like to pearls on silken string
The words come fresh and glowing.

They yield a fragrance sweet as breath
That Houris' lips have lent me ;
Like odours from the blooming wreath
My own Zuleika sent me.

Don't marvel that the poet's tongue
Should yield so much of glory ;
That Wisdom wed to Fancy young
Should twine around my story !

For wist ye where that Wisdom lies,
And where 'tis bliss to find it ?
I read it in Zuleika's eyes,
And then in words enshrined it.

No wonder that my song is bright
With beauties rare and tender ;
For all its light is borrowed light,
And hers its grace and splendour.

As in the Janshid cup we see
The wonders of creation ;
So she's a magic world to me
Of wit and revelation.

Then say : Is not my song sublime ?
Are not its tones entralling ?
Its gentle march, and measured time,
Like Beauty's footsteps falling ?

III.

My heart adorns itself with thee,
As Heaven with the Sun is bright ;
Thou art its glory ; wanting thee,
It would be dark as darkest night.

So fades the fairest pomp of Earth
When Darkness holds its cheerless sway ;
But when the smiling Sun looks forth,
Its beauties spring to meet the day.

IV.

WHAT is all the pine-tree's slimness, what the eye of wild
gazelle ?
They're nothing to thy slender figure, and thine eye of
magic spell ;
What is all the balm of Shiraz, odours wafted from the
South ?
They're nothing to the breath of fragrance, soft-distilling
from thy mouth.

What are all the songs of Hafiz, songs that make the
heart rejoice ?
They're nothing to one word of music, thrilling from thy
tuneful voice ;
What are all the cups of roses, where nightingale its
nectar sips ?
They're nothing to thy mouth of beauty, nothing to thy
rosy lips.

What are all the stars of Heaven, what the Sun, and what
the Moon ?

For thee they glow and twinkle, cast loving glances down ;
Nay, what am I, and what my heart, and what my
sweetest lays ?

They live to serve thy beauty, and tell the world thy
praise.

V.

THE Thorn's the symbol of rejection,
Of settled discontent and scorn ;
So if she slight my heart's affection,
She sends me for a sign the Thorn.

But if the maiden, unsuspecting,
Should send the Rosebud for a sign,
That means : The Fates are all propitious,
Yet fear to let thy love decline.

But if the maiden, thought entrancing,
Should send the full-blown rose as sign ;
My highest hopes are upward glancing,
Her love's declared, her heart is mine.

With beating heart, and ardour strong,
I come to seek my lady's shrine,
And send to thee this fragrant song,
To ask thee if thy love be mine.

Take it with rapture or with scorn,
Give to my heart its bane or treasure ;
Send me the bud, the rose, or thorn,
I humbly kneel and wait thy pleasure.

VI.

I LOOK upon thy Feet, so small and tender,
 And, thou lovely maid, I stand and wonder,
 To see what loads of beauty they are bearing !

I look upon thy Hands, so slight and slender,
 And, thou lovely maid, I stand and wonder,
 To see what wounds they give, and with what daring !

I look upon thy Lips, so ripe and ruddy,
 And, thou lovely maid, I think and study,
 Why they should be of kisses sweet so sparing !

I look upon thine Eyes, so bright and beaming,
 And, thou lovely maid, I fall a-dreaming,
 Why deeper love than mine they seek to share in !

Oh cast thine eyes on me, with mercy laden !
 For no human heart, thou lovely maiden,
 Can ever care for thee, as I am caring !

Oh listen to this song, with rapture laden !
 For no poet's tongue, thou lovely maiden,
 Can bear aloft thy love, as mine is bearing !

VII.

LIKE the fountain that springs in the air,
 And sparkles beneath the sun,
 But ever returns to the source of its strength,
 To plenish its waters when done ;
 So boundeth my heart, with the love of thee,
 Far up to the highest Heaven ;
 But ever comes back to the home of its birth,
 Where Love for its love is given.

VIII.

WHEN Paradise at length flings wide its portals,
 To admit the good to endless cheer ;
 And crowding all around, Earth's countless mortals
 Stand racked with doubt, and hope, and fear.

Then I alone, of all these sinful mortals,
 Shall be from doubt and anguish free ;
 Since long ago on earth I've passed the portals,
 And entered Paradise with thee !

IX.

WHAT, dear girl, thy heart oppresses,
 Why start back with timid fear ?
 When my fingers touch thy tresses,
 And my lips to thine come near.
 What I seek and long to get,
 Let it not thy bosom fret ;
 For 'twas written long ago,
 Maiden, I should love thee so.

Faith in all that's good I cherish,
 Faith in Allah and Koràn ;
 Faith that I, till Being perish,
 Love thee must, and love thee can.
 Other men were made to mourn,
 I to love and bliss was born ;
 For 'twas written long ago,
 Maiden, I should love thee so.

Seems the thought of love distressing ?
 Smiling cast the fear away ;

For my heart must crave its blessing,
And stern Fate will have its way.
As it will let Fancy rove,
None but thou canst chain my love ;
For 'twas written long ago,
Maiden, I should love thee so.

Dost thou hope, when life is over,
To have Heaven's mercy thine ?
Then such mercy now discover
To this trembling heart of mine.
Let no sighs of others move thee,
Use a sweet constraint to love me ;
For 'twas written long ago,
Maiden, thou shouldst love me so.

Take this fragrant song and read it,
Listen to its tones of mirth ;
Promising, if thou wilt heed it,
Joys of Paradise on earth.
Seek for other bliss above,
But on earth here let us love ;
For 'twas written long ago,
We should love each other so.

As the rose, with beauty laden,
Opens to the Zephyr's play ;
Let thy bosom, dearest maiden,
Open to Love's gentle sway.
Give, oh give me, I entreat,
What has brought me to thy feet ;
For 'twas written long ago,
Maiden, thou shouldst love me so.

X.

I HEARD the rose bewailing
 The fragrance too soon failing,
 That gentle Spring did give her ;
 I told her to her heart's content,
 That thro' and thro' my songs it went,
 And so would live for ever.

XI.

I'VE wit enough to weave a crown
 From flowers I've plucked in bower or wood ;
 Let Heaven smile, or Fortune frown,
 My song reflects each passing mood.

I know what suits my highest taste,
 So long as Reason holds command ;
 And at my call the Spirits haste
 From flowery grove and Fairyland.

But when the lamp of Love is lit,
 And every sense is steeped in bliss ;
 When kiss meets kiss in rapture fit,
 And rapture swells with every kiss ;

Then hushed my lyre ; each note is dumb,
 As 'neath the Sun the nightingale ;
 Since man may taste of bliss the sum,
 But song to utter it shall fail.

For who can paint the orb of light,
 The splendours all in fullest blaze ?
 Or even dare with unveiled sight
 To look upon its fervent rays ?

XII.

THE radiant Sun is beaming
Down on the heaving Ocean,
And all its waves are trembling
In glittering commotion.

And, like the Sun, thou'rt mirrored in
The Ocean of my fancies ;
They tremble and they glow 'neath
The fervour of thy glances.

XIII.

I FEEL thy breath around me,
In all the winds that blow ;
Thy image floats before me
Wherever I may go.

In the deep sea of my musings
Thou mayest drown thy light ;
But like the Sun at morning
Thou'lt rise again as bright.

XIV.

WHEN the Spring is decking the mountain's brow,
And the Sun is melting the snows away ;
And the buds are bursting on every bough,
And the flowers peep out in the meadows gay ;
When the winter's pain,
And the blinding rain,
Are gone, no more to return again ;

The hills take up the chorus
Till the valleys ring ;
Oh how sweet and glorious
Is the time of Spring !

On the glacier's slopes when the Sun beats strong,
And the streams leap out from the mountain side,
And the woods resound with the warbler's song,
And the grass is springing up far and wide ;
When odours rare
Perfume the air,
And the deep blue sky looks wondrous fair,
The hills take up the chorus
Till the valleys ring ;
Oh how sweet and glorious
Is the time of Spring !

'Twas then, was it not, thou maiden mine,
When the early Spring was fair like this,
That my heart first beat in time to thine,
And our lips first met in a glowing kiss ?
When the birds sang love
In every grove,
And the bounding stream did merrily rove ;
The hills took up the chorus,
The valleys did ring ;
Oh how sweet and glorious
Is the time of Spring !

XV.

THE happiest of the happy I! For while
The drowsy world wheels on its axis round,
And each one seeks for bliss in his own style,
And misses what is easiest to be found ;
While with grim face the monk his body flays,
And dreams that Heaven, at length in after days,
Makes up for worn-out knees and tortured breast ;
While prates the priest of future hopes and fears
And thunders matters in the people's ears,
Of which he knows as little as the rest ;
I, happier far, kneel at my maiden's feet,
And from her eyes so beaming sweet,
Drink inspiration for my songs divine.
Beside me brims the wine-cup crowned with mirth,
In deepest draughts I pledge thee, maiden mine,
And feel that love at last I've found on earth,
A perfect paradise in love and wine.

SONGS OF LAMENTATION.

I.

THE Nightingale in the garden moans,
And hangs its head in sadness :
“ My songs are full of the richest tones,
And fill the night with gladness.
Why then should I wear this plumage grey,
While the Rose is decked in rich array ? ”

In the bower the Rose is heard to moan :
“ My life is a weary duty ;
Amid all the flowers I stand alone,
For fragrance, grace, and beauty.
But what doth all my beauty avail,
Without the song of the Nightingale ? ”

Mirza-Schaffy the twain addressed :
“ Cease all this wild complaining ;
Thou, Nightingale, in thy song so blest,
Thou, Rose, in beauty reigning ;
Live in my songs in peace together,
And charm the hearts of men for ever ! ”

II.

THE Spring has come to our bowers again,
Has come to scatter her flowers again ;

Once I ran as a friend to meet her,
Ran with a brimming cup to greet her ;

Now I shun her, for 'mid her pleasures,
I've lost the best of all my treasures ;

Lost Zuleika, and with her perished
My heart and mind, and all I cherished.

III.

IT is a delusion, believe it who can,
That the use of misfortune's to better the man ;
'Tis just as absurd, as if it were said,
That the use of the rust is to sharpen the blade ;
Or that dirt was designed to improve the complexion,
Or the scum on the stream to increase its reflection.

TRANSLATOR'S PROTEST AGAINST NO. III.

O POET, thou profan'st thy song,
Against Misfortune thus to rail ;
Thy metaphors have led thee wrong,
They tell me quite a different tale.

The *sword* that's blunt and dim with *rust*,
 Is that which never leaves its sheath ;
 The blade that flashes bright and keen,
 Is that which gleams in front of Death.

The *stream* that gathers all the *scum*,
 Is that which idly creeps ahead ;
 The stream that sparkles in the sun,
 Is that which chafes its rocky bed.

The whiteness of the dandy's skin
 Full oft adorns a vacant face ;
 The *dirt* that stains the wrestler's brow,
 Has more of glory than disgrace.

Rail if thou wilt at Luxury !
 But don't Misfortune so abuse ;
 Misfortune never ruined any
 Who had a character to lose !

J. Y. G.

IV.

THE harvests ripen only then,
 When rain and sunshine have crowned them ;
 So do the deeds of honest men
 When Fortune's smiles are round them.

V.

No doubt in Life it happens often,
 That trials sharp the feelings soften,
 As practice clears the vision ;
 And so, no doubt, in frames disordered,
 Poison is oft the drug that's ordered
 By every wise physician.
 But sure 'twould lead to wild confusion,
 From such a case to draw conclusion,
 Poison must be the best of cures
 For every ill that man endures.

VI.

'Tis not the man who's lived the longest,
 That always is in wit the strongest ;
 And he who's had the most to suffer,
 Is often still the greatest duffer !

VII.

O MIRZA-SCHAFFY ! thou wouldst be blind, sir,
 An old man in heart, an infant in mind, sir,
 To fashion thy songs, or to measure thy rules,
 By the faith of the crowd, or the maxims of fools.

VIII.

OH, Poverty's a bitter curse !
 Nor death of dearest friends is worse ;
 One cannot live—one cannot die—
 The web of life is all awry.

It sweeps the bloom from all that's fairest,
 Robs heart and mind of all that's rarest ;
 The wise man's honest pride it rules,
 And makes him subject unto fools ;
 It deepens care—it poisons mirth—
 For man must live when on the earth.

Oh, Poverty's the grave of Song,
 It chills the heart—unnerves the tongue—
 And makes us humble slaves of men, too,
 Whom we would rather crush than bend to.

Still waste not Life in hopeless sighs,
 Till sinks the heart in black despair ;
 Though Poverty makes no man wise,
 Yet Wisdom nerves the heart to bear.

The clasp of Love will quell its woes,
 The thrill of Song will drown its wail ;
 Take counsel from the blooming Rose,
 Take courage from the Nightingale.

The Rose, in all its pride of birth,
 Is nourished from the basest earth ;
 The Nightingale, the Queen of Song,
 Must pick the worm that crawls along.

IX.

'Twas once said by a fool that men
 On earth were born to sorrow ;
 A phrase which moping fools since then
 Have thought it good to borrow.

And since the fools form greater part,
 We've neither mirth nor song now,
 The people's sight has grown so short,
 Their ears have grown so long now.

X.

OUR sorrows most intense are those perchance
 That have exhausted tears and utterance.

XIII.

O MIRZA-SCHAFFY! list to reason,
 And husband thy resources ;
 Give up thy wildness for a season,
 And take to wiser courses.

There's Mirza-Hadschi-Aghassi,
 The chief swell in our borders !
 A common man he was—but see,
 His breast is hung with orders.

So give the State thy talents great,
 Or else they'll run to seed, sir ;
 For the best half of our Council-staff
 Are arrant fools indeed, sir.

I answered short : For such a part
 You'll find full many a man, sir ;
 But who with grace will fill my place
 Is precious hard to answer.

For if you can, show me the man,
 Around the Council table,
Can sing divine such songs as mine,
 Or has a wit as able.

Then I'll be wise, take good advice,
 And follow't to the letter ;
Leave wine and song, and all that's wrong,
 And take to something better.

SONGS IN PRAISE OF WINE AND EARTHLY
ENJOYMENT.

I.

FROM the wine's enchanted spring
Flows the poison—flows the nectar ;
In the goblet's magic ring
Beams the angel—glooms the spectre.
Each carouser in his order
Finds the one, or finds the other.

When the fool drinks he is drunken—
Mind and sense in baseness sunken ;
But when *we* drink, we are glorious,
Mind and sense o'er all victorious.
Sparks of wit are round us flying,
Laughing humour—care-defying.
Life through every vein is flowing,
Love in every heart is glowing.

Wine is like the rain, which, pouring
On the mud-bank, turneth muddy ;
But upon the good field showering,
Brings a harvest ripe and ruddy.

II.

OH, Hafiz is my teacher, the tavern is my chapel,
I love all honest fellows, and like all wholesome tipples ;
So in the merry circles, where for his gifts they prize
 one,
They give me hearty welcome, and style me now the
 wise one.
I come—there comes the wise one—they say with
 acclamation ;
I go—departs the wise one?—they cry with deprecation ;
I'm late—where hides the wise one?—they ask in
 desperation ;
I stay—they clink their glasses, and shout with exulta-
 tion.
So in my prayers to Heaven, I ask for due protection,
To guide my heart and footsteps both in the right
 direction ;
Far from the tribe of Bonzes, far from the mosque so
 weary, O,
My footstep to the tavern, my heart beside my dearie, O,
Thus far from human folly I'll my fill of pleasure sup,
Find the riddle of my Being in the magic of the cup ;
Find the circle of all Science around the form I prize,
And kindle my devotion in the lustre of her eyes.
O measureless devotion ! O rapture overflowing !
When the fiery wine of Colchis in every nerve is glowing !
I clasp the loved one closely, and she clasps me close
 again,
Enchanted and enchanting—so end my life—Amen.

III.

THE wise man is a merry man,
 He'll late and early sit, sir ;
 His cup doth shine with good old wine,
 His mouth with freshest wit, sir.
 For where the one is found to fail,
 The other's nought but flat and stale,
 They both must flow together.

The more we drain the cup divine,
 The brighter flash our powers, sir ;
 The beard of Wisdom streams with wine,
 And all the world is ours, sir,
 To live in and be jolly too,
 For all the rest is folly too,
 But Wine and Song and Beauty.

Inspired with wine, the wise man stands
 Above the vulgar crowds, sir ;
 As towers the mountain 'bove the lands,
 Its summit in the clouds, sir,
 The glowing sunshine makes it bright,
 So do our faces catch the light
 That gilds the flowing beaker.

'Tis sweetest rapture then to live
 Far from the world's strife, sir ;
 What better has the world to give
 Than such a merry life, sir ?
 One thing alone can better be,
 When thou, Hafisa, com'st to me
 With merry words and kisses.

And since our life is fleeting fast,
 The wise man's aim is this too,
 To grasp our pleasures while they last,
 And seek for higher bliss too.
 So, child, let all thy scruples stand,
 Come down and join our merry band,
 Like sunshine on the mountains.

IV.

O MULLAH! wine's wholesome,
 And sin 'tis to leave it!
 My word's true as gospel,
 You may not believe it.

I've come to the Mosque here,
 But not for to pray, sir.
 Took one glass too much there,
 And so lost my way, sir.

V.

COME, fill up a brimming goblet,
 In remembrance of the day
 When from chapel to the tavern
 First I took my happy way.

I was growing blind and stupid,
 Mind and head were turning grey;
 But with wine and song and beauty
 I've become both young and gay.

Drain the goblet, Mirza-Schaffy,
 Love and wine thy soul inspire,
 Only in the jovial circle
 Find thy songs their force and fire.

VI.

WHEN the perfume of roses the nightingale sips,
 She knows that it's good and she loves it well;
 When with wine we moisten our parchèd lips,
 We know that it's good and we love it well.

As the beetling crag with the salt foams drips,
 When the storm is high and the sea in swell,
 Let the wavelet of wine break like foam on our lips,
 We know that it's good and we love it well.

Like a spectral king, without flesh on his hips—
 For his essence is odour and fire and spell—
 Let him enter in through the gate of our lips,
 We know that it's good and we love it well.

VII.

WHERE a band of good souls sit in jovial debate,
 Nor think of the time, be it early or late;
 Where the cup brims with wine, and the mouth flows
 with wit,
 And a sweet rosy girl in the circle doth sit,
 Thou'rt at home, Mirza-Schaffy. There Wisdom is
 young,
 Nor stale to the palate, nor dry on the tongue.

VIII.

How knowest thou the flower that's fairest ?
 By its savour !
 How knowest thou the wine that's rarest ?
 By its flavour !
 How knowest thou the man that's dearest ?
 By his behaviour !
 How knowest thou the sheikh and mufti ?
 By their bonnet !
 Thy answer, friend, is right—be thrifty !
 And act upon it !

IX.

I DRINK and sing the winter through,
 For joy that Spring is coming fast ;
 And when it comes, I drink anew,
 For joy that Spring has come at last.

X.

THE merry days of youth were made for pleasure.
 'Tis Heaven's gift, enjoy it without measure.

When Love appears, go forth with joy to meet it ;
 Sparkles the wine, haste thee with mirth to greet it.

Twin sisters are they, Love and Wine, believe me,
 This earth hath nothing fairer yet to give thee.

These are thy earthly deities ! Revere them,
 With all thy heart, and place no others near them.

The fools who for the next world pine and languish,
They pass through life, but life itself is anguish.

The Mufti may with hell and devil threaten us,
His words are words, and so they do not frighten us.

The Mufti thinks he knows the most about it,
But Mirza-Schaffy still takes leave to doubt it.

XI.

Oh happy he the Fates decree
To bask beneath the sun, sir!
To drink, and sing, and take his fling
At merriment and fun, sir!

The Bonz may rave, he minds it not,
The pulpit's dust it blinds him not;
With merry soul, he drains the bowl,
Or loves the lass he's won, sir!

Such fortune's thine, O Mirza-Schaffy!
Enjoy thy luck and so be happy!
Though wine is strong, the week is long,
And seven days to run, sir!

Upon the first begins the bout,
Nor ceases till the last be out;
It comes—it goes—how, no one knows;
Such luck we must not shun, sir!

A lightsome heart—a song of mirth—
 Is Heaven's gift to thee on earth ;
 Let fools be wrath—keep thou the path
 And follow't till it's done, sir !

NII.

My songs, you say, are growing tiresome,
 My harp hath but a single string,
 That thrills with nightingales and roses,
 With wine and beauty, love and spring.

But which is better : that the minstrel
 Should chaunt the twilight, praise the night,
 Or sing the glories of the sunshine
 That streameth from the source of light ?

And like a Sun, my songs are pouring
 Athwart the world their sparkling rays ;
 For why ? I sing the beautiful,
 Never the common or the base.

With mosque and palace, pomp and battle,
 May other men their songs inspire ;
 To nought but roses, wine and beauty,
 Shall I strike up my tuneful lyre.

O Mirza-Schaffy ! what a fragrance
 Distils from all thy sweetest songs !
 No other poet's half so charming,
 To thee the laurel wreath belongs.

XIII.

DRINK wine! That is my first advice,
 And that shall be my last too ;
 Buy up its lore—and pay the price,
 However dear it cost too.

God said, soon as the world was made :
 “ Than Man there’s nothing higher here ;
 Let wit and sense be in his head,
 His drink be full of fire here.”

That is the cause why Adam found
 His Paradise forbidden him ;
 He shunned the wine, so lost his ground,
 And Eden soon was rid of him.

The world went down, except a few,
 Old Noah and the rest too.
 God said : “ Thou art My servant true,
 Thou’st grown the wine, the best too.

The water-drinkers all are drowned ¹
 Beneath the Flood’s great swelling ;
 My servant, thou’lt be safe and sound
 Within thy wooden dwelling !”

Mirza-Schaffy, in such a case,
 Thy faith were known at once, sir !
 A man of wine can never live
 To be a water-monster !

¹ This must be taken as the effusion of a tipsy man.—ED.

XIV.

WE sat one night, we sat together,
My merry host and I ;
The wine was sparkling round us,
My spirit soared on high.
My youth, with all its freshness,
Came bounding back again ;
The ruby Catechiner
Ran fire in every vein.
My heart was light and merry,
My draughts were deep and long :
My thoughts dissolved in fancy,
My words flowed out in song.
Like Adam, while in Eden,
I swam in purest pleasure,
And wished that all the world too
Might share its fullest measure.

List, landlord, to my fancy !
I would this frame of mine now
Were well dissolved in wine now,
And flowed with liquid motion
Down to the mighty ocean.
And so with sweetness freshened it,
With wit and wisdom seasoned it,
Then the whole world, for its good, sir,
I'd plunge beneath that flood, sir.
Oh what a mighty fall !
The monks and all the schools too,
The saints and all the fools too,

The miracles and mummery,
And all the worn-out flummery,
 Would perish one and all.
I'd have the whole creation
 Cleansed of its baser matter ;
I'd have the world of science
 Go down beneath the water,
And, purged of every stain !
I'd have it rise again too,
 In form and spirit better.

Out spoke the merry landlord,
 Oh, Mirza-Schaffy, cease !
Give up thy restless phantasy,
 And leave the world at peace.
And till dissolves thy body
 To spice the ocean's brine,
Pour forth through all its members
 A flood of sacred wine.
Let all the sour and sober
 Deep in their folly sink !
No drop was ever lost yet
 Of all that wise men drink.

XV.

ALL the wine's enchanting pleasure
None but wise men ever gained yet ;
What in wine we mostly treasure,
Ne'er by fools has been attained yet.

'Neath its spell our fancy glowing,
 Seems a garden decked with roses,
 Where the breath of Heaven is blowing,
 Where the Queen of Love reposes.

Flowers are springing bright about us,
 Stars above our heads are beaming—
 Those from nearer climes salute us,
 These from distant worlds are gleaming!

What a swarm of objects glorious!
 Joy at every step is given,
 And I bear with me victorious
 Radiant flowers and starry heaven.

XVI.

NE'ER drink without feeling,
 Ne'er drink without taste,
 Nor soar 'bove the angel,
 Nor sink to the beast.
 When the full glasses shine,
 And their ruby rays scatter,
 He's not worth the wine
 Who drinks it like water!

In wine lies a force
 For sorrow or gladness;
 From wine springs a source
 Of wisdom or madness.
 Be it coarse or divine,
 Here's the pith of the matter—
 He's not worth the wine
 Who drinks it like water!

XVII.

WHEN Mirza-Schaffy the goblet raises,
His wit forth streaming,
The merry circle resounds with praises,
Each face is beaming.
They feel, that to punish the world's demerit,
With folly teeming,
There starts from the wine an angry spirit,
With wisdom gleaming.

SONGS AND PROVERBS OF WISDOM.

I.

COME hither, youth, and I will wisdom teach thee,
The true worth of thy Being thou'lt discover ;
The doctrines of the perfect Faith I'll preach thee,
And Truth from Falsehood thou shalt learn to sever.

In song I'll show thee how to steer thy vessel,
Amid the rocks of Folly and Delusion ;
My words, peace-bringing, in thy heart shall nestle,
And on thy lips be grace, in rich profusion.

Out from the dismal depths of old Tradition
I'll lead thee to the heights where bliss reposes,
A fairer life, a happier condition,
'Mid love and wine, and under bowers of roses.

And wouldst thou practise what my songs remind thee,
Then do it openly, with manly spirit ;
Cast lying and hypocrisy behind thee,
Be Truth and Honesty thy highest merit.

No sword have I with which to smite the foolish,
Who follows Wisdom, forces none to duty ;
My doctrine's simple, and its highest rule is
Summed up at once in Wine and Song and Beauty !

Oh, infinite is Beauty's wonder-land !
And infinite are human aspirations !
But still the palm rests in the poet's hand,
With witching song and wonderful creations.

II.

HE seeks—the wise and bold man—
Life wisely to enjoy ;
Nor apes when young the old man,
Nor apes when old the boy.

The winter bears no blossom,
The summer bears no snow ;
What fired in youth thy bosom,
In age can never glow.

In youth to fetter passions,
In age to let them loose,
Is not the wise man's fashion,
And leads to foul abuse.

III.

HEAR the wisdom of the people :
He who loves the Truth, must have
Horse with bridle fixed and ready ;
He who thinks the Truth, must have
Foot in stirrup, firm and steady ;
He who speaks the Truth, must have
Wings to fly with prompt and speedy ;
Mirza-Schaffy adds one reflection :
He who lies, must have correction !

IV.

To speak the Truth may lead thee to great danger,
 Yet, Mirza-Schaffy, be to Truth no stranger ;
 No wandering light be thou in the swamp of lies.
 Beauty's thy aim ; and Beauty and Truth are allies.
 And yet to circumvent the world's perverseness,
 Wrap up thy wisdom in song's fragrant terseness ;
 Just as the grape, filled with its priceless beverage,
 Nestles amid the vineyard's greenest foliage.

V.

SHALL I laugh, or shall I groan now ?
 Most men so in folly grovel,
 Have no spirit of their own now,
 Cannot hear what's strange and novel !

No ! I'll thank the powers of goodness,
 That such fools are here begotten ;
 Else the wise man's wit and shrewdness
 Would be lost and clean forgotten.

VI.

WHAT think'st thou of the Shah ? a sage once said ;
 O Mirza-Schaffy, tell me what thy fears are !
 Doth inborn wisdom dwell within his head,
 And is his sight as pointed as his ears are ?

After a sort he's wise, just as they all are,
 The wearers of the diadem and the talar ;
 He knows the people have of brains no surplus,
 And so he turns their folly to his purpose.

VII.

THUS spoke the Thistle to the Rose :
Why art thou not a thistle, pray ?
The asses then would browse on thee,
Thou'dst be of some use in thy day !

The Goose said to the Nightingale :
Why fill'st thou not some useful place,
And giv'st thy life and blood as we do,
To benefit the human race ?

The Philistine said to the Poet :
Of all thy singing where's the good ?
Give up thy songs, work with thy hands,
And gain an honest livelihood !

Thistle, Goose, and Philistine,
Of such advice we'll hear no more ;
Let each one fill his proper place,
And do the thing he's fittest for !

The one toils on with hand and body,
The other sings away his heart,
It has been so, and everywhere
Mankind has been the better for't.

O Mirza-Schaffy ! how sweetly
Thy stream of wisdom flows along ;
Thy every song becomes a sermon,
Thou turn'st thy sermon into song !

VIII.

I LOVE all those that love me,
 And hate the man that hates me ;
 From this shall nothing move me,
 No matter what awaits me.

The strong man can't surrender
 His right at any peril,
 Good for the good to render,
 And evil for the evil.

We love what's good and gallant,
 We prize the smiles of beauty ;
 We hate the loathsome serpent,
 To crush it is our duty.

He is the brave and true man
 Who holds his honour grandly ;
 Mildness befits the woman,
 But just revenge is manly.

IX.

O MIRZA-SCHAFFY, hast lost thy mind ?
 Thy foot hath surely o'erstepped its rules !
 How comes the bright-eyed amongst the blind,
 How comes the wise man amongst the fools ?

I answered : What mean your captious cries ?
 The wise must visit the fools, of course ;
 For fools never come to see the wise,
 And Wisdom in vain would spend its force.

However great or shrewd ye may seem,
 Ye may take this thought for what it's worth :
 The Sun itself, with its glorious beam,
 Must sink it down to lighten the Earth.

X.

To every man his destined hour,
 To every man his way ;
 Who once has truly felt Love's power,
 He treats it not as play.

Whoever chaunts in dreary song
 Of Love's delight and smart,
 He wants what's most upon his tongue,
 He wants a soul and heart.

XII.

THE cool grey eye
 Is sharp and sly ;
 The dusky brown
 Beams mirth and fun ;
 The heavenly blue
 Is ever true ;
 But the flash of the black, God save the mark,
 Is like the ways of Heaven, dark.

XIII.

BEND thou with deep devotion
 Before that higher Mind,
 Whose works are like the ocean,
 Where thou shalt treasures find.

Who, whatever be thy gains,
 Whatever be thy glory,
 Has sung thy highest strains,
 And thought thy thoughts before thee.

Who, when thy work is truest,
 Bestows reward in season ;
 But strikes, if thou eschewest
 The limits of sound reason.

Who has not known this fame,
 Nor smarted in this quarrel,
 May bear the poet's name,
 But has not earned the laurel.

XIV.

I HATE the weary ding-dong,
 The everlasting sing-song,
 Of moanings and groanings,
 Of sighings and dyings,
 Of blisses and kisses,
 Of hearts and darts,
 Of loves and doves,
 And of all that is worn-out and commonplace ;
 Because it's so easy,
 Ye fools, it doth please ye,
 But wise men regard it with mocking grimace.

XV.

WHEN the song too much of the Mosque scents,
 Solemn and weary,
 The poet's head must have small contents,
 And those but dreary.

XVI.

WHENE'ER the poet soars into the Infinite,
 Lay down his rhapsody, care not a pin for it ;
 For much that passes people's comprehension
 Arises from the poet's own distention,
 Arises from his want of clear invention.

XVII.

THE shrewd man does not sweep the worlds afar
 For what's beside him,
 Nor does his hand clutch at the distant star
 For light to guide him.

XVIII.

POETS there are who are ever pining,
 With grief affected ever whining,
 Quaking as if their hearts were breaking ;
 Ever kindling with false emotion,
 For of the right they have no notion,
 And so in other hearts inflaming
 No genuine feelings worth the naming.
 Beware of such inflated friction,
 With sense and taste in contradiction.
 Fresh from the heart
 Draw thou thine art ;
 Be thyself in feeling as in diction.

XIX.

AVOID thou the wearisome clinking of rhymes,
 Where the heart and the sense don't in harmony meet ;
 Remember, the coarsest of creatures at times
 May utter forth verses most nauseously sweet.

XX.

WHO piles up words and images
 In wild exaggeration,
 Knows not the True or Beautiful,
 Is void of Inspiration.

XXI.

WOULDST thou know where the essence of Song's to be
 found,
 And gather its fragrance so tender and rare?
 Then be not seduced by the tinkling of sound;
 The gold of the earth is not found in the air.

XXII.

WHO draws not his songs with true poet's art,
 Freely from Nature or fresh from his heart,
 Belongeth himself to the brainless throng
 Who love to devour his brainless song.

XXIII.

Good wit must cogitated be,
 Good verses must created be.

Good wit must never
 Exceed in latitude;
 Good song must never
 Be lost in platitude.

XXIV.

SEEK not for Wisdom's inspiration
In dusty volumes old and dead ;
The best and purest revelation
Comes welling from the fountain-head.

XXV.

OH, never can the rough hand
The Beautiful uncover ;
It needs one sparkling diamond
To polish well the other.

XXVI.

O MIRZA-SCHAFFY, tell to me
The secret of thy poesy.

Seek truth in things created,
Be deep in love with Nature,
Let word and sense be mated,
Be clear in form and feature.

Hold by the right with both hands,
Descend to nothing snobbish ;
Give polish to the diamonds,
And never mind the rubbish.

XXVII.

'Tis easy sure to cut a shrewd grimace,
Put on a shrewder face,
And say with great importance : This I suffer,
But not the other ;

And just because I suffer it, it must be good,
And not the other.
On such like men do not thy songs intrude,
'Twill only bother.

XXVIII.

Who keeps his eyes fixed ever in the right direction,
And has the right word ever for the right reflection,
He is the master-poet, happy mortal,
Who holds the master-key to every portal.

XXIX.

ENOUGH the rose's fragrant scent,
'Tis better left untorn ;
Who with the fragrance is content
Shall never feel the thorn.

XXX.

WHEN after Wisdom I was striving,
The foolish took me for a fool ;
But while as they do I was living,
They thought me wise, such is their rule.

XXXI.

THE best of all ways to grow witty and wise,
Is to learn in good time how to use your eyes.

XXXII.

Who risks his all upon one throw
Has risked too much by far, I know.

XXXIII.

WHERE Anger terminates
Repentance germinates.

TIFLIS.

I.

OH, Shiraz is a famous city!
For wine and roses wide renowned;
And famous, too, is Roknabad,
Mosalla's grave with glory crowned!

Yet 'tis not for her peerless beauty—
There's many a fairer town we see;
Thy songs, O Hafiz, are her glory,
She owes her grandeur all to thee!

Thou'st hurled from power the tribe of Bonzes,
And Shiraz' fame hast made complete,
Through thee the great have changed to little,
Through thee the little changed to great!

Through thee a halo crowns the landscape,
Each stream and wood with charms are strewn;
And every stone in all the city
Has grown to be a precious stone.

And Tiflis, too, is rich in beauty,
Has roses, wine, and winsome lasses;
And through thyself, O Mirza-Schaffy,
Has gained a poet none surpasses.

What Shiraz has become through Hafiz,
That, through thy songs, shall Tifis be ;
For all around it and about it
Belongs by right of song to thee.

The garden-town with rolling river,
Begirt with hills that kiss the skies ;
And all that lives and blooms within it,
All, Mirza-Schaffy, is thy prize.

The lovely maidens (please remember)
Belong to me now and my song ;
Mine are the eyes, the cheeks, the tresses,
The wondrous charms in countless throng !

My song shall be a paradise,
For beauty, flowers, for love and wine ;
What once has gained this paradise,
Is purged of sin, becomes divine !

And yet for you 'twill be a hell, too,
Ye Bonzes, kiss and wine despisers !
Its every verse shall be a knell, too,
Its every wit shall force a cry, sirs !

And so to every furthest nation,
Mirza-Schaffy, thy song shall sound ;
And all that's good in all creation
Shall echo from it round and round !

In every land thy songs are known now,
In every sky like stars they shine ;
And through thy songs has Tifis grown now
Renowned from Kyros to the Rhine !

II.

THE merry girls of 'Tiflis,
They're fond of dress and show ;
They place a shining diadem
Upon their brows of snow ;
They wear their dress and trousers
Of silks and satins rare,
And ribbons of all colours
Go fluttering in the air.
In shoes of fine embroidery
They place their little feet,
And over all the Tschadras,
So snowy-white and sweet.
'Tis true, the girls are vain of it ;
For me, I don't complain of it !

The merry girls of 'Tiflis,
They suit my fancy quite ;
I love to see the maidens
Arrayed in virgin white ;
Or clad with costly ornament,
If ornament be worn,
That's worth the radiant beauty
It seeketh to adorn.
The girl that cannot dress herself,
However vain or bold she be,
Can never suit the poet's taste,
However plain or old he be !

IV.

ONE day she caught me as I ran,
 And asked me : "Canst thou write?"—"Yes!"
 "Then write for me a talisman."
 "Will't make thy heart more light?"—"Yes!"

I seized at once the calemdan ;
 "Come," said she, "let us go within,
 There write for me the talisman!"
 "Although it take till night?"—"Yes."

We entered in, the work began,
 Mirza-Schaffy! it lasted long.
 "And didst thou write the talisman,
 And did it all come right?"—"Yes!"

V.

O THROW back the Tschadra! Why wrap thee in
 gloom?
 Concealeth the flower of the garden its bloom?
 Hath not Heaven endowed thee with wealth like the
 flower,
 To scatter its richness on earth like a shower?
 Hath it decked thee with beauty so bounteous and free,
 To squander its sweetness where no one can see?

O throw back the Tschadra! Let all the world see
 That this earth, lovely maid, hath none fairer than thee;
 Let thine eyes glisten forth with their flashing wiles,
 Let thy lips brighten up with their rosy smiles;

Though the fire of thy charms should dazzle our sight,
Cast no veil around save the gloom of the night.

O throw back the Tschadra! Such face did ne'er beam
In stately Stamboul, in the Pasha's hareèm—
Never eyelashes veiled with such long silken hair
Two large eyes like thine, so lustrous and fair.
Then throw back the Tschadra! Uncover thy face,
The world to enchant, and thy triumph to grace.

VI.

At my foot runs the Kur, its yellow waves roll,
A dancing and billowing river;
There's a smile on the sun, there is peace in my soul,
O would that it were so for ever!

Bright flashes my glass with the dark ruby wine,
My love fills it up, running over;
And I drink with the wine her glances divine,
O would that it were so for ever!

The sun goeth down, fast cometh the night,
But my heart, like love's star, paleth never;
In the darkest of gloom shows the purest of light,
O would that it were so for ever!

To the deep black sea of thy flashing eye
My love runneth on like a river;
Come, loved one, it darkens, and no one is nigh—
O would that it were so for ever!

VII.

COME if thou wilt at evening,
 It will be for thy bliss then ;
 Come rather in the morning,
 It cannot be amiss then ;
 Come soon or late, at any time,
 Thou'lt have a welcome kiss then.

VIII.

THE Shah has written with his hand
 A flaming proclamation ;
 And all the folk in Farsenland ¹
 Are wild with admiration.

“ How deep the sense, the words how grand ! ”
 Exclaim a thousand voices—
 “ God save the King of Farsenland ! ”
 And every man rejoices.

Amazed did Mirza-Schaffy stand
 To hear such acclamation ;
 “ Have kings,” he said, “ in Farsenland
 So mean a reputation ? ”

In Farsenland have princely men
 Such aptitude to blunder ;
 That when with sense they wield the pen,
 The world must gaze with wonder ? ”

¹ Persia.

X.

TO FATIMA.

O LOVELY maid! Thy face so sunny bright
Works greater wonders than the Sun's own light ;
The Sun can never shed on us its lustre
When clouds and darkness o'er the heavens muster ;
It must in radiant majesty appear,
To give the warmth we love, our hearts to cheer.

But rapture fills my soul in every place,
Although I gaze not on thy sunny face ;
Thy glowing image lives within my heart,
And memory serves to tell me all thou art.
I burn for thee—but cold remains thy breast ;
Thyself at ease—thou robb'st me of my rest.

O feel thyself the fire that thou awakest,
Thyself be happy, as thou happy makest !

XI.

LOOK not so bashful, maiden blest,
When at the gloaming time we meet,
And I thy soft white hand have pressed,
And snatched a secret kiss so sweet.

The homage pure my songs avow,
The hope I hold with firmest grasp,
Are warrant strong enough, I trow,
For such a kiss and tender clasp.

For every kiss my lips demand
 Is in my mouth a song of bliss ;
 And every pressure of thy hand
 Gives reason for another kiss.

XII.

A HUMAN heart devoid of love
 Is like a sand-encompassed river ;
 Its waters reach the ocean never,
 Where all the rivers onward move.

XIII.

'TIME and space, avaunt the theme !
 Time and space are but a dream !
 A frightful dream we cannot quell ;
 'Tis happy Love that breaks the spell.

XIV.

THE worlds round in their orbits move,
 They follow still the ancient groove.

The human race is ever tending
 Down to the grave in streams unending.

The flowers are growing now as ever,
 They bud and bloom, they fade and wither.

Destruction marks the course of Life,
 Beast preys on beast in constant strife.

Life takes from Death its rarest treasure,
And Death from Life in equal measure.

A ceaseless growing, ceaseless change,
As move the worlds throughout their range.

A maddening whirl, with nought to bound it,
Did Love not throw its light around it.

XIX.

God gave the Sun its glory,
O'er every land to lighten ;
He gave the rose its beauty,
The fields and bowers to brighten.

He bid the lofty mountains
Above the valleys tower ;
Bid winds to blow and bluster,
Made thousand forms of power.

He gave the birds their plumage,
Made seas to foam and glisten ;
To me gave songs of sense, too,
To you gave ears to listen !

XX.

WHAT from the sun is glowing,
What winds and waves are singing,
What from the rose is blowing,
What up to heaven is ringing,
What down from heaven throngs,
That thrills my heart in every part,
And echoes through my songs !

XXI.

THE lovely Kanin, at her chamber door,
On the pillared court dreamily glanced,
Where the fountains sprang from the marble floor
And high 'mid the green trees foamed and danced.
Of all the harem beauties, I ween,
None fairer than Fatima ever was seen ;
Her eyes were so large, her mouth so small,
Her arm was so round, her form so tall ;
The blaze of her charms made the onlooker blind,
She was born to astonish and dazzle mankind.

Of a sudden she uttered a cry of awe,
Her bright eyes with moisture filling ;
For down on the basement-floor she saw
How a slave a poor lamb was killing.
The tears trickled down her cheek, so glowing,
It seemed that her own heart's blood was flowing.
But while thus absorbed in silent woe,
For the poor lamb's fate she cried,
With folded arms and a sombre brow,
Her slave came near to her side.
" Has the poison worked ? " cried the stern Kanin,
Her poor slave nodded and quivered ;
Then Fatima's eyes grew bright and keen,
" Her fortune to atoms I've shivered !
She may writhe and groan as she will now,
For this deed I never shall chide me !
I would rather be dead and still now,
Than bear such a rival beside me !

Why brought he her thus to my sight,
 My joy and my bliss to frighten !
 I will that in the harem-night
 No star but one shall lighten ! ”

She wiped the tears from her burning eyes,
 And sated with vengeance, light of heart,
 Calmly looked down on the shady court ;
 The fountains bubble and gush as they rise,
 And scatter the spray with its silver sheen,
 High 'mid the bowers, with their mantle of green.
 But without the air felt heavy and hot,
 A tempest was gathering over the spot,
 The odour of graves from the trees was borne,
 And the proud Kanin grew weary and worn.
 She turned to her downy couch distressed,
 She sought for rest and found no rest.

She buried her face in the pillows with pain,
 She waited for sleep, but waited in vain.

XXII.

I CAME one day by royal invitation
 To the Vizier's Divan—
 “ Come, Mirza, tell us all thine observation,
 And have no fear of man ! ”

“ I'll tell thee all without or fear or flattery,
 I'll speak my mind quite free,
 I hear the drowsy noise, the mill-stones clattery,
 The flour I cannot see ! ”

XXIII.

O MIRZA-SCHAFFY! Fluttering bee
Amid the fragrant posies,
Thou'st drained the nectar fresh and free
Of jasmines and of roses ;
Too long hast thou philandered,
From flower to flower hast wandered,
Now hie thee swift along,
On thy wings of fragrant song,
And bear thy wealth of honeycomb
Home to the loved one, home!

MIRZA-JUSSUF.

I.

MIRZA-JUSSUF has written a song so moving
Of two human beings, their longing and loving ;
How their wishings and hopings began at first sight,
Then wildly flamed up on the slightest pretences ;
How both of them lost their heart outright,
And finished at last by losing their senses—
How cruel Fate parted, in mood unkind,
Their innocent lives with mighty effort—
How he for her both pined and whined,
How she for him both wept and suffered.
Meanwhile intervenes some clever moonshine,
Much flickering of stars most woeful,
And dolorous fountains murmur and whine
In grievous forest most awful.

All at once a violent leap takes place,
We fancy they now must come together—
But Fate interposes with sterner face,
And tosses them hither and thither.
He bears his lot with becoming sadness,
She waits and hopes—he sighs and cries—
The old old story we so much prize,
Until they are both at the verge of madness.

At last the race of sorrow is run,
Then melts stern Allah's heart,
And the happy pair are linked in one,
Oh! nevermore to part.

II.

A MAN of heart you call this poet?
Yes, in his verses he may show it;
Prates much of heart, is nice in taste,
A beardless Joseph, good and chaste.
And so most men this praise allot him,
Yet after all he is at bottom
A viper of peculiar kind,
A clown in manner as in mind.
But still this praise I give in candour,
That were he like his songs—as tender,
As dull and decent;
Then were the man a worse offender
Than he's at present.

III.

HERE cometh Mirza-Jussuf! How he straddles as he
goes!
His thoughts are very weighty, he puckers up his eye-
brows;
He thinks there's nothing good here, himself the choicest
sample,
And he curses all the world for declining his example.

It is the Bullock's manner to have a tread that's hateful,
To have a noisy bellowing that's very far from grateful ;
But sure he has no right 'gainst the nightingale to thunder,
Though her plumage is so light, and her voice a thrilling
wonder.

IV.

OBSERVE our Mirza-Jussuf,
He's but a carping wight still,
The daylight does not please him
Because it's over bright still.

He doth not love the roses,
They have their thorns about so ;
Nor doth he love his neighbours,
Their noses will stand out so.

He censures all that seemeth
His little head too high for ;
Notes all that's in the world too,
But this, that he's a cypher !

At strife with Art and Nature,
He cuts his foolish capers ;
And gropes his way, by night and day,
Enwrapped in mist and vapours !

How Mirza-Schaffy laughs at him,
With roguery on his tongue, too ;
And from his bitterness distils
The very sweetest song, too !

V.

DON'T look, Mirza-Jussuf, as sour as a judge!
 I'm too merry by far to bear thee a grudge!
 I cannot sow hatred like thee amongst men,
 But I toss off my glass and fill it again.

Thou'rt punished enough in this world of delight,
 Since nothing doth please thee and nothing goes right,
 And yet to the man who has wit at command,
 There's nothing so pleasant and nothing so grand.

VI.

OUR famous Mirza-Jussuf, he is a well-read man,
 Knows Hafiz all by heart, has mastered the Koran;
 Knows Dschami and Hakani, and eke the Gulistân.
 From one he steals an image, from t'other plucks a
 flower,
 From this a thought of beauty, from that a word of
 power.
 What has been done already, he does it once again,
 And the whole world of song's at the mercy of his pen;
 He wears his borrowed feathers so well that none can
 know 'em,
 Then chuckles at his cleverness, and calls the thing a
 poem.

Not so with Mirza-Schaffy, his songs can stand the test,
 A burning star his heart is, a garden is his breast,
 Where all is fire and fragrance, the brightest and the
 best.

While from his own invention the thoughts come fresh
and warm,
He adds the rolling numbers, and adds the perfect form.
And yet the flowing melody he never seeks to part
From the poet's real mission, the noblest form of Art.
The poverty of thought, the want of higher powers,
He never seeks to cover beneath a load of flowers ;
Nor gives the base and vulgar an aspect of sublime,
By the frippery of phrases, or the jingle of the rhyme.

VII.

RATHER fuel without basket,
Than basket without fuel—
Rather jewel without casket,
Than casket without jewel—
Gold rather without pockets,
Than pockets without gold—
Wine rather without bottles,
Than t'other way told.

HAFISA.

I.

OH, how my heart is beating
With wild and strange emotion,
As past me she goes fleeting
With light and airy motion !

Around her form is gleaming
A veil of silver whiteness ;
And from her eyes is beaming
A fire of magic brightness.
Adown her neck dark waving
Her black hair thickly falls ;
Her bosom white is heaving,
To burst its gauzy walls.
There's motion all around her,
Her very look is rapture ;
My senses, lost in wonder,
Become an easy capture.

My heart is fiercely beating
With wild and strange emotion,
As past me she goes fleeting
With light and airy motion !

Her azure dress is blooming
With daffodil and rose,
And underneath are looming
Her ruddy silken hose.
Her little hands, the slenderest,
Her ruby mouth, the sweetest,
Her tiny feet, the tenderest,
Her witchery completest !

Oh, how my heart is beating
With wild and strange emotion,
As past me she goes fleeting
With light and airy motion !

II.

THE SONG OF BEAUTY.

IN the Bazaar I sang
A ballad of thy beauty ;
And round the eager circle rang
The praises of thy beauty.

The Moslem and the Christian,
The Tartar, Kurd, and Persian,
A listening band of every land,
Was ravished with thy beauty.

The minstrels, too, were with them,
Caught up the words and rhythm ;
And now they chaunt, in every haunt,
The ballad of thy beauty.

The veil is torn asunder,
 Thy charms have grown a wonder ;
 In every part they know by heart
 The ballad of thy beauty.

And should thy charms e'er leave thee,
 Let not the matter grieve thee :
 For men shall sing, and ever sing,
 The ballad of thy beauty !

III.

WHEN the young and merry maidens
 'Neath the moonlight nightly dance,
 None can show so free a footstep,
 None like mine so lightly dance.

How her petticoats are fluttering,
 How her slender legs and ankles !
 Clad in red—like fiery pillars—
 Round and round so brightly dance !

Come the wise ones from the tavern,
 See they stand entranced with wonder,
 As with wine—a little merry—
 Home to bed they lightly dance !

Even the Mushtahid, the pious,
 With his spindle legs so funny,
 Says : None here can match Hafisa,
 None like her so sprightly dance !

Soon, beneath her witching glances,
 'Neath Hafisa's magic movements,
 Will the whole assembled faithful
 Take to mirth, and rightly dance!

Then the world of sects and parties,
 Soured by years of hot contentions,
 Will with us in merry union
 Join in one go-lightly dance!

Mirza-Schaffy! what a marvel
 Should the church's ancient pillars
 Take to tottering round Hafisa,
 That would be a sightly dance!

IV.

O LOVELY bud! come nigh me,
 Nor what I ask deny me;
 I'll watch thee every hour;
 In warm embrace I'll hold thee,
 Close to my heart I'll fold thee,
 Thou'lt bloom a perfect flower.

V.

O WEAK and foolish heart,
 With sorrow overweighted!
 Thou writhest 'neath the smart
 Thou hast thyself created!
 Thou hast suffered in the danger,
 But thine ardour doth not cool;
 To thy folly I'm no stranger,
 I myself am such a fool!

VII.

OLD Elborus majestic towers
 Far as the heavens go ;
 The Spring bedecks his feet with flowers,
 His head is crowned with snow.

Like Elborus I stand in pride,
 With peace upon my brow ;
 And blooming by the mountain side
 The lovely Spring art thou !

VIII.

ON the roof she stood as I passed along,
 With her dress and locks the free wind played ;
 I sang as I went my parting song :
 Now, fare thee well, O my darling maid !
 Though I go with pain,
 I'll see thee again,
 When the marriage couch is all prepared.

A camel I'll bring thee laden with bales,
 Richest of stuffs for thy dress and Shalwâr.
 Henna the best, for thy finger-nails,
 Odours and gems for thine amber hair :
 Silks of the fairest,
 Satins the rarest,
 And the mother's heart will be well content !

On the roof she stood as I passed along,
 And her tiny hand she waved in the air—
 The sweet breeze bore her my parting song,
 The free wind played with her dress and hair ;

Fare thee well, my dear,
 I'll return with cheer,
 When the marriage couch is all prepared !

IX.

O MIRZA-SCHAFFY ! Unkind thou art !
 She said, my peace in twain thou'st riven ;
 For, like thy songs, thy very heart
 Thou bit by bit away hast given—
 Then what remains, as my poor part,
 For all that I have loved and striven ?

I said : My heart remains entire,
 It glows with Love's eternal fire,
 As radiant now, as when begun—
 My heart is like the glorious Sun,
 That matchless prodigal whose hand
 Scatters his wealth o'er every land,
 And yet, though such a bounteous giver,
 Remains as bright and whole as ever !

X.

Oh, Tiflis' ancient Saklis
 I hardly recognise now,
 They look so bright in the pure moonlight
 That streameth from the skies now.

The sprightly maids of Tiflis
 I hardly recognise now,
 Sombre and shy they pass me by,
 Nor deign to lift their eyes now.

Thyself, O Mirza-Schaffy,
 I hardly recognise now,
 Since thou and thy Hafisa shy
 Are man and wife so wise now !

XI.

FROM where the western shore is
 The missionaries travel,
 To preach to us strange stories,
 All robed in black apparel.

How all the world's accursed,
 Completely sunk in evil,
 And how the Christ was crucified,
 To save them from the Devil.

“ We are the men elected
 The tidings to deliver :
 Who doubts them is rejected
 For ever and for ever !

“ Ye pine in darkest durance,
 We come to give you light, sirs ! ”
 “ But who gives me assurance
 Your words are true and right, sirs ? ”

My resolution lingers,
 ’Twixt good and bad I travel ;
 Unless Hafisa's fingers
 The puzzling knot unravel.

Oh teach to me religion,
 Thou missioner of Beauty!
 One glance of thine's conviction
 To light me on to duty!

XII.

You ask if in my jollity,
 And out and out frivolity,
 No pitying angel found me. . . .

O ever would I jolly be,
 And ever sunk in folly be,
 With thy white arms around me!

XIII.

THEY tell me I must mend my life,
 And change the very root of it;
 Though spell-bound in thy magic ring
 I cannot well get out of it.

They point me out the road to Heaven,
 They warn me 'gainst the devious paths,
 Meanwhile the way to Paradise
 I've travelled every foot of it.

They vaunt their Heaven high and loud,
 And make about it vast ado;
 Meanwhile I've reached the topmost bliss,
 And calmly reap the fruit of it.

The nightingale's a mighty sinner
 Because she croaks not like the raven ;
 I'm damned—because I'm not like them,
 And cannot see the good of it.

XIV.

JOSEPH AND HAFISA.

OF Joseph, when in Egypt's land,
 A man renowned for truth and duty,
 'Tis fabled that Jehovah's hand
 Gave him the half of earthly Beauty.

When Joseph now was dead and gone,
 His Beauty then began to travel ;
 For many a year she wandered on,
 Through many a land by house and hovel.

“ Seek there alone thy resting-place ! ”
 So ran the Book of Fate's direction,
 “ Where harbour modesty and grace,
 There enter in and claim protection.”

She knocked at many a palace-door,
 She stood in many a humble garret,
 A welcome got from rich and poor,
 By all besought, with none she tarried ;

Until with thee, thou maiden blest,
 She found a home, her faith she plighted,
 And there she dwells, a constant guest,
 With Modesty and Grace united.

FAITH AND LIFE.

I.

I'VE faith in what the Prophet says :
Reward shall follow Duty,
And Paradise, in after days,
Shall spread for us its beauty.
Still all that's good we here below
Must seek with fond endeavour,
If we in time to come would know
The good from bad to sever.
So here I sound the depths of love
In training for the world above.
And should the Prophet's word perchance
(Who can be clear anent it !)
Of joys eternal that entrance,
Not turn out as he meant it ;
Yet still the prize I cannot miss,
I've gained a goodly part of it,
Have tasted here the promised bliss,
And probed the very heart of it !

II.

THUS to the hypocrites my answer flowed :
The man at one with self's at one with God—
But who in God's name hate and cursing scatters,
Makes daring mockery of sacred matters !

III.

THEY think with pious yelling
In Heaven to gain high places ;
Their veins with wrath are swelling,
And hatred clouds their faces.

With sword in hand to smite ye
They cry for faith, repentance ;
And think that with the Almighty
They stand in close acquaintance.

But this I say most boldly,
Your creed shall ne'er be mine ;
For hatred is ungodly,
And Love alone's divine.

IV.

THE man who's happy, he is good,
'Tis clear as is the sun here ;
For inward punishment doth brood
O'er every wrong that's done here !

Thou, who with all thy pious mood,
Art slave of hate and anger,
Thou art not happy, art not good :
Thy hatred's thine avenger !

V.

HE who is blessed gives bliss to men,
Doth not from them receive it ;
It comes from him, and flows again
Right back to him who gave it !

VII.

By night came an Angel to me in a vision,
Who had forth from the heavenly world been driven,
Because, full of longings for earthly provision,
He had taken for earth the kingdom of Heaven.

God spake to him thus in the day of His judgment :
Where a man gives his heart it must wholly be given ;
Who finds in the regions of glory a lodgment,
Must burn with no flame but the glory of Heaven !

The earth hath its wine, its song, and its beauty,
And Heaven, too, hath riches and sacred employ-
ment ;
If thy heart burn with earthly desires, 'tis thy duty
To find thy delight still in earthly enjoyment.

The man who in life hath not taken his fill
Of the best that my bounty to mortals hath given,
Too much of this earth remains with him still,
He would not be happy though stationed in Heaven !

VIII.

THE MUSHTAHID SINGS :

IF all the faithful followed the right ways,
I'd nothing have to do but stand and gaze,
But who would care for me in such a case ?

If every thirsty man went to the spring,
 And for himself its waters home did bring,
 Then were my office a superfluous thing !

To foul the springs I'd rather do my worst,
 Than cease to be in name and office first :
 Who will not follow me, let him be curst !

IX.

MIRZA-SCHAFFY SINGS :

WHAT is the mighty difference we see,
 Between our worthy Mushtahid and me ?
 We both by free discourse, as is the custom,
 Seek to get rid of some superfluous wisdom ;
 I by my songs, he by his nasal twanging.
 Close round his heart such loads of flesh are hanging,
 That nothing from his heart was ever wrung yet,
 Whereas I wear my heart upon my tongue yet !

Upon his short fat legs he loves to daunder,
 As grave and solemn as an agèd gander,
 And puffs and blows—a sight to all beholders—
 As if he bore the world's sin on his shoulders.
 I walk the streets as lightsome as the best still ;
 He sighs and curses—I but smile and jest still.

In secret he assails me like a ranter,
 I love to tackle him in open fight ;
 Yet he has far more dread of my free banter,
 Than I have dread of his most bitter spite.

X.

ONE night I saw him to his dwelling slinking,
He was a little overcome with drinking,
He fell into the mire, I heard him sighing,
"The world is now in deep perdition lying."

'Tis his belief—Faith is so very strong with him,
That when he falls, the whole world falls along with him.

XI.

LEAVE the buzzing gnats their goodness,
God, Thou only know'st its worth !
Let my mind but keep its shrewdness,
And my heart its youthful mirth.

Noble wines, so richly glowing,
Must have sources good and sound ;
Fragrant flowers, so sweetly growing,
Cannot spring from worthless ground.

Crown my fields with wealth of greenness,
Bless the fountain of my song ;
Let my sight retain its keenness,
And my heart be young and strong.

POEMS AND PROVERBS.

I.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

“THY maiden’s charms, a countless treasure,
Thou’st sung in many a sprightly rhyme ;
The Spring, too, with its wealth and pleasure,
Its buds and flowers in all their prime ;
Why dost not chaunt in ringing measure
The glories of the olden time ?

“Thy race had many a noble warrior,
In fame and honour brilliant stars ;
They conquered to its utmost barrier
The Russian land in thousand wars ;
With heavy hand, by might superior,
The Tartar sovereign ruled the Czars.

“On wings of Fame, to conquests larger,
He reached the shores of Southern seas :
And when he went to mount his charger,
The Russian prince, his lord to please,
His stirrup tendered, his bridle rendered,
And kissed his dress on bended knees.

'Tis well for a son of the golden horde
To blazon his father's deeds in story ;
To seize his lyre, and strike a chord
Shall awaken anew the thirst for glory ! ”

I said : The ancient legends prate
Of heroes small as well as great,
Who wandered far with the golden horde,
And smote the lands with fire and sword.

One nation keeps another under,
And vaunts its prowess and its fame ;
The other tears its chains asunder,
And puts its tyrant foe to shame.
It has been so in ages past,
It will be so while Time shall last ;
For me, I sing not war nor plunder.

For first of all the Tartar Khan
Holds all the Russians 'neath the ban ;
The Russians then from every quarter
Rise up and massacre the Tartar.
They each in turn have their reward !
Though prince and people think it duty
To thirst for slaughter or for booty,
For such like things I've no regard.
Let each man stand 'neath his own banner,
Let each man act in his own manner ;
I'll sing alone what gives me pleasure :
I find within this world a treasure

Of sights and doings vastly fitter
 To warm my heart, inspire my tongue,
 And so with all its pomp and glitter
 I'll leave the olden time unsung.

II.

I ONCE stood high in favour with the Shah ;
 Bitter were his complaints to me, and mainly
 That no man told him all the truth and plainly.
 I thought upon his words, and quickly saw
 That his complaint had ample show of reason ;
 But when I told him all the truth in season,
 He drove me from his court, the angry Shah !

Princes there are, no question,
 Who, wishing Truth, have sought it ;
 But few have such a good digestion,
 To bear it when they've got it !

III.

TO THE GRAND VIZIER.

LOOK not so proud, O Grand Vizier !
 Men dread not thee, they dread thy might—
 They give thee honour to thine ear,
 Behind thy back they laugh outright.

O Grand Vizier, look not so proud,
 Although thy breast with orders blaze,
 Thou'rt cut and carved from rotten wood,
 With golden varnish for a glaze.

Thou boastest of the place thou'st won,
 Behind the Sultan walkest duly—
 The Cypher following the One
 Makes up a goodly number truly!

O Grand Vizier, look not so proud,
 Though smeared with gold, thou'rt still the same—
 Thou'rt cut and carved from rotten wood,
 Thy glitter but augments thy shame!

IV.

FRIENDSHIP.

ONCE Mirza-Schaffy on his travels visited
 A wealthy man, and thus his host solicited:
 I mean to be thy guest this day and next day,
 Help me to pass my time here in the best way;
 Prepare a feast; invite thy friends quite freely,
 We'll merry be and spend the evening gaily!
 —I have no friends! replied the man, quite flustered.
 On Mirza's face a host of feelings mustered:
 To grace thy roof I cannot condescend, sir,
 Where even wealth cannot secure a friend, sir!
 Shook from his feet the dust with indignation,
 And left the rich man without salutation;
 And said: Who cannot find one friend to meet him,
 God pity him! he is not worth a greeting!

V.

LIFE here is not a gift, 'tis but a loan,
 Thy steps on to the grave are all unknown;
 So use thy time with thrift; take earnest heed
 At every step to go where duties lead.

Be thy resolve—since Death is ever nigh thee—
 To take with thanks what good Life may supply thee ;
 Nor seek thy wishes from without to form,
 But learn within thee to unfold their germ ;
 Never be slave to foreign interference,
 Nor value earthly things by mere appearance ;
 Nor fancy that thou ever canst command them
 By thy mere wish—but seek to understand them ;
 And so in all thy duties well agree
 To bend to them ; they will not bend to thee.

VIII.

I ENTERED once a famous city,
 Where bitter tongues made mighty bother,
 And many naughty things, 'tis pity,
 I heard of this, that, and the other ;
 The folk abused each other quite incurably,
 And lived with one another quite durably.

IX.

ROSES AND THORNS.

I HAVE a most unpleasant neighbour,
 With temper quick but splendid tongue ;
 She scours the house with endless labour,
 Scolds man and mouse the whole day long.
 If her good man but speak a syllable,
 She puts him down with word infallible ;
 And if he's dumb to please his darling,
 She quarrels with him for not quarrelling.

The best of men have fits of scorn,
 And lovers have their tiffs delightful—
 The fairest rose here has its thorn,
 But thorns without the rose are frightful!

X.

No one will give thee willing ear, I trow,
 If thou beginn'st: I'm wiser far than thou!

So if in teaching thou wouldst travel far with him,
 Then place thyself at once upon a par with him!

XII.

KEEP these two things in thy head:
 Wouldst thou tread the path of Wisdom,
 Nor by Folly be dismayed?
 Let not Fortune be thy mistress,
 Nor Misfortune be thy maid!

XV.

YOUR freezing love to the winds be given!
 You've never had peace nor war enough—
 Whom Love has never yet too far driven,
 He never has driven far enough!

XVI.

A MAN in love must not so very shy be,
 Much shyness is a thing distressing!
 A girl in love must not so very coy be,
 Much coyness hinders warm caressing!

XVIII.

My love-stricken friend! Thou actest not well,
For shouldst thou push matters much higher,
Thy heart will be changed to a cloister-cell,
And the Love in it changed to a Friar!

Thou'rt too much in earnest, she's too much at ease,
It needs neither sighing nor toiling;
Let thy passion descend a few points till it freeze,
And hers will ascend till it's boiling.

XIX.

FEAR not that I shall e'er decline
Into the coarse and common,
While wholesome wit and wholesome wine
At pleasure I can summon.

Full many a gem of song divine
Had ne'er the light been seeing,
Unless the breath of fragrant wine
Had charmed it into being.

What would the loftiest mountain be
If but its height it vaunted?
Beneath the wines are growing free,
Its roots are deeply planted.

If thou wouldst estimate my height,
Thou in my depths must know it,
Through wholesome wine by wholesome wit
'Tis my delight to show it.

XX.

THE while I sang : Be cheerful with the cheerful,
 Before the mighty be not mean nor fearful,
 Before the lowly bear thyself not proudly,
 They praised the wisdom in my songs most loudly.

But when I put my wisdom into action,
 They turned and said, Thou'rt foolish to distraction !

XXI.

WHEN love and wine and beauty I was singing,
 A thousand tongues with hearty praise were ringing.

When beauty, love, and wine I was enjoying,
 To give my earthly life its highest charms,
 My ears were dinned with language most annoying,
 The world against me rose at once in arms.

O Mirza-Schaffy ! offspring of Abdullah !
 Leave such hypocrisy all to the Mullah !
 Let love and wine for evermore delight thee,
 Where lovely eyes and brimming cups invite thee !

XXIII.

WHO would make friends of all men,
 Is bosom friend to none ;
 She who would please the million,
 Will never please the one.

XXIV.

WOULDEST estimate aright the world and man ?
 Thine inmost heart thou carefully must scan.

Wouldst learn to understand thyself aright?
 Outside thyself then take thy point of sight.

Who judges merely from himself,
 The real truth must miss;
 As little canst thou know thyself
 As thou thyself canst kiss!

XXV.

RUN gently as thou may'st thy race,
 Time stamps on thee its image;
 The world its mark leaves on thy face,
 As princes on their coinage.

XXX.

'Tis better far to live a life unknown,
 And through desert the highest place to merit,
 Than undeserving mount the highest throne,
 Great in the world and very small in spirit.

XXXI.

THE light tends to the light, believe it,
 But the blind do not perceive it.

XXXIV.

ARAB PROVERB.

No Paradise here we lack,
 It lies on the horse's back,

In the body healthily human,
And on the heart of woman!

XXXV.

NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

THUS Mirza-Schaffy in song his friends addressed,
When the old year had dwindled to its close :
We every night betook ourselves to rest,
And every morning up again we rose—
Each morning carefully our toilet made,
And then at night as carefully undressed—
What 'twixt the two we thought or did or said,
I guess, did not amount to much at best.
That is to say, I speak just as I know myself ;
Who feels he has done better, let him show himself!

XXXVI.

WISDOM that robes itself with Grace
Is still on earth a common case :
But Grace aspiring to be wise,
Comes seldomer before our eyes.

XXXVII.

'NEATH Nature's hand two kinds of high souls grew :
The one most clear in thought, most true in action ;
The other full of sensitive attraction
For all on earth that's beautiful and true.

XXXVIII.

A WOMAN pure is like a limpid stream,
 Whose waters 'neath the sunshine gush and gleam,
 Like some bright radiance from the throne of God :
 It gives us health and joy—it bears no load—
 And yet its waters swell the ocean wide,
 That bears the proud ships on its heaving tide.

XXXIX.

ALL women sure are not angelic creatures
 (Men also have their ugly features) ;
 And such through reason to constrain
 Ne'er happened to the wisest men.
 One modicum of flattery in season
 Is worth to them a bushelful of reason.

XL.

WOMAN'S mind is lightly bent.
 —Be the man a shrewd and true man—
 But 'tis not by argument ;
 Logic was not made for woman.
 She knows no higher metaphysics
 Than tears and kisses and hysterics !

REPLY

Written by the translator's wife at her husband's request.

MEN laugh at woman's tears and kisses ? Let them !
 The man who these despises ne'er shall get them !

XLII.

As the flowing dress to thy form doth cling,
So clingeth the rhyme to the songs I sing ;
The dress may be fair, and the folds may be fine,
But fairer and finer the form they enshrine.

XLIII.

THE Lover may at heart be faint,
Faint-heartedness will vanish quite
With the first touch of the lips.

The Drinker may have self-restraint,
His self-restraint will vanish quite
While the ruby wine he sips.

The man who doth not wine and kiss
Right early learn to treasure,
Can never well replace the bliss
By any after-pleasure.

XLIV.

YE olden songs ! I loved to sing
When my life was bright and young yet,
When high I soared on eagle's wing,
And my heart was warm and strong yet.

How your tones flit through my soul,
Like the ghosts of ancient stories,
Strains of bliss beyond control,
And of women crowned with glories !

Children of a sunnier clime,
Flowers of ever-verdant meadow,
Charmers of my glorious prime,
All, alas ! now turned to shadow.

Never shall your proud heads more
Stoop to give me courtly greeting,
Yet with light foot as before
Through my songs your forms are fleeting.

With your eyes again I'm seeing
All the wonderland of Phasis,
And within my desert Being
Blooms an ever-bright oasis.

XLV.

IN every man's face
There's a story to trace,
His love and his hate
Most clearly portrayed,
His innermost being
Brought out to the light ;
But few men are seeing,
Or reading it right.

XLVI.

SWEET town of the Kur, with thy beauties so rare,
Thy sons they are manly, thy daughters are fair,
Thou sea of my rapture, thou sea of my woe,
Where my heart found its jewel, and buried its care,
I'll pledge thee in wine and with song ere I go. . . .

A P P E N D I X.

ON A PHOTOGRAPH,

TAKEN IN 1882. OF MR. J. Y. GIBSON PLAYING AT
CHESS WITH HIS BRIDE.

By MRS. GUSTAV PLAUT.

Meinen lieben Freunden

Herrn und Frau Gibson.

DAS SCHACHBILD.

AM Schachtisch seh' ich einen edlen Schotten,
Ihm *vis-à-vis* ein hochbegabtes Weib ;
Sein kluges Lächeln scheint des Spiels zu spotten,
Ihm ist der Kampf doch nur ein Zeitvertreib.
Noch einen Dritten find' ich auf dem Bilde ;
Es schwebte ungesehn und leis' herbei
Der Liebesgott—er führt etwas im Schilde—
Blickt auf die Spielenden voll Schelmerci,
Er prüft das Spiel, und scheint dann nachzudenken,
Wie fein, wie schlau, er jetzt das Köpfchen wiegt,
Und endlich weiss das Spiel er so zu lenken,
Dass *sie*, die "matt" wird, dennoch *ihn* besiegt.

BERTHA PLAUT.

LEIPZIG, *December* 1883.

TRANSLATION BY JAMES Y. GIBSON.

THE CHESS PICTURE.

AT game of chess a gallant Scot I see,
 A gifted lady is his *vis-à-vis* ;
 His knowing smile appears the game to slight,
 He thinks it pastime, and no earnest fight.
 Yet in the picture, lo ! a *third* I find,
 Who hovers gently and unseen behind.
 It is the God of Love, on mischief bent,
 Who eyes the players with a sly intent.
 He marks the play, and then begins to think,
 He wags his head with many a roguish wink ;
 And so contrives the game, in curious whim,
 That *she* must "mated" be, yet conquer *him* !

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON READING MR. GIBSON'S COMPARISON
 OF THE CID WITH DON QUIXOTE.

(See *Preface*, p. xvii.)

WIDE floating o'er the land of Spain,
 In dim historic ether,
 Before the portals of my brain,
 Two heroes pass together.

The Cid was made of flesh and blood,
 But by his deeds stupendous,
 In rolling back the Moorish flood,
 Has grown a myth tremendous.

The other, Don Quixote,¹ erst
 A creature quite ideal,
 Is now, when Time has done its worst,
 Most real of the real.

The Cid by royal Ferdinand
 Was dubbed at Christian altar ;
 His steed the Queen's own royal hand
 Led forward by the halter.

Upon his heel the spurs of gold
 The young Infanta fixed them,
 And would have tied, had he been bold,
 A holier knot betwixt them.

But Don Quixote in the court
 Of wayside inn was knighted ;
 From hands of host the blow in sport
 Upon his shoulder lighted.

And they who girt his belt and spurs,
 Not dames whose names were fragrant,
 The high-souled type that Valour stirs,
 But vagrants of the vagrant.

The noble Cid from earliest youth
 Was brave as he was handsome ;
 To popes and kings spoke fearless truth,
 And held the Moors to ransom.

But Don Quixote middle age
 Surprised o'er books a-poring.
 A student lean, from Falsehood's page
 Weird tales romantic storing.

¹ Pronounce, as in Spanish, *Quijôté*.

The Cid loved well his noble wife :
And all that we can gather
Shows him sublime, in midst of strife,
A true and tender father.

But Don Quixote fed his mind
With passion quite romantic ;
His Dulcinea ne'er could find.
Yet for her love was frantic.

The noble Cid with followers few,
An envious king did banish ;
Soon as a king's his empire grew
O'er Moorish hosts and Spanish.

And scarce in history such a man
Has risen to bless a nation ;
The Crescent grew exceeding wan,
The Cross had higher station.

But Don Quixote took the field
With one poor squire to aid him ;
To whom the name of fool I yield—
But can the wise apbraid him ?

With puny lance our phantom knight
O'ercame a host of giants,
In whose exploits that mocked the right,
The world had placed reliance.

What other race, what spot of earth,
Spain asks in tones of wonder,
Has given two greater heroes birth,
With forms so far asunder ?

One hero, born in happy hour,
Wrought Spain's regeneration ;
All hearts have owned the other's power,
In every age and nation.

Behold we then a glorious sight !
La Mancha's champion seat him
By Bivar's knight ; with high delight
His country's plaudits greet him !

And on Ximena's chair of state,
Toboso's humble maiden
Cervantes' hand has placed as mate,
With gems of genius laden.

'Mongst all his knights the Cid had none
More true than Sancho Panza ;
Although their deeds have one by one
Been sung in many a stanza.

And Rozinante, horse of fame,
As ever hero mounted,
'Mong steeds has won a lasting name,
With Bavioca counted.

Let's wave our hats and raise the shout :
Long live the power of Laughter !
Then wield it, knights, and put to rout
All foes of Truth hereafter !

Margaret D. Smith.

The following translations into modern Greek of the two poems on pages 443-446 are from the pen of Dr. I. Perdanoglos, Leipzig.

ΠΕΡΙΜΕΝΩΝ ΓΡΑΜΜΑ ΤΗΣ ΜΑΡΓΑΡΙΤΗΣ.

Πίπτει χιών, τὸ πᾶν σκοτίζει,
Σφοδρὸς ὁ ἄνεμος φινεῖ.
Ὁ Μάϊος φεῖ! προσεγγίζει,
Κι' ἡ τρικυμία τὰ λυσσᾶ!
Ὅποιον ἐηδίας κράμα!
Ἡοῦ εἶναι, ποῦ
Τῆς Μαργαρίτης μου τὸ γράμμα;

Πυρώδης καίει ἡ ἐστία,
Ἐγὼ δὲ φρίσσω κεκτηκῶς.
Ἄνογνω φύλλα καὶ βιβλία
Καὶ εἶμαι ὄλος νευρικῶς.
Ἐγὼ καὶ καίω ὄλος συνάμα.
Ἡοῦ εἶναι, ποῦ
Τῆς Μαργαρίτης μου τὸ γράμμα;

Μὴ τὸ ἀτμύπλοιοι ἐστάθῃ,
Ἢ ἐναιάγησε τυχόν;
Ὁ εἰδηρύδρομος ἐχάθῃ
Εἰς μαίρης σὺριγγος μυχόν;
Ἢ μέθυσος (ὁποῖον δράμα!)
Διανομεὺς
Μοι τὸ παρέρριψε τὸ γράμμα;

Ἡοῦ εἶσαι τῶρα, ὦ φιλτάτη;
Ἐν τῇ θαλάσῃ, ἐν ξηρᾷ;
Ἢ κεφαλὴ μὴ σε φιλάττει
Τοῦ Παρνασσοῦ ἢ ζοφερά;

Ὅπου κ' ἂν ἦσαι, σκέφθητι ἅμα·
Μοὶ χρεωστεῖς,
Καλῶς ἠξέυρεις, ἔν σοῦ γράμμα.

*ὦ Χάριτες, εὐσπλαγχνισθῆτε!
Τὴν Μαργαρίτην μου εὐθὺς
Κομίσατέ μοι ἢ εἰπέετε·
Εἶναι μακράν, εἶναι ἐγγύς;
Γλυκὴ παράσχετε μοι νᾶμα
Νὰ τὴν ἰδῶ.
Τὸ προτιμῶ ἀπὸ τὸ γράμμα!

I. T. Γ.

TOUT VA BIEN.

Χαρᾶς μοὶ ἦλθε μήνυμα
Μακρόθεν τῆς μνηστῆς μου,
Κ' ἐπὶ πτερύγων μ' ἔφερε
Τὸ χάριμα τῆς ψυχῆς μου.
Τὸ σύρμα γλυκυτέρας
Λέξεις, προσφιλεστέρας
Δὲν μ' ἔφερε ποτέ·
Tout va bien!

Ποῦ εἶσαι, ὦ ἀγάπη μου;
Μοὶ πέμπεις ἐξ Ἑλλάδος
Ἄνθη λαμπρὰ καὶ σπάνια
Τοῦ ὄρους, τῆς κοιλάδος·
Πλὴν μᾶλλον μὲ φαιδρύνει
Αὐτῶν καὶ μὲ ἠδύνει
Τὸ μήνυμα αὐτό·
Tout va bien!

*ὦ Μαργαρίτ' ἀγαπητή!
Οὐδὲν θὰ μᾶς χωρίσῃ·
Τῆς προσφιλοῦς ἰσχύος σου
Οὐδὲν θὰ κατισχύσῃ.

Ὅταν θὰ σ' ἀπαντήσω
 Κ' ἐγὼ θα ψιθυρίσω
 Τὰς λέξεις αὐτάς σου·
 Tout va bien !

Σεῖς, ὦ πτηνά, ποῦ ψάλλετε
 Εὐθύμους μελωδίας,
 Πῶς σήμερον τονίζετε
 Αὐτὰς τόσον γλυκείας ;
 Τὰς λέξεις κελαδεῖτε,
 Τὰς λέξεις τραγωδεῖτε.
 Αὐτὰς τὰς προσφιλεῖς·
 Tout va bien !

Ἐρχεται ἡ ἀγάπη μου
 Πρὸς με, πρὸς τὴν πατρίδα,
 Μὲ βλέμμα ζωηρότερον
 Τὴν ἐλέπ' ὡς Ἑλληνίδα.
 Μοὶ φέρει ἀναμνήσεις,
 Ἐρωτῶς ἐνθυμήσεις·
 ὦ ψάλλετε, πτηνά !
 Tout va bien ! Tout va bien !

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES Y. GIBSON, ESQ.

Obiit *October 2. 1886.**(Reprinted from the "Academy.")*

THE grave which now enshrouds thy manly frame
Is but the golden gate of true delight,
Through which thy soul hath heavenward winged its
flight,
Freed from the storms of life, its praise and blame.
Repose ! for thou hast toiled, but not for fame ;
Content to strive, unheeded, for the bright
Clear orb of truth, of learning, and of right.
In thee did Spain's most justly honoured name
Revive the brilliance of its old renown ;
And as on gold the work of master-hand
Doth add fresh lustre to the jewelled crown,
So hath thy pen, a great magician's wand,
O'er his *Numantia* double glory thrown,
And taught his merits in a foreign land.

HABIB ANTHONY SALMONÉ.









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